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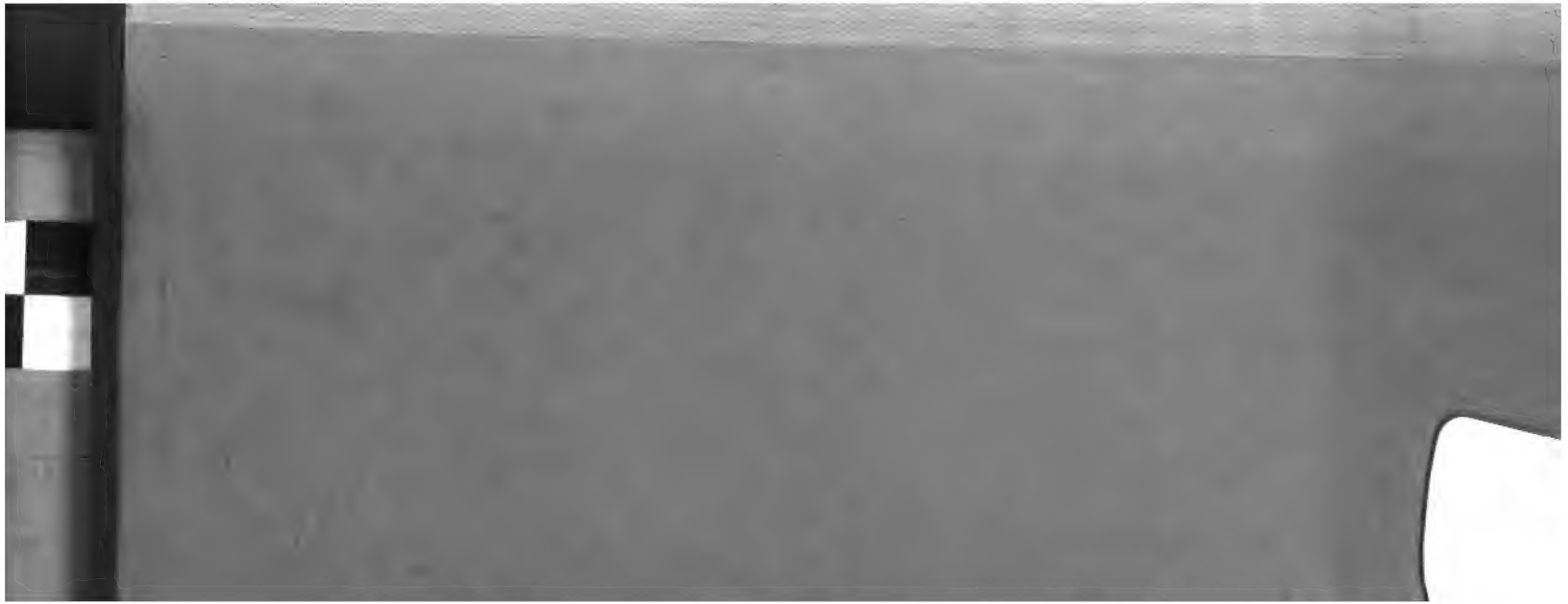

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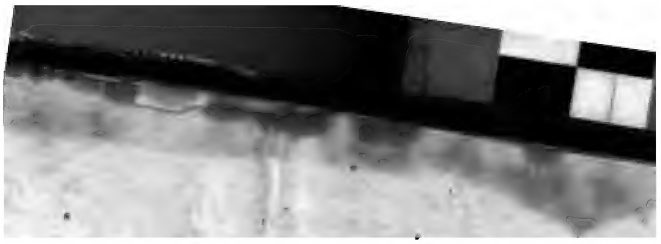

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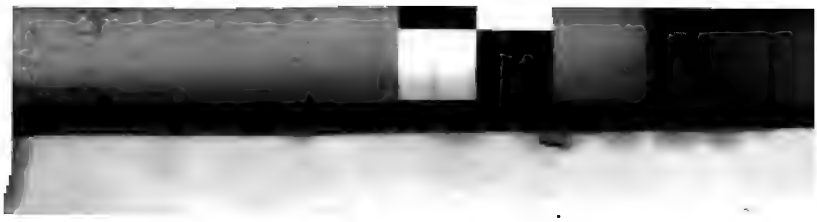
THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. III.



THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the THIRD,

CONTAINING,

The TAMING of the SHREW.
The COMEDY of ERRORS.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
ALL's WELL, THAT ENDS WELL.
The LIFE and DEATH of KING JOHN.

LONDON:
Printed for J. and R. Tonson, C. Corbet, H. Woodfall, J. Rivington, R. Baldwin, L. Hawes, Clark and Collins, W. Johnston, T. Caslon, T. Lownds, and the Executors of B. Dodd.
M,DCC,LXV.

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THE

TAMING

OF THE

SHREW.

Characters *in the* Induction.

A *Lord, before whom the Play is ſuppos'd to be play'd*
Chriſtopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hoſteſs.
Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Baptiſta, *Father to* Catharina *and* Bianca; *very rich.*
Vincentio, *an old Gentleman of* Piſa.
Lucentio, *Son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a Gentleman of* Verona, *a Suitor to* Catharina.
Gremio, Hortenſio, } *Pretenders to* Bianca.
Tranio, Biondello, } *Servants to* Lucentio.
Grumio, *Servant to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old fellow ſet up to perſonate* Vincentio.

Catharina, *the Shrew.*
Bianca, *her Siſter.*
Widow.

Taylor, Haberdaſhers; with Servants attending on Baptiſta *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Padua; *and ſometimes in* Petruchio's *Houſe in the Country.*

THE

THE

TAMING of the SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouſe on a Heath.

Enter Hoſteſs *and* Sly.

SLY.

I'LL pheeſe you[1], in faith.

Hoſt. A pair of ſtocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no * rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore, *paucus pallabris* [2]; let the world ſlide: *Seſſa.*

[1] *I'll pheeſe you*,—] To *pheeze* or *feaſe*, is to ſeparate a twiſt into ſingle threads. In the figurative ſenſe it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *toze*, for to *harraſs*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phraſe vulgarly uſed by perſons of *Sly's* character on like occaſions.

* —— *no rogues.*] That is, no *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but Gentlemen.

[2] — paucus pallabris;] *Sly*, as an ignorant Fellow, is purpoſely made to aim at Languages out of his knowledge, and knock the Words out of Joint. The *Spaniards* ſay, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewiſe, *Ceſſa*, i. e. be quiet. THEOB.

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you have b

Sly. No, not a denier: go by, *Jeronimo* —— thy cold bed, and warm thee[3].

Hoſt. I know my remedy; I muſt go fetc Thirdborough[4].

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll a him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; le come, and kindly. [*Falls*

[3] *Go by S.* Jeronimy, *go to thy cold Bed, and warm thee.*] All the Editions have coined a Saint here, for *Sly* to ſwear by. But the Poet had no ſuch Intentions. The Paſſage has particular Humour in it, and muſt have been very pleaſing at that time of day. But I muſt clear up a Piece of Stage hiſtory, to make it underſtood. There is a fuſtian old Play, call'd, *Hieronymo*; Or, The *Spaniſh* Tragedy: which, I find, was the common Butt of Rallery to all the Poets of *Shakeſpeare's* Time: and a Paſſage, that appear'd very ridiculous in that Play, is here humorouſly alluded to. *Hieronymo*, thinking himſelf injur'd, applies to the King for Juſtice; but the Courtiers, who did not deſire his Wrongs ſhould be ſet in a true Light, attempt to hinder him from an Audience.

Hiero. *Juſtice, oh! juſtice to* Hieronymo.

Lor. *Back!* —— *ſee'ſt thou not, the King is buſy?*

Hiero. *Oh, is he ſo?*

King. *Who is He, that interrupts our Buſineſs?*

Hiero. *Not I;* —— Hieronymo, *beware*; go by, go by. So *Sly* here, not caring to be dun'd by the *Hoſteſs*, cries to her in Effect. "Don't be troubleſom, don't interrupt "*by*;" and, to fix the S his Alluſion, pleaſantly c *Jeronymo*. THE

[4] — *I muſt go fetch th* borough.

Sly. Third, *or* fourth, *Borough*, &c.] This reading had paſs'd down all the Copies, and non Editors pretended to gue Poet's Conceit. What an unmeaning Reply does *S* to his *Hoſteſs?* How do *fourth*, or *fifth* Borough *Headborough?* The Aut tended but a poor Wittic even That is loſt. The would ſay, that ſhe'll *Conſtable:* and this O calls by his other Name, *borough:* and upon thi *Sly* founds the Conundru Anſwer to her. Who perceive, at a ſingle glan Conceit ſtarted by this Correction? There is an at Wit, tolerable enoug Tinker, and one dru *Third-borough* is a *Saxo* ſufficiently explain'd by *ſuries:* and in our *Statu* no farther back than t Year of *Henry* VIIIth, it uſed to ſignify a *Conſta* THE

SC

SCENE II.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a Train.

Lord. Huntſman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds,
Brach, *Merriman*, the poor cur is imboſt[5];
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd *Brach*.
Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge-corner in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my Lord;
He cried upon it at the meereſt loſs,
And twice to day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch:
But ſup them well, and look unto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my Lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? ſee, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold, to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
—Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thy image!—
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt in ſweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,

[5] *Brach, Merriman,*] Sir *T. Hanmer* reads, Leech *Merriman*, that is, *apply ſome remedies* to Merriman, the poor cur has his *joints ſwelled*. Perhaps we might read, *bathe* Merriman, which is I believe the common practice of huntſmen, but the preſent reading may ſtand

——*tender well my hounds,*
Brach --- Merriman ---*the poor cur is imboſt.*

And brave attendants near him, when he wakes;
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuſe.

2 *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him, when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet.
Procure me muſic ready, when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And with a low ſubmiſſive reverence
Say, what is it your Honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon
Full of roſe water, and beſtrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer; a third a diaper;
And ſay, will't pleaſe your Lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And aſk him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his Lady mourns at his diſeaſe;
Perſuade him, that he hath been lunatick.
And when he ſays he is,——ſay, that he dreams;
For he is nothing but a mighty Lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be huſbanded with modeſty[6].

1 *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he ſhall think, by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;

[6] ——*mod. ſty.*] By *modeſty* is meant *moderation*, without ſuffering our merriment to break into any exceſs.

And

And each one to his Office, when he wakes.
[*Some bear out* Sly. *Sound Trumpets.*
Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet is that ſounds.
Belike, ſome noble gentleman that means, [*Ex. Servant.*
Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.

SCENE III.

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?
Ser. An't pleaſe your Honour, Players
That offer Service to your lordſhip.
Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now, Fellows, you are welcome.
Play. We thank your Honour.
Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to-night?
2 *Play.* So pleaſe your Lordſhip to accept our duty*.
Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
Sim. I think, 'twas *Soto* that your Honour means[7].
Lord. 'Tis very true; thou didſt it excellent:
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.

* It was in thoſe times the cuſtom of players to travel in companies, and offer their ſervice at great houſes.

7 *I think, 'twas* Soto] I take our Author here to be paying a Compliment to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Women pleas'd*, in which Comedy there is the Character of *Soto*, who is a Farmer's Son, and a very facetious Serving-man. Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* prefix the Name of *Sim* to the Line here ſpoken; but the firſt *folio* has it *Sincklo*; which, no doubt, was the Name of one of the Players here introduc'd, and who had play'd the Part of *Soto* with Applauſe.

THEOBALD.

There is a Lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modeſties,
Leſt, over-eying of his odd Behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a Play)
You break into ſome merry Paſſion,
And ſo offend him; for I tell you, Sirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourſelves;
Were he the verieſt antick in the world.

2 *Play.* [*to the other.*] Go get a Diſhclout to make clean your ſhoes; and I'll ſpeak for the properties [8].

[*Exit Player.*

My lord, we muſt have a ſhoulder of mutton for a property, and a little Vinegar to make our devil roar [9].

Lord. Go, ſirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome, every one:
Let them want nothing that the houſe affords.

[*Exit one with the Players.*

Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuits like a lady.
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him Madam, do him all obeiſance.
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
He bear himſelf with honourable action,

[8] *Property*, in the language of a play-houſe, is every implement neceſſary to the exhibition.

[9] *A little Vinegar to make our devil roar.*] When the acting the *myſteries* of the old and new teſtament was in vogue; at the repreſentation of the *myſtery* of the Paſſion, *Judas* and the Devil made a part. And the Devil, wherever he came, was always to ſuffer ſome diſgrace, to make the people laugh: As here, the buffoonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar. And the Paſſion being that, of all the *myſteries*, which was moſt frequently repreſented, vinegar became at length the ſtanding implement to torment the Devil: And uſed for this purpoſe even after the *myſteries* ceaſed, and the *moralities* came in vogue; where the Devil continued to have a conſiderable part. —— The mention of it here was to ridicule ſo abſurd a circumſtance in theſe old farces.

WARBURTON.

Such

uch as he hath obſerv'd in noble ladies
Into their lords, by them accompliſh'd;
uch duty to the drunkard let him do,
Vith ſoft low tongue, and lowly courteſy;
nd ſay; what is't your Honour will command,
Vherein your lady and your humble wife,
Iay ſhew her duty, and make known her love?
nd then with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
nd with declining head into his boſom,
id him ſhed tears, as being over-joy'd
o ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,
Vho for twice ſeven years hath eſteem'd himſelf[1]
o better than a poor and loathſome beggar:
nd if the boy have not a woman's gift
o rain a ſhower of commanded tears,
n * onion will do well for ſuch a ſhift;
Vhich in a Napkin being cloſe convey'd,
hall in deſpight enforce a wat'ry eye.
ee this diſpatch'd, with all the haſte thou canſt;
non I'll give thee more inſtructions. [*Exit Servant.*
know the boy will well uſurp the grace,
oice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman.
long to hear him call the drunkard, huſband;
nd how my men will ſtay themſelves for laughter,
Vhen they do homage to this ſimple peaſant.
'll in to counſel them: haply, my preſence
Iay well abate the over-merry ſpleen;
Vhich otherwiſe will go into extreams. [*Exit Lord.*

[1] In former editions,
Vho for theſe *ſeven Years hath eſteem'd himſelf*
No better than a poor and loathſome Beggar.]
have ventur'd to alter a Word ere, againſt the Authority of he printed Copies; and hope, ſhall be juſtified in it by two ubſequent Paſſages. That the Poet deſign'd, the Tinker's ſuppos'd Lunacy ſhould be of fourteen Years ſtanding at leaſt, is evident upon two parallel Paſſages in the Play to that Purpoſe.
THEOBALD.

* It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient uſed by the actors of interludes.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Bedchamber in the Lord's Houſe.

Enter Sly *with Attendants, ſome with apparel, baſon and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.*

Sly. FOR God's ſake, a pot of ſmall ale.

1 *Serv.* Wilt pleaſe your Lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your Honour taſte of theſe Conſerves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your Honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am *Chriſtophero Sly*, call not me Honour, nor Lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life: and if you give me any Conſerves, give me Conſerves of beef. Ne'er aſk me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet; nay, ſometimes, more feet than ſhoes; or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n ceaſe this idle humour in your Honour!
Oh, that a mighty man of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit! ———

Sly. What would you make me mad? am not I *Chriſtophero Sly*, old *Sly's* Son of *Burton-heath*, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bearherd, and now by preſent poſſeſſion a tinker? aſk *Marian Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if ſhe know me not; if ſhe ſay, I am not fourteen pence on the ſcore for ſheer ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom. What, I am not beſtraught: here's———

1 *Man.*

1 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.
2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your ſervants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred ſhun your houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
Oh, noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly dreams.
Look, how thy ſervants do attend on thee;
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have muſick? hark, *Apollo* plays; [*Muſick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for *Semiramis.*
Say, thou wilt walk, we will beſtrow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks, will ſoar
Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.
1 *Man.* Say, thou wilt courſe, thy greyhounds are as ſwift
As breathed ſtags; ay, fleeter than the roe.
2 *Man.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtrait
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And *Citherea* all in ſedges hid;
Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving ſedges play with wind.
Lord. We'll ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds:

And at that ſight ſhall ſad *Apollo* weep:
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.
1 *Man.* And 'till the tears, that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.
Sly. Am I a Lord, and have I ſuch a Lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dreamt 'till now?
I do not ſleep; I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:
Upon my life, I am a Lord, indeed;
And not a Tinker, nor *Chriſtophero Sly.*
Well, bring our Lady hither to our ſight,
And once again, a pot o'th' ſmalleſt ale.
2 *Man.* Wilt pleaſe your Mightineſs to waſh your hands?
Oh, how we joy to ſee your wits reſtor'd!
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.
Sly. Theſe fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?
1 *Man.* Oh, yes, my Lord, but very idle words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the Hoſteſs of the houſe;
And ſay, you would preſent her at the * Leet,
Becauſe ſhe bought ſtone-jugs, and not ſeal'd quarts;
Sometimes, you would call out for *Cicely Hacket.*
Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe.
3 *Man.* Why, Sir, you know no houſe; nor no ſuch maid;
Nor no ſuch men, as you have reckon'd up;

* —— *Leet,*] At the *Court leet,* or courts of the manor.

As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* of *Greece*,
And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.——

Sly. By th'Maſs, I think I am a Lord indeed.
What is thy name?

Man. Sim, an't pleaſe your Honour.

Sly. Sim? that's as much as to ſay, *Simeon* or *Simon*; put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

The ſervant gives him drink.]

SCENE V.

Enter Lady, *with attendants.*

I thank thee;——thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough. Where's my wife?

Lady. Here noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me huſband?
My men ſhould call me Lord, I am your good man.

Lady. My huſband and my Lord, my Lord and huſband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: what muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. *Alce* madam, or *Joan* madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo Lords call Ladies.

Sly. Come, ſit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her. Madam wife, they ſay, that I have dream'd, and ſlept above ſome fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly.

Sly. 'Tis much.--Servants, leave me and her alone.—Madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed.—*Sim*, drink to her.

Lady. Thrice noble Lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two.
Or, if not ſo, until the ſun be ſet;
For your Phyſicians have expreſly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed.
I hope, this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſ long; but I would be loath to fall into my drean again: I will therefore tarry in deſpight of the fleſ and the blood.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Your Honour's Players, hearing your a mendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant comedy;
For ſo your Doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood;
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy.
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment;
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play; is it not a Com modity? a *Chriſtmas* gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No, my good Lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuf

Sly. What, houſhold ſtuff?

Lady. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Sly. Well, we'll ſee't: come, Madam wife, ſit b my ſide, and let the world ſlip, we ſhall ne'er b younger.

THE TAMING of the SHREW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in PADUA.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio *and* Tranio.

LUCENTIO.

TRANIO, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair *Padua*, nurſery of arts,
I am arriv'd from fruitful *Lombardy* [1],
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good-will, and thy good company:
Moſt truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply inſtitute
A courſe of learning, and * ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my Being: and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffick through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivoli*,

[1] —*from fruitful* Lombardy.] So Mr. *Theobald*. The former editions, inſtead of *from*, had *for*.

* ——— *ingenious*.] I rather think it was written *ingenuous ſtudies*, but of this and a thouſand ſuch obſervations there is little certainty.

Lucentio

Lucentio his ſon, brought up in *Florence*,
It ſhall become, to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue and that part of philoſophy [2]
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs
By virtue ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind, for I have *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.

Tra. *Me pardonato*, gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as yourſelf:
Glad, that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy:
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or, ſo devote to *Ariſtotle's* checks,
As *Ovid* be an outcaſt quite abjur'd.
Talk Logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practice Rhetorick in your common talk;
Muſick and Poeſy uſe to quicken you;
The Mathematicks, and the Metaphyſicks,
Fall to them, as you find your ſtomach ſerves you
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en:
In brief, Sir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.

Luc. Gramercies, *Tranio*, well doſt thou adviſe;
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs;
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what company is this?

Tra. Maſter, ſome ſhew to welcome us to town

[2] Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, and after him Dr. *Warburton*, read *to* virtue; but formerly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently uſed, as *ply* or *apply* his ſtudies.

SCEN

SCENE II.

Enter Baptiſta *with* Catharina *and* Bianca, Gremio *and* Hortenſio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *ſtand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen both, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd, you know;
That is, not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,
Before I have a huſband for the elder;
If either of you both love *Catharina*,
Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.
Gre. To cart her rather.—She's too rough for me.
There, there, *Hortenſio*, will you any wife?
Cath. I pray you, Sir, is it your will
To make a Stale of me amongſt theſe mates?
Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates for you;
Unleſs you were of gentler, milder, mould.
Cath. I'faith, Sir, you ſhall never need to fear,
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care ſhall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool.
Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver us.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Huſh, maſter, here's ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's ſilence I do ſee } *aſide.*
Maid's mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace, *Tranio*.
Tra. Well ſaid, maſter; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid, *Bianca*, get you in;

And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good *Bianca*;
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.

Cath. A pretty Peat[1] it is beſt put finger in the eye, and ſhe knew why.

Bian. Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.
—Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books and inſtruments ſhall be my company,
On them to look, and practiſe by myſelf.

Luc. Hark, *Tranio*, thou may'ſt hear *Minerva* ſpeak. [*aſide.*

Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo * ſtrange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptiſta*, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am reſolv'd.
Go in, *Bianca* —— [*Exit* Bianca.
And for I know, ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſick, inſtruments, and poetry;
School-maſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth. If you, *Hortenſio*,
Or Signior *Gremio*, you know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither: for to cunning men †
I will be very kind; and liberal
To mine own children, in good bringing up;
And ſo farewel: *Catharina*, you may ſtay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. [*Exit.*

Cath. Why, and, I truſt, I may go too, may I not? what, ſhall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha! [*Exit.*

[1] *A pretty* Peat.] *Peat* or *Pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant pretty little thing.

* *So ſtrange.*] That is, ſo odd, ſo different from others in your conduct.

† *Cunning men.*] *Cunning* has not yet loſt its original ſignification of *knowing*, *learned*, as may be obſerved in the tranſlation of the *Bible*.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam. Your gifts e ſo good, here is none will hold you. Our love is ot ſo great, *Hortenſio*, but we may blow our nails to-ether, and faſt it fairly out. Our cake's dough on oth ſides. Farewel; yet for the love I bear my ſweet *ianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit man to ach her That wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him her Father.

Hor. So will I, Signior *Gremio*; but a word, I pray; ho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd Parle, now now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we nay yet again have acceſs to our fair Miſtreſs, and be appy rivals in *Bianca's* love, to labour and effect one hing 'ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a huſband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A huſband! a devil.——

Hor. I ſay a huſband.

Gre. I ſay, a devil. Think'ſt thou, *Hortenſio*, tho' her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tuſh, *Gremio*; tho' it paſs your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an' a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whip'd at the high croſs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you ſay, there's a ſmall choice in rotten apples. But, come, ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo far forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptiſta*'s eldeſt daughter to a huſband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a huſband, and then have

to't afreſh. Sweet *Bianca!* happy man be his dole! he that runs faſteſt gets the ring; how ſay you, Signior *Gremio?*

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the beſt horſe in *Padua* to begin his wooing, that would throughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* Gremio *and* Hortenſio.

SCENE IV.

Manent Tranio *and* Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell, me, is it poſſible
That love ſhould on a ſudden take ſuch hold?

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found th' effect of Love in idleneſs:
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,
(That art to me as ſecret, and as dear,
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was;)
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh *Tranio*.
If I atchieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou wilt.

Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,
* *Redime te captum quàm queas minimô.*

Luc. Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents:
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.

Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maid,

[a] *If Love hath* TOUCH'D *you, nought remains but ſo.*] The next line from *Terence*, ſhews that we ſhould read,

If Love hath TOYL'D *you,*—*i. e.* taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus es*, *habet*, of the ſame Author.

WARBURTON.

* Our author had this from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument of his learning.

Pe

aps, you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
uc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet Beauty in her face;
h as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
t made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
en with his knees he kiſs'd the *Cretan* ſtrand.
ra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her ſiſter
an to ſcold, and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm,
t mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
uc. Tranio, I ſaw her coral lips to move,
d with her breath ſhe did perfume the air;
red and ſweet was all I ſaw in her.———
ra. Nay, then it is time to ſtir him from his trance.
ray, awake, Sir; if you love the maid,
d thoughts and wit t'atchieve her. Thus it ſtands;
r eldeſt ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
at till the Father rids his hands of her,
iſter, your love muſt live a Maid at home;
d therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
cauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd with ſuitors.
Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel Father's he!
t art not thou advis'd he took ſome care
get her cunning ſchool-maſters t' inſtruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, Sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.
Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
th our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will be ſchool-maſter,
d undertake the teaching of the maid:
at's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible: for who ſhall bear your part,
d be in *Padua* here *Vincentio's* ſon,
ep houſe, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
ſit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Baſta;—content thee; for I have it full.
e have not yet been ſeen in any houſe,

Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man or maſter: then it follows thus.
Thou ſhalt be maſter, *Tranio*, in my ſtead;
Keep houſe, and * port, and ſervants, as I ſhould.
I will ſome other be, ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Piſa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo: *Tranio*, at once;
Uncaſe thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak.
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, good Sir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For ſo your Father charg'd me at our parting;
(Be ſerviceable to my Son, quoth he),
Altho', I think, 'twas in another ſenſe;
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio*, be ſo; becauſe *Lucentio* loves;
And let me be a ſlave t'atchieve that Maid,
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? nay, how now, where are you? maſter, has my fellow *Tranio* ſtoll'n your cloaths, or you ſtoll'n his, or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jeſt;
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his:
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and, fear, I am deſcry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;
While I make way from hence to ſave my life.

* *Port*, is figure, ſhow, appearance.

You

You underſtand me?

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.———

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth; *Tranio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him: 'Would, I were ſo too.

Tra. So would I, i'faith, boy, to have the next wiſh after; that *Lucentio*, indeed, had *Baptiſta's* youngeſt daughter. But ſirrah, not for my ſake, but your maſter's, I adviſe you, uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies: when I am alone, why, then I am *Tranio*; but in all places elſe, your maſter *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio, let's go: one thing more reſts, that thyſelf execute, to make one among theſe wooers; if thou aſk me why, ſufficeth, my reaſons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Before Hortenſio's *Houſe*, *in* Padua.

Enter Petruchio, *and* Grumio.

Pet. VERONA, for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beſt beloved and approved friend,
Hortenſio; and, I trow, this is the houſe;
Here, ſirrah, *Grumio*, knock, I ſay.

Gru. Knock, Sir? whom ſhould I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your Worſhip?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I Sir,
That I ſhould knock you here, Sir.

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well; or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My maſter is grown quarrelſome: I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after, who comes by the worſt.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, ſirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it,
I'll try how you can *Sol*, *Fa*, and ſing it.
[*He wrings him by the ears.*

Gru. Help, maſters, help; my maſter is mad.

Pet. Now knock, when I bid you: Sirrah! Villain!

Enter Hortenſio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio!* how do you all at *Verona?*

Pet. Signior *Hortenſio*, come you to part the fray? *Con tutto il Core*, *ben trovato*, may I ſay.

Hor. *Alla noſtra Caſa ben venuto*, *molto honorato Signor mio* Petruchio.

Riſe, *Grumio*, riſe; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he, leges in *Latin.* If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice, look you, Sir: he bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo, being, perhaps, for aught I ſee, two and thirty, a pip out?
Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at firſt,
Then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.

Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain!——Good *Hortenſio*,
I bid the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heavens! ſpake you not theſe words plain? ſirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly: and come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am *Grumio's* pledge.
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant *Grumio*;
And tell me now, ſweet friend, what happy Gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona?*

Pet.

Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes farther than at home,
[5] Where ſmall experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior *Hortenſio*, thus it ſtands with me,
Antonio my father is deceas'd;
And I have thruſt myſelf into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrew'd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thank me but a little for my counſel,
And yet, I'll promiſe thee, ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortenſio*, 'twixt ſuch friends as us
Few words ſuffice; and therefore if you know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife;
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance [6])
Be ſhe as foul as was *Florentius'* love [7],
As old as *Sibyl*, and as curſt and ſhrewd
As *Socrates' Xantippe*, or a worſe,
She moves me not; or not removes, at leaſt,
[8] Affection's edge in me. Were ſhe as rough

As

[5] *Where ſmall experience grows but in a* FEW.] This nonſenſe ſhould be read thus:

Where ſmall experience grows but in a MEW,

i. e. a confinement at home. And the meaning is that no improvement is to be expected of thoſe who never look out of doors. WARBURTON.

Why this ſhould ſeem nonſenſe, I cannot perceive. *In a few* means the ſame as *in ſhort*, *in few* words.

[6] The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expreſſion which I have never heard; the *burthen of his wooing ſong* had been more proper.

[7] *Be ſhe as foul as was* Florentius' *love.*] This I ſuppoſe relates to a circumſtance in ſome *Italian* novel, and ſhould be read, *Florentio's*. WARBURTON.

[8] *Affection's* EDGE *in* ME.] This man is a ſtrange talker. He tells you he wants money only. And, as to *affection*, he thinks ſo little of the matter, that give him but a rich miſtreſs, and he will take her though incruſted all over

As are the ſwelling *Adriatic* Seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua:*
If wealthily, then happily, in *Padua.*

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby [9], or an old Trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes; why, nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we have ſtept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeſt.
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous;
Brought up, as beſt becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that ſhe is intolerably curſt:
And ſhrewd, and froward, ſo beyond all meaſure,
That, were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a Mine of Gold.

Pet. Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect;
Tell me her father's nome, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, tho' ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

Hor. Her Father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman;

over with the worſt bad qualities of age, uglineſs and ill-manners. Yet, after this, he talks of *Affection's edge* being ſo ſtrong in him that nothing can abate it. Some of the old copies indeed, inſtead of *me*, read *time:* this will direct us to the true reading, which I am perſuaded is this,

Affection SIEG'D IN COIN,

i. e. placed, ſeated, fixed. This makes him ſpeak to the purpoſe, that his *affection* is all love of money. The expreſſion too is proper, as the metaphor is intire — *to remove affection ſieg'd in coin.* WARBURTON.

Surely the ſenſe of the preſent reading is too obvious to be miſſed or miſtaken. *Petruchio* ſays, that, *if a girl has money enough, no bad qualities of mind or body will* remove affection's edge; that is, hinder him from liking her.

[9] aglet, *the tag of a point.* POPE.

Her

Her name is *Catharina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.

Pet. I know her Father, tho' I know not her;
And he knew my deceaſed Father well.
I will not ſleep, *Hortenſio*, 'till I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour laſts. O' my word, an' ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; 'an' he begin once, he'll rail—In his rope-tricks (I'll tell you what, Sir) an' ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo disfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat. You know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſta's* houſe my Treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt daughter, beautiful *Bianca*;
And her with-holds he from me, and others more
Suitors to her, and Rivals in my love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
For thoſe defects I have before rehears'd,
That ever *Catharina* will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath *Baptiſta* ta'en,
That none ſhall have acceſs unto *Bianca*,
'Till *Catharine* the curſt have got a huſband.

[a] *An' he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.*] This is obſcure. Sir *Thomas Hanmer* reads, *he'll rail in his* rhetorick; *I'll tell you*, &c. Rhetorick agrees very well with *figure* in the ſucceeding part of the ſpeech, yet I am inclined to believe that *Rope-tricks* is our word.

[b] It ſtood thus:
And her withholds he from me. Other more Suitors to her, and Rivals in my Love: &c.] The Regulation, which I have given to the Text, was dictated to me by the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*.
THEOBALD.

Gru.

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heav'n's artillery thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battel heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half ſo great a blow to th' ear
As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?
Tuſh, tuſh, fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.———

Gre. Hortenſio, hark:
This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind preſumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors;
And bear his charge of wooing whatſoe'er.

Gre. And ſo we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as ſure of a good dinner.

SCENE VII.

To them Tranio *bravely apparell'd, and* Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God ſave you. If I may be bold, tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way to the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola?*

Bion. He, that has the two fair daughters? is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, *Biondello.*

Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her, to——

Tra. Perhaps, him and her; what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

[3] *That gives not half ſo great a blow to* HEAR,] This awkward phraſe could never come from *Shakeſpeare*, He wrote, without queſtion, ——*ſo great a blow to* TH'EAR. WARBURTON.

Tra.

Tra. I love no chiders, Sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun, *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir, a word, ere you go:
Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon, I beſeech you?
Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know:
That's ſhe's the choice love of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of Signior *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Softly, my maſters; if you be gentlemen
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all unknown;
And, were his Daughter fairer than ſhe is,
She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
Fair *Leda's* daughter had a thouſand wooers;
Then well One more may fair *Bianca* have,
And ſo ſhe ſhall. *Lucentio* ſhall make one,
Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talk us all!
Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.
Pet. *Hortenſio*, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as to aſk you,
Did you yet ever ſee *Baptiſta's* daughter?
Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do, that he hath two:
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modeſty.
Pet. Sir, Sir, the firſt's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*;
And let it be more than *Alcides'* twelve.
Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth:
The youngeſt Daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors,

And

And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until the eldeſt Siſter firſt be wed;
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be ſo, Sir, that you are the man
Muſt ſteed us all, and me amongſt the reſt;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Atchieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs; whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive;
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,
You muſt, as we do, gratify this Gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack; in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye, we may contrive this afternoon [4],
And quaff carouſes to our Miſtreis' health,
And do as adverſaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! fellows, let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo,
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

[*The Preſenters, above, ſpeak here.*

1 Man. *My Lord, you nod; you do not mind the Play.*

Sly. *Yea, by* St. Ann, *do I. A good matter, ſurely! comes there any more of it?*

Lady. *My Lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady. 'Would, 'twere done!*——

4 *Pleaſe ye, we may* contrive *this afternoon,*] Mr *Theobald* aſks *what they were to contrive?* and then ſays, *a fooliſh corruption poſſeſſes the place*, and ſo alters it to *convive*; in which he is followed, as he pretty conſtantly is, when wrong, by the *Oxford Editor*. But the common reading is right, and the Critic was only ignorant of the meaning of it *Contrive* does not ſignify here to *project*, but to *ſpend* and *wear out*. As in this paſſage of *Spenſer*,

Three ages ſuch as mortal men CONTRIVE

Fairy Queen, B xi. ch. 9.

WARBURTON.

The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe of *ſpending* or *wearing out*, in the *Palace of Pleaſure*.

ACT

CT II. SCENE I.

Baptiſta's *Houſe in* Padua.

Enter Catharina *and* Bianca.

BIANCA.

) O D Siſter, wrong me not, nor wrong your-
ſelf,
ke a bond-maid and a ſlave of me;
diſdain; [5] but for theſe other Gawds,
l my hands, I'll pull them off myſelf;
ll my raiment, to my petticoat,
at you will command me, will I do;
l I know my duty to my elders.
. Of all thy Suitors here, I charge thee, tell
thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee, thou diſſemble not.
. Believe me, Siſter, of all men alive
r yet beheld that ſpecial face,
I could fancy more than any other.
. Minion, thou lieſt; is't not *Hortenſio?*
. If you affect him, ſiſter, here I ſwear,
ad for you myſelf, but you ſhall have him.
. Oh, then, belike, you fancy riches more;
ill have *Gremio*, to keep you fair [6].
. Is it for him you do ſo envy me?
then you jeſt; and now, I well perceive,
ave but jeſted with me all this while;

[5] — *but for theſe other* quently uſes and ſeems fond of.
ods,] This is ſo trifling THEOBALD.
xpreſſive a Word, that, [6] ——— *to keep you fair.*] I
iſhed our Author wrote, ſhould wiſh to read, *To keep you*
(i. e. Toys, trifling Or- *fine.* But either word may ſerve.
); a Term that he fre-

I pr'ythee, ſiſter *Kate*, untie my hands,
Cath. If that be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo.
[*Strikes her*

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Why, how now, dame, whence grows this inſolence?
Bianca, ſtand aſide; poor girl, ſhe weeps;
Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.
For ſhame, thou hilding [1] of a deviliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?
Cath. Her ſilence flouts me; and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* Bianca.
Bap. What, in my ſight?—*Bianca*, get thee in.
[*Exit* Bianca.
Cath. Will you not ſuffer me? nay, now I ſee,
She is your treaſure; ſhe muſt have a huſband;
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell:
Talk not to me, I will go ſit and weep,
'Till I can find occaſion of revenge. [*Exit* Cath.
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd, as I?
But who comes here?

SCENE II.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio *in the habit of a mean man*; Petruchio *with* Hortenſio, *like a muſician*; Tranio *and* Biondello *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour *Baptiſta.*
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour *Gremio*: God ſave you, Gentlemen.

[1] ——— *bilding* ——] The word *bilding*, or *binderling*, is a *low wretch*; it is applied to *Catharine* for the coarſeneſs of her behaviour.

t. And you, good Sir; pray, have you not a
hter call'd *Catharina*, fair and virtuous?
p. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd *Catharina*.
e. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.
t. You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave.
a gentleman of *Verona*, Sir,
, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
affability and bashful modesty,
wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
bold to shew myself a forward guest
in your house, to make mine eye the witness
hat Report, which I so oft have heard.
, for an entrance to my entertainment,
[*Presenting* Hortensio.
present you with a man of mine,
ing in musick, and the mathematicks,
nstruct her fully in those sciences,
reof, I know, she is not ignorant:
pt of him, or else you do me wrong,
name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.
p You're welcome, Sir, and he for your good sake.
for my daughter *Catharina*, this I know,
is not for your turn, the more's my grief.
et. I see you do not mean to part with her;
lse you like not of my company.
ap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find.
ence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?
et. Petruchio is my name, *Antonio's* son,
an well known throughout all *Italy*.
ap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
re. Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray, let us,
are poor petitioners, speak too. *Baccalare!*——
are marvellous forward [3].

[3] —Baccare, *you are marvellous forward.*] We must read, *Baccalare*; by which the *Italians* mean, thou arrogant, presumptuous man! the word is used scornfully, upon any one that would assume a port of grandeur. WARBURTON.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing.

Gre. [9] I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curſe your wooing.——

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am ſure of it. To expreſs the like kindneſs myſelf, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young ſcholar, that hath been long ſtudying at *Reims*, [*Preſenting* Lucentio.] as cunning in *Greek*, *Latin*, and other languages, as the other in muſick and mathematicks; his name is *Cambio*; pray, accept his ſervice.

Bap. A thouſand thanks, Signior *Gremio*: welcome, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir, methinks, you walk like a ſtranger; [*To* Tranio] may I be ſo bold to know the cauſe of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldneſs is mine own,
That, being a ſtranger in this city here,
Do make myſelf a ſuitor to your daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, fair and virtuous:
Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter.
This liberty is all that I requeſt;
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that wooe,
And free acceſs and favour as the reſt,
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here beſtow a ſimple Inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[*They greet privately.*

[9] *I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curſe your wooing neighbours. This is a gift*] This nonſenſe may be rectified by only pointing it thus, *I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curſe your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift*, &c. addreſſing himſelf to *Baptiſta*.

WARBURTON.

Bap.

. *Lucentio* is your name? of whence, I pray?
. Of *Piſa*, Sir, ſon to *Vincentio*.
. A mighty man of *Piſa*; by Report
w him well; you are very welcome, Sir,
You the lute, and You the Set of books,
[*To* Hortenſio *and* Lucentio.
hall go ſee your pupils preſently.
, within!——

Enter a Servant.

ı, lead theſe gentlemen
ıy two daughters; and then tell them Both,
: are their tutors, bid them uſe them well.
[*Exit. Serv. with* Hortenſio *and* Lucentio.
vill go walk a little in the orchard,
then to dinner. You are paſſing welcome,
ſo, I pray you all, to think yourſelves.
t. Signior *Baptiſta*, my buſineſs aſketh haſte,
every day I cannot come to wooe.
knew my father well, and in him me,
ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
ch I have better'd, rather than decreas'd;
ı tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
ıt dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?
ap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
, in poſſeſſion, twenty thouſand crowns.
et. And, for that dowry, I'll aſſure her of
widowhood, be it that ſhe ſurvive me,
ll my lands and leaſes whatſoever;
ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
ıt covenants may be kept on either hand.
ap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
ıt is, her love; for that is all in all.
et. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
n as peremptory as ſhe proud-minded.
l where two raging fires meet together,
:y do conſume the thing that feeds their fury:

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Cath. A join'd ſtool.
Pet. Thou haſt hit it; come, ſit on me.
Cath. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Cath. No ſuch jade, Sir, as you; if me you mean.
Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burden thee;
For knowing thee to be but young and light——
Cath. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be.
Pet. Should *bee*;——ſhould *buz.*——
Cath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh, ſlow-wing'd turtle, ſhall a buzzard take thee?
Cath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.*
Pet. Come, come, you waſp, i'faith, you are too angry.
Cath. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.
Pet. My Remedy is then to pluck it out.
Cath. Ah, if the fool could find it, where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not, where a waſp doth wear his ſting?
In his tail——
Cath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whoſe tongue?
Cath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and ſo farewel.
Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.
Cath. That I'll try. [*She ſtrikes him.*
Pet. I ſwear, I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.
Cath. So may you loſe your arms;
If you ſtrike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then, no arms.
Pet. A herald, *Kate?* oh, put me in thy books.
Cath. What is your creſt, a coxcomb?

* *Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.*] Perhaps we may read better, *Ay, for a turtle,* and *he takes a buzzard.* That is, he may take me for a *turtle*, and he ſhall find me a hawk.

Pet.

Pet. A combleſs cock, ſo Kate will be my hen.
Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, *Kate*; come, you muſt not look ſo ſower.
Cath. It is my faſhion when I ſee a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not ſo ſower.
Cath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then, ſhew it me.
Cath. Had I a glaſs, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Cath. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one. ——
Pet. Now by St. *George*, I am too young for you.
Cath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with Cares.
Cath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, *Kate*; in ſooth, you 'ſcape not ſo.
Cath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit; I find you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy and ſullen,
And now I find Report a very liar;
For thou art pleaſant, gameſom, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou canſt not frown, thou canſt not look aſcance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk:
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conf'rence, ſoft and affable.
Why doth the world report, that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh ſlanderous world! *Kate*, like the hazel-twig,
Is ſtrait and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk; thou doſt not halt.
Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.
Pet. Did ever *Dian* ſo become a grove,
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gaite?
O, be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And

And then let *Kate* be chaſt, and *Dian* ſportful! —

Cath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.

Cath. A witty mother, witleſs elſe her ſon.

Pet. Am I not wiſe?

Cath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Why ſo I mean, ſweet *Catharine*, in thy bed:
And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath conſented,
That you ſhall be my wife; your dow'ry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a huſband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well;)
Thou muſt be married to no man but me.
For I am he, am born to tame you, *Kate*;
And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*,
Conformable as other houſhold *Kates*;
Here comes your father, never make denial,
I muſt and will have *Catharine* to my Wife.

SCENE V.

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, *and* Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior *Petruchio*, how ſpeed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?
It were impoſſible, I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.

Bap. Why, how now daughter *Catharine*, in your dumps?

Cath. Call you me daughter? now, I promiſe you,
You've ſhew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatick;
A madcap ruffian, and a ſwearing *Jack*,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; yourſelf and all the World,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy;
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove:

She

She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience, ſhe will prove a ſecond *Griſſel*;
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chaſtity.
And, to conclude, we've 'greed ſo well together,
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll ſee thee hang'd on *Sunday* firſt.

Gre. Hark: *Petruchio!* ſhe ſays, ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay, then, good night, our part!

Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chuſe her for myſelf;
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me; oh, the kindeſt *Kate!*—
She hung about my neck, and kiſs on kiſs *
She vy'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices; 'tis a world to ſee,
How tame, (when men and women are alone)
A meacock wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew.
Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding day;
Father, provide the feaſt, and bid the gueſts;
I will be ſure, my *Catharine* ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay, but give your hands;
God ſend you joy, *Petruchio!* 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, ſay we; we will be witneſſes.

Pet. Father, and Wife, and Gentlemen, adieu;
I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,
We will have rings and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me, *Kate*, we will be married o' *Sunday*.

[*Ex.* Petruchio, *and* Catharine *ſeverally*.

* ——— *kiſs on kiſs*
She vy'd ſo faſt, ——] I know not that the word *vie* has any conſtruction that will ſuit this place; we may eaſily read,
Kiſs on kiſs
She ply'd *ſo faſt*.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.
Bap The gain I ſeek is quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now, *Baptiſta*, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have look'd for:
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.
Tra. And I am one, that love *Bianca* more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs,
Gre. Youngling! thou canſt not love ſo dear as I,
Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry[1].
Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flouriſheth.
Bap. Content you, Gentlemen, I will compound this ſtrife;
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize; and he, of both,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have *Bianca's* love. ——
Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapeſtry;

[1] Old *Gremio's* notions are confirmed by *Shadwell*.

The fire of love in youthful blood,
Like what is kindled in bruſh-
[wood,
But for a moment burns ——
But when crept into aged veins,
It ſlowly burns, and long remains,
It glows, and with a ſullen
[heat,
Like fire in logs, it burns, and
[warms us long;
And though the flame be not
[ſo great,
Yet is the heat as ſtrong.

In

In ivory coffers I have ſtuft my crowns;
In cypreſs cheſts my arras, counterpoints,
Coſtly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linen, *Turkey* cuſhions boſs'd with pearl;
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work;
Pewter and braſs, and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſe-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls;
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
Myſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs,
And if I die to morrow, this is hers;
If, whilſt I live, ſhe will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* come well in —— Sir, liſt to me,
I am my father's heir, and only ſon;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land; all which ſhall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior *Gremio?*

Gre. Two thouſand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts to but ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have, beſides an *Argoſie*

[a] Gre. *Two thouſand ducats by the year of land!*
My land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ye ſhall have, and ——]
Tho' all the copies concur in this reading, ſurely, if we examine the reaſoning, ſomething will be found wrong. *Gremio* is ſtartled at the high ſettlement *Tranio* propoſes; ſays, his whole eſtate in land can't match it, yet he'll ſettle ſo much a year upon her, &c. This is playing at croſs-purpoſes. The change of the *negative* in the ſecond line ſalves the abſurdity, and ſets the paſſage right. *Gremio* and *Tranio* are vyeing in their offers to carry *Bianca:* The latter boldly propoſes to ſettle land to the amount of two thouſand ducats *per annum.* My whole eſtate, ſays the other, in land, amounts *but* to that value; yet ſhe ſhall have *that:* I'll endow her with the *whole*; and conſign a rich veſſel to her uſe, over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to outbid his rival. WARBURT.

That

That now is lying in *Marſeilles's* road.
What, have I choak'd you with an *Argoſie?*
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no leſs
Than three great *Argoſies*, beſides two galliaſſes
And twelve tight gallies; theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'ſt next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And ſhe can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promiſe; *Gremio* is out-vied.
Bap. I muſt confeſs, your offer is the beſt;
And let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your own, elſe you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Bap. Well, Gentlemen, then I am thus reſolv'd:
On *Sunday* next, you know,
My daughter *Catharine* is to be married:
Now on the *Sunday* following ſhall *Bianca*
Be bride to you, if you make this aſſurance;
If not, to Signior *Gremio:*
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gameſter, your father were a fool
To give thee all; and in his waining age
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!
An old *Italian* fox is not ſo kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten[3]:

'Tis

[3] *Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:*] That is, with the higheſt card, in the old ſimple games of our anceſtors. So that this became a proverbial expreſſion. So *Skelton*,

Fyrſte pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,
And ſo outface him with a card of ten.

And *Ben Johnſon* in his *Sad Shepherd*,

——*a* Hart of ten
I trow be he,——

i. e. an extraordinary good one. WARBURTON.

If

'Tis in my head to do my maſter good:
I ſee no reaſon, but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
May get a father, call'd ſuppos'd *Vincentio*;
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this caſe of wooing,
A child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning.
]*Exit.*

———[The Preſenters, above, ſpeak here.

Sly. Sim, *when will the fool come again?*

Sim. *Anon, my Lord.*

Sly. *Give's ſome more drink here—where's the tapſter? here,* Sim, *eat ſome of theſe things.*

Sim. *So I do, my Lord.*

Sly. *Here,* Sim, *I drink to thee.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter Lucentio, Hortenſio, *and* Bianca.

LUCENTIO.

FIdler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Catharine* welcom'd you withal?

Hor. Wrangling Pedant, this is
The patroneſs of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in muſick we have ſpent an hour,
Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.

Luc. Prepoſterous aſs! that never read ſo far

If the word *hart* be right, I do not ſee any uſe of the latter quotation.

* *When will the fool come again?*] The character of the *fool* has not been introduced in this drama, therefore I believe that the word *again* ſhould be omitted, and that *Sly* aſks, *When will the fool come?* the fool, being the favourite of the vulgar, or, as we now phraſe it, of the upper gallery, was naturally expected in every interlude.

To

To know the cauſe why muſic was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreſh the mind of man
After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?
Then give me leave to read philoſophy,
And, while I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear theſe Braves of thine.

Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtrive for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholar in the ſchools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my leſſons as I pleaſe myſelf;
And to cut off all ſtrife, here ſit we down,
Take you your inſtrument, play you the while;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?

[Hortenſio *retires.*

Luc. That will be never; tune your inſtrument.

Bian. Where left we laſt?

Luc. Here, Madam:

Hac ibat Simois, hic eſt Sigeia tellus,
Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.

Bian. Conſtrue them.

Luc. Hac ibat, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic eſt*, ſon unto *Lucentio* of *Piſa*, *Sigeia tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your love, *hic ſteterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celſa ſenis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon [4].

Hor. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me ſee, if I can conſtrue it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic eſt Sigeia tellus*, I truſt you not, *hic ſteterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, preſume not, *celſa ſenis*, deſpair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

[4] *Pantaloon*, the old cully in *Italian* farces.

Luc.

Luc. All but the baſe.

Hor. The baſe is right, 'tis the baſe knave that jars.
How fiery and how froward is our Pedant!
Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love;
Pedaſcule, I'll watch you better yet[5].

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt[6].

Luc. Miſtruſt it not,—for, ſure *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*, call'd ſo from his grandfather.

Bian. I muſt believe my maſter, elſe I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt;
But let it reſt. Now, *Licio*, to you:
Good maſters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave awhile;
My leſſons make no muſick in three parts.

Luc. Are you ſo formal, Sir? well I muſt wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine muſician groweth amorous. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am paſt my *Gamut* long ago.

Hor. Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortenſio*.

Bian. [*reading.*] *Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,
A re, to plead *Hortenſio's* paſſion;
B mi, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord,
C faut, that loves with all affection;

[5] *Pedaſcule,*———] he would have ſaid *Didaſcale*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedaſcale* in imitation of it, from *Pedant*. WARBURTON.

[6] *In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.*] This and the ſeven Verſes, that follow, have in all the Editions been ſtupidly ſhuffled and miſplac'd to wrong Speakers; ſo that every Word ſaid was glaringly out of Character. THEOBALD.

D ſol re, one cliff, but two notes have I.
E la mi, ſhow pity, or I die.
Call you this *Gamut?* tut, I like it not;
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I'm not ſo nice[7]
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Miſtreſs, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dreſs your ſiſter's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewel, ſweet maſters, both; I muſt be gone.
[*Exit.*
Luc. Faith, miſtreſs, then I have no cauſe to ſtay.
[*Exit.*
Hor. But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant,
Methinks, he looks as tho' he was in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be ſo humble,
To caſt thy wandring eyes on every Stale;
Seize thee, who liſt; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Catharina, Lucentio, Bianca, *and attendants.*

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the 'pointed day
That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married;
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law.
What will be ſaid? what mockery will it be,

[7] *Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I'm not ſo nice*
To change true Rules for new Inventions.] This is Senſe and the Meaning of the Paſſage; but the Reading of the Second Verſe, for all that, is ſophiſticated. The genuine Copies all concur in Reading,
To change true Rules for old Inventions.
THEOBALD.

To

To want the Bridegroom, when the Prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?

Cath. No ſhame, but mine; I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my hand oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudeſby, full of ſpleen[s];
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour:
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed, where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor *Catharine*,
And ſay, lo! there is mad *Petruchio's* wife,
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Catharine*, and *Baptiſta* too;
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well;
Whatever fortune ſtays him from his word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe:
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

Cath. Would *Catharine* had never ſeen him tho'!
[*Exit. weeping.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an injury would vex a Saint,
Much more a Shrew of thy impatient humour.

SCENE III.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, Maſter; old news, and ſuch news as never heard of.

Is it new and old too? how may that be?

[s] *Of ſpleen.*] That is, *full of* humour, caprice, and incon-

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of *Petruchio's* coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But, ſay, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; [9] a pair of boots that have been candle-caſes, one buckled, another lac'd: an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs, with two broken points; his horſe hipp'd with an old mothy ſaddle, the ſtirrups of no kindred; beſides, poſſeſt with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine, troubled with the lampaſſe, if eƈted with the faſhions, full of windgalls, ſped with ſpavins, raied with the yellows, paſt cure of the fives, ſtark ſpoiled with the ſtaggers, begnawn with the bots, waid in the back and ſhoulder-ſhotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-check't bit, and a headſtall of ſheep's leather, which being reſtrain'd, to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repair'd with knots; one girt ſix times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, Sir, his lackey, for all the world capari-

[9] *A pair of boots —— one buckled, another laced; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs, with two broken points.*] How a ſword ſhould have *two broken points* I cannot tell. There is, I think, a tranſpoſition cauſed by the ſeeming relation of *point* to *ſword*. I read, *a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced* with two broken points; *an old ruſty ſword — with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs.*

ſon'd

on'd like the horſe, with a linnen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue liſt, [1] an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prickt up in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparel, and not like a chriſtian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this faſhion;
Yet ſometimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howſoever he comes.

Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?

Bion. Who? that *Petruchio* came not.

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, Sir; I ſay, his horſe comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

[1] *An old hat, and* the humour of forty fancies *prickt up in't for a feather:*] This was ſome ballad or drollery of that time, which the Poet here ridicules, by making *Petruchio* prick it up in his foot-boy's old hat for a feather. His ſpeakers are perpetually quoting ſcraps and ſtanzas of old Ballads, and often very obſcurely; for, ſo well are they adapted to the occaſion, that they ſeem of a piece with the reſt. In *Shakeſpear's* time, the kingdom was over-run with theſe doggrel compoſitions. And he ſeems to have born them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers with exquiſite humour. In *Much ado about nothing*, he makes *Benedict* ſay, *Prove that ever I loſe more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad maker's pen.* As the bluntneſs of it would make the execution of it extremely painful. And again in *Troilus and Creſſida*, *Pandarus* in his diſtreſs, having repeated a very ſtupid ſtanza from an old ballad, ſays, with the higheſt humour, *There never was a truer rhyme; let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe. We ſee it, we ſee it.*

WARBURTON.

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio *fantaſtically habited.*

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who is at home?
Bap. You're welcome, Sir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not ſo well 'parell'd, as I wiſh you were.
Pet. Were it better, I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is *Kate?* where is my lovely bride?
How does my Father? Gentles, methinks, you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?
Bap. Why, Sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
Firſt, were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now, ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fy, doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.
Tra. And tell us what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Tho' in ſome part enforced to digreſs[2],
Which at more leiſure I will ſo excuſe,
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But, where is *Kate?* I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time, we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

[2] *To digreſs*] To deviate from any promiſe.

Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'll viſit her.
Bap. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me ſhe's married, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I could change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for myſelf.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good-morrow to my Bride,
And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs? [*Exit.*
Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap. I'll after him, and ſee the event of this. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Tra. But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her Father's liking; which to bring to paſs,
As I before imparted to your Worſhip,
I am to get a man (whate'er he be,
It ſkills not much; we'll fit him to our turn);
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,
And make aſſurance here in *Padua*
Of greater ſums than I have promiſed:
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry ſweet *Bianca* with conſent.
Luc. Were it not, that my fellow ſchool-maſter
Doth watch *Bianca's* ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to ſteal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay, no,
I'll keep my own, deſpight of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this buſineſs:
We'll over-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow-prying Father *Minola*,

The quaint muſician amorous *Licio*;
All for my maſter's ſake, *Lucentio*.

SCENE VI.

Enter Gremio.

Now, Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool.

Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A Bridegroom, ſay you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.

Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*; when the Prieſt
Did aſk, if *Catharine* ſhould be his wife?
Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he: and ſwore ſo loud,
That, all amaz'd, the Prieſt let fall the book;
And as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any liſt.

Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he roſe up again?

Gre. Trembled and ſhook? for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore,
As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if
H'ad been aboard carowſing to his Mates
After a ſtorm; quafft off the muſcadel,
And threw the ſops all in the ſexton's face;
Having no other cauſe, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and ſeem'd to aſk
His ſops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The Bride about the neck, and kiſt her lips

With

With ſuch a clamorous ſmack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd; and I ſeeing this,
Came thence for very ſhame; and after me,
I know, the rout is coming: Such a mad marriage
Ne'er was before.—Hark, hark, I hear the minſtrels.
[*Muſick plays.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca, Hortenſio, *and* Baptiſta.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains;
I know, you think to dine with me to day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is't poſſible, you will away to night?
Pet. I muſt away to day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my buſineſs,
You would entreat me rather go than ſtay.
And, honeſt Company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I muſt hence, and farewel to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you ſtay 'till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Cath. Let me entreat you.
Pet. I am content———
Cath. Are you content to ſtay?
Pet. I am content, you ſhall entreat me, ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, entreat me how you can.
Cath. Now if you love me, ſtay.
Pet. *Grumio*, my horſes.

ing the fire ſhall warm myſelf; for, conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, hoa, *Curtis!*

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis.*

Curt. Is my maſter and his wife coming, *Grumio?*

Gru. Oh, ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore fire, fire; caſt on no water.

Curt. Is ſhe ſo hot a Shrew, as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before this froſt; but thou know'ſt, [4] winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and thyſelf, fellow *Curtis.*

Curt. [5] Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? [6] why, my horn is a foot, and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſ-

4 Gru. ——*winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and* MY *ſelf, fellow* Curtis.

Curt. *Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beaſt.*] Why had *Grumio* called him one? to give his reſentment any colour. We muſt read as, without queſtion, *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

——*and* THY *ſelf, fellow* Curtis.

Why *Grumio* ſaid that winter had tamed *Curtis* was for his ſlowneſs in ſhewing *Grumio* to a good fire. Beſides, all the joke conſiſts in the ſenſe of this alteration.

WARBURTON.

5 *Away, you three-inch'd fool;*] *i. e.* with a ſcull three inches thick, a phraſe taken from the thicker ſort of planks.

WARBURTON.

6 *Why* thy *horn is a foot, and ſo long am I at leaſt.*] *Tho' all the copies agree in this reading,* Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *yet he cannot find what horn* Curtis *had*; therefore he alters it to *my horn.* But the common reading is right, and the meaning is that he had made *Curtis* a cuckold.

WARBURTON.

treſs,

treſs, whoſe hand, ſhe being now at hand, thou ſhalt ſoon feel to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good *Gremio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine; and therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the news.

Gru. Why, [7] *Jack* boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are ſo full of conycatching.

Gru. Why therefore, fire: for I have caught extream cold. Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimm'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſervingmen in their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? [8] be the *Jacks* fair within, the *Jills* fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. Firſt, know my horſe is tired, my maſter and miſtreſs fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good *Grumio.*

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

[7] Jack *boy*, &c.] fragment of ſome old ballad.] WARB.

[8] *Be the* Jacks *fair within, the* Jills *fair without?*] *i. e.* Are the drinking veſſels clean, and the maid ſervants dreſs'd? But the *Oxford Editor* alters it thus, *Are the* Jacks *fair without, the* Jills *fair within?* What his conceit is in this, I confeſs I know not. WARBURTON.

Curt.

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a ſenſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſtning. Now I begin: *imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs.

Curt. Both on one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale.——But hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe: thou ſhould'ſt have heard in how miry a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horſe upon her, how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore, how ſhe pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt: how I loſt my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay, and that you and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathanael*, *Joſeph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugarſop*, and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly comb'd, their blue coats bruſh'd, and their [9] garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'ſy with their left legs, and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe tail, 'till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter to countenance my miſtreſs.

[9] *Garters of an indifferent knit.*] What is the ſenſe of this I know not, unleſs it means, that their *Garters* ſhould be *fellows*; *indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other.

Gru.

Gru. Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it ſeems, that call'd for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Gru. Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nath. Welcome home, *Grumio.*

Phil. How now, *Grumio?*

Joſ. What, *Grumio!*

Nich. Fellow *Grumio!*

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready; how near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not———cock's paſſion, ſilence!———I hear my maſter.

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio *and* Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? what, no man at door to hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe? where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?*

All Serv. Here, here, Sir? here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir?
You loggerheaded and unpoliſh'd grooms:
What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

Gru. Here, Sir, as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You peaſant ſwain, you whoreſon, malt-horſe drudge,
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaves with thee?

Gru.

Gru. *Nathanael's* coat, Sir, was not fully made:
And *Gabriel's* pumps were all unpink'd i'th'heel:
There was no link to colour *Peter's* hat[1],
And *Walter's* dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*;
The reſt were ragged, old and beggarly,
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in.
[*Exeunt Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led? [*Singing.*
Where are thoſe———ſit down, *Kate*
And welcome. Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud[2]!

Enter Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I ſay? nay, good ſweet *Kate*, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when?

It was the Friar of Orders grey, [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way.

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, *Kate:* ſome water here; what hoa!

Enter one with water.

Where's my ſpaniel *Troilus?* ſirrah, get you hence,
And bid my couſin *Ferdinand* come hither:
One, *Kate*, that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.
Where are my ſlippers; ſhall I have ſome water?
Come, *Kate*, and waſh, and welcome heartily:
You, whoreſon villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreſon, beatle-headed, flap-ear'd knave:

[1] —— *no link to colour* Peter's *hat,*] *Link*, I believe, is the ſame with what we now call *lamp black.*

[2] — *Soud, ſoud,* &c.] That is, *ſweet, ſweet. Soot, good*, and ſometimes *ſoth*, is *ſweet.* So in *Milton*, *to ſing ſoothly*, is, to ſing ſweetly.

Come,

Come, *Kate*, ſit down; I know, you have a ſtomach.
Will you give thanks, ſweet *Kate*, or elſe ſhall I?
What's this, mutton?

1 *Ser.* Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and ſo is all the meat:
What dogs are theſe? where is the raſcal cook?
How durſt you, villains, bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:
[*Throws the meat*, &c. *about the Stage.*
You heedleſs jolt-heads, and unmanner'd ſlaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.

Cath. I pray you, huſband, be not ſo diſquiet;
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expreſly am forbid to touch it:
For it ingenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did faſt,
Since of ourſelves, ourſelves are cholerick,
Than feed it with ſuch over-roſted fleſh:
Be patient, for to-morrow't ſhall be mended,
And for this night we'll faſt for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants ſeverally.

Nath. Peter, didſt ever ſee the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, *a Servant.*

Curt. In her chamber, making a ſermon of continency to her,
And rails and ſwears, and rates; that ſhe, poor ſoul,
Knows not which way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak,

And ſits as one new-riſen from a dream,
Away, away, for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
My faulcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty,
And till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full-gorg'd,
For then ſhe never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard[3],
To make her come, and know her maſter's Call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch theſe kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat to-day, nor none ſhall eat.
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to-night ſhall not:
As with the meat, ſome undeſerved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed.
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolſter,
This way the coverlet, that way the ſheets;
Ay; and, amid this hurly, I'll pretend
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And, in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night:
And, if ſhe chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindneſs; ——
And thus I'll curb her mad and headſtrong humou
He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,
Now let him ſpeak, 'tis charity to ſhew. [*Exi*

[3] —— *to man my haggard,*] A *haggard* is a *wild hawk*; to *man* hawk is to *tame* her.

SCEN

SCENE IV.

Before Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter Tranio *and* Hortenſio.

TRANIO.

poſſible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca*
oth fancy any other but *Lucentio?*
you, Sir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.
r. To ſatisfy you, Sir, in what I ſaid,
l by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They ſtand by.*

Enter Bianca *and* Lucentio.

c. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?

t poſſible, friend Licio, &c.] Scene, Mr. *Pope*, upon Authority I can't pretend eſs. has, in his Editions the *Firſt* of the *Fifth* Act: ng which, he has ſhewn ery Power and Force of iſm. The Conſequence of dicious Regulation is, that ıpardonable Abſurdities are ıpon the Author, which he not poſſibly have commit- For, in the firſt Place, by huffling the Scenes out of rue Poſition, we find *Hor-* in the fourth Act, already rom *Baptiſta's* to *Petruchio's* ry-houſe; and afterwards beginning of the fifth Act d him firſt forming the Re- n of quitting *Bianca*; and immediately informs us, one to the *Taming-School ruchio.* There is a Figure, indeed, in Rhetorick, call'd, ὕστερον πρότερον: But this is an Abuſe of it, which the Rhetoricians will never adopt upon Mr, *Pope's* Authority. Again, by this Miſplacing, the Pedant makes his firſt Entrance, and quits the Stage with *Tranio* in order to go and dreſs himſelf like *Vincentio*, whom he was to perſonate: but his ſecond *Entrance* is upon the very Heels of his *Exit*; and without any Interval of an *Act*, or one Word intervening, he comes out again equipp'd like *Vincentio.* If ſuch a Critick be fit to publiſh a Stage-Writer, I ſhall not envy Mr. *Pope's* Admirers, if they ſhould think fit to applaud his Sagacity. I have repla'c'd the Scenes in that Order, in which I found them in the old Books. THEOBALD.

In gaite and countenance ſurly like a father [6].
Luc. And what of him, *Tranio?*
Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem *Vincentio*,
And give him aſſurance to *Baptiſta Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*:
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt* Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſave you, Sir.
Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the fartheſt?
Ped. Sir, at the fartheſt for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome*;
And ſo to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of *Mantua*.
Tra. Of *Mantua*, Sir? God forbid!
And come to *Padua*, careleſs of your life?
Ped. My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*; know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at *Venice*, and the Duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, Sir; it is worſe for me than ſo;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From *Florence*, and muſt here deliver them.
Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courteſy,
This will I do, and this will I adviſe you;
Firſt, tell me, have you ever been at *Piſa?*

[6] —*Surely* like a father.] I know not what he is, ſays the ſpeaker; however, this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. WARBURTON.

Ped.

Ped. Ay, Sir, in *Piſa* have I often been;
Piſa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio?*

Ped. I know him not; but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, Sir; and, ſooth to ſay,
In count'nance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one. [*Aſide.*

Tra. To ſave your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his ſake;
And think it not the worſt of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio:*
His name and credit ſhall you undertake,
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd:
Look that you take upon you as you ſhould.
You underſtand me, Sir: ſo ſhall you ſtay,
'Till you have done your buſineſs in the city.
If this be court'ſy, Sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, Sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The Patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good:
This by the way I let you underſtand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one *Baptiſta's* daughter here:
In all theſe circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
Go with me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Catharina *and* Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forſooth, I dare not for my life.

Cath. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon intreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould intreat,
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
And that, which ſpites me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love:
As who would ſay, If I ſhould ſleep or eat
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death:
I pry'thee go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?

Cath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pry'thee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too flegmatick a meat:
How ſay you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Cath. I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell;—I fear, it's cholerick:
What ſay you to a piece of beef and muſtard?

Cath. A diſh, that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why, then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no beef of *Grumio*.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the muſtard without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave,
[*Beats him.*
That feeds me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my miſery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

nter Petruchio *and* Hortenſio, *with meat.*

How fares my *Kate?* what, Sweeting, all
à-mort?
. Miſtreſs, what cheer?
). 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pluck up thy ſpirits; look cheerfully upon me;
love, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,
:ſs thy meat myſelf, and bring it thee:
re, ſweet *Kate*, this kindneſs merits thanks.
not a word? nay then, thou lov'ſt it not:
ll my pains is ſorted to no proof[1].
take away the diſh.
). I pray you let it ſtand.
The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thanks,
o ſhall mine, before you touch the meat.
b. I thank you, Sir.
. Signior *Petruchio*, fy, you are to blame:
, miſtreſs *Kate*, I'll bear you company.
. Eat it up all, *Hortenſio*, if thou loveſt me;—
[*Aſide.*
good do it unto thy gentle heart;
eat apace. And now, my honey-love,
we return unto thy father's houſe,
evel it as bravely as the beſt,
ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
ruffs, and cuffs, and * fardingals, and things:
ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.
, haſt thou din'd? the taylor ſtays thy leiſure,
:ck thy body with his ruſtling treaſure.

[1] *all my pains is ſorted to proof.*] And all *my* labours ended in nothing, or nothing. *We tried an ent, but it* ſorted *not.* BACON.

* *fardingals, and* things:] Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to tranſpoſe the words *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us ſee theſe ornaments.

Enter Haberdaſher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet diſh; fy, fy, 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time;
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haſte.

Cath. [8] Why, Sir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak.
And ſpeak I will. I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or, elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it ſhall, I will be free
Even to the utmoſt as I pleaſe in words.

Pet. Why, thou ſay'ſt true, it is a paltry cap.
A cuſtard-coffin, a bauble, a ſilken pie;
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay.--Come, taylor, let us ſee't.

[8] *Why, Sir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak,* &c.] *Shakeſpear* has here copied nature with great ſkill. *Petruchio*, by frightening, ſtarving and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleneſs and ſubmiſſion. And the audience expects to hear no more of the *Shrew*: When on her being croſſed, in the article of faſhion and finery, the moſt inveterate folly of the ſex, ſhe flies out again, though for the laſt time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature. WARBURTON.

ercy, heav'n, what maſking ſtuff is here?
t? this a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
, up and down carv'd like an apple tart?
's ſnip, and nip, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
to a * cenſer in a barber's ſhop:
, what a devil's name, taylor, call'ſt thou this?
r. I ſee, ſhe's like to've neither cap nor gown.
[*Aſide.*
. You bid me make it orderly and well,
rding to the faſhion of the time,
. Marry, and did: but if you be remembred,
not bid me mar it to the time,
iop me over every kennel home,
ou ſhall hop without my cuſtom, Sir:
one of it; hence, make you beſt of it.
h. I never ſaw a better-faſhion'd gown,
quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
e, you mean to make a puppet of me.
. Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee.
y. She ſays, your Worſhip means to make a pup-
her.
. Oh moſt monſtrous arrogance!
i lyeſt, thou thread, thou thimble †,
i yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
i flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket, thou!
d in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread;
, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
iou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt:
thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown,
y. Your Worſhip is deceiv'd, the gown is made
is my maſter had direction.
io gave order how it ſhould be done.

enſers, in barbers ſhops, w diſuſed, but they may e imagined to have been which, for the emiſſion ſmoke, were cut with number and varieties of interſtices.

† The taylor's trade having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged *Engliſh*, liable to ſarcaſms and contempt.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the ſtuff.

Tay. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tray. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men, brave not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd. I ſay unto thee, I bid thy maſter cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo*, thou lieſt.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a looſe-bodied gown.

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-bodied gown, ſow me up in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a ſmall compaſt cape.

Gru. I confeſs the cape.

Tay. With a trunk-ſleeve.

Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.

Tay. The ſleeves curiouſly cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, Sir, error i' th' bill: I commanded, the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true, that I ſay; an I had thee in place where, thou ſhou'dſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, give me thy meet-yard, and ſpare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, *Grumio*, then he ſhall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' th' right, Sir, 'tis for my miſtreſs.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy maſter's uſe.

Gru.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my miſtreſs's gown for thy maſter's uſe!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for;
Take up my miſtreſs's gown unto his maſter's uſe;
Oh, fy, fy, fy!

Pet. Hortenſio, ſay, thou wilt ſee the taylor paid. [*Aſide.*
Go take it hence, be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow,
Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:
Away, I ſay; commend me to thy maſter. [*Exit Tay.*

Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*, we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments:
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind, that makes the body rich:
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe.
Go call my men, and let us ſtraight to him,
And bring our horſes unto *Long-lane* end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's ſee, I think, 'tis now ſome ſeven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Cath. I dare aſſure you, Sir, 'tis almoſt two;
And 'twill be ſupper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It ſhall be ſeven, ere I go to horſe.
Look,

Look, what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it; Sirs, let's alone,
I will not go to day, and ere I do,
It ſhall be what o'clock I ſay it is.

Hor. Why, ſo; this Gallant will command the Sun. [*Exeunt* Pet. Cath. *and* Hor.

[The Preſenters above, ſpeak here.].

Lord. *Who's within there?* [Sly *ſleeps.*

Enter Servants.

Aſleep again! go take him eaſily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But ſee, you wake him not in any caſe.

Serv. *It ſhall be done, my Lord; come help to bear him hence.* [*They bear off* Sly.

[9]SCENE IX.

Before Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter Tranio, *and the Pedant dreſt like* Vincentio.

Tra. SIR, this is the houſe; pleaſe it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what elſe! and (but I be deceived)
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Near twenty years ago in *Genoa*,
Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegaſus*[1].

[9] I cannot but think, that the direction about the tinker, who is always introduced at the end of the acts, together with the change of the ſcene, and the proportion of each act to the reſt, make it probable that the fifth act begins here.

[1] Tra. *Where we were Lodgers at the* Pegaſus.] This Line has in all the Editions hitherto been given to *Tranio*. But *Tranio* could with no Propriety ſpeak this, either in his aſſum'd or real Character. *Lucentio* was too young to know any thing of lodging with his Father, twenty years before at *Genoa*: and *Tranio* muſt be as much too young, or very unfit to repreſent and perſonate *Lucentio*. I have ventured to place the Line to the Pedant, to whom it muſt certainly belong, and is a Sequel of what he was before ſaying.

THEOBALD.

Tra.

Tra. 'Tis well, and hold your own in any caſe
With ſuch auſterity as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but, Sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were ſchool'd.
Tra. Fear you not him; ſirrah, *Biondello*,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I adviſe you:
Imagine, 'twere the right *Vincentio*.
Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta?*
Bion. *Bion.* I told him, that your father was in *Venice*;
And that you look'd for him this day in *Padua*.
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink;
Here comes *Baptiſta*; ſet your countenance, Sir.

SCENE X.

Enter Baptiſta *and* Lucentio.

Tra. Signior *Baptiſta*, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you ſtand, good Father, to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft, ſon. Sir, by your leave, having come to *Padua*,
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him; to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good father's care
To have him match'd; and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, Sir, upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing,
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtow'd:

For

For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptiſta*, of whom I hear ſo well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay:
Your plainneſs and your ſhortneſs pleaſe me well.
Right true it is, your ſon *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections;
And therefore if you ſay no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dowry,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir. * Where then do you know beſt,
Be we affied; and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand.

Bap. Not in my houſe, *Lucentio*; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants;
Beſides, old *Gremio* is hearkning ſtill;
And, haply, then we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir,
There doth my Father lie; and there this night
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this, that at ſo ſlender warning
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Go, *Cambio*, hie you home,
And bid *Bianca* make her ready ſtraight:
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentio's* wife.

Luc. I pray the Gods ſhe may, with all my heart! [*Exit.*

* —*Where then do you know beſt,*
Be we affied;——] This ſeems to be wrong. We may read more commodiouſly,
—*Where then* you do *know beſt,*
Be we affied;——
Or thus, which I think is right,
Where then do you trow *beſt,*
We be affied;——

Tra.

Tra. Dally not, with the Gods, but get thee gone. Signior *Baptiſta*, ſhall I lead the way? Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer. Come, Sir, we will better it in *Piſa*.

Bap. I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Lucentio *and* Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, *Biondello?*

Bion. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you.

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he's left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. *Baptiſta* is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His Daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old Prieſt at St. *Luke's* Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect, they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance; take you aſſurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolum*; to th' Church take the Prieſt, Clark, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay, But bid *Bianca* farewel for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, *Biondello?*

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſly to ſtuff

a rabbet; and ſo may you, Sir, and ſo adieu, Si
my maſter hath appointed me to go to St. *Luke's*,
bid the Prieſt be ready to come againſt you come wi
your Appendix. [*E*

Luc. I may and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It ſhall go hard, if *Cambio* go without her. [*E*

SCENE XII.

A green Lane.

Enter Petruchio, Catharine, *and* Hortenſio.

Pet. COme on, o'God's name, once more tow'
our Father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the Mo
Cath. The Moon! the Sun: it is not Moon-li
now.
Pet. I ſay, it is the Moon that ſhines ſo bright.
Cath. I know, it is the Sun that ſhines ſo bright
Pet. Now by my mother's ſon, and that's myſ
It ſhall be Moon, or Star, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe:
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.
Evermore croſt and croſt, nothing but croſt!
Hor. Say, as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.
Cath. Forward I pray, ſince we are come ſo far,
And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
Pet. I ſay, it is the Moon.
Cath. I know, it is the Moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lye; it is the bleſſed Sun.
Cath. Then, God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed Sun
But Sun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the Moon changes, even as your mind.

W

hat you will have it named, even that it is,
id ſo it ſhall be ſo for *Catharine*.
Her. *Petruchio*, go thy way, the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl ſhould run;
id not unluckily againſt the bias:
t ſoft, ſome company is coming here.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Vincentio.

ood morrow, gentle miſtreſs, where away?
[*To* Vincentio.
Tell me, ſweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
aſt thou beheld a freſher Gentlewoman?
ich war of white and red within her cheeks!
hat ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
s thoſe two eyes become that heav'nly face?
air lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
weet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.

* In the firſt ſketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two ſpeeches in this place worth reſerving, and ſeeming to be of the hand of *Shakeſpear*, tho' the reſt of that play is far inferior. POPE.

Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious ſardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethiſts, or gliſtering hyacinth——
——Sweet *Catharine*, this lovely woman——
Cath. Fair lovely lady, bright and chryſtalline,
Beauteous and ſtately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning waſh'd with dew,
Within whoſe eyes ſhe takes her dawning beams,
And golden ſummer ſleeps upon thy cheeks.
Wrap up thy radiations in ſome cloud,
Leſt that thy beauty make this ſtately town
Uninhabitable as the burning zone,
With ſweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Hor. He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Cath. Young budding Virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away, or where is thy aboad?
Happy the Parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad!
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as, thou ſay'ſt he is.

Cath. Pardon, old Father, my miſtaken eyes;
That have been ſo bedazled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green.
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend Father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

Pet. Do, good old Grandſire, and withal make known
Which way thou travelleſt: if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry Miſtreſs,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Piſa*;
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy ſon;
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving Father:
The Siſter of my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may beſeem
The Spouſe of any noble Gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,

And wander we to ſee thy honeſt Son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true, or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do aſſure thee, Father, ſo it is.
Pet. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof:
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt* Pet. Cath. *and* Vin.
Hor. Well, *Petruchio*, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortenſio* to be untoward. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Lucentio's *Houſe.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio *and* Bianca, Gremio *walking on one ſide.*

BIONDELLO.

SOFTLY and ſwiftly, Sir, for the Prieſt is ready.
Luc. I fly, *Biondello*; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.
Bion. Nay, faith, I'll ſee the church o' your back, [1] and then come back to my maſter as ſoon as I can.
[*Exeunt.*
Gre. I marvel, *Cambio* comes not all this while.

[1] *And then come back to my Miſtreſs as ſoon as I can.*] The Editions all agree in this reading; but what Miſtreſs was *Biondello* to come back to? He muſt certainly mean; "Nay, faith, Sir, "I muſt ſee you in the Church; "and then for fear I ſhould be "wanted, I'll run back to wait "on *Tranio*, who at preſent per- "ſonates you, and whom there- "fore I at preſent acknowledge "for my *Maſter.*" THEOB.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio *and* Grumio *with Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio's* houſe,
My Father's bears more towards the market-place;
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You ſhall not chuſe but drink before you go:
I think, I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're buſy within, you were beſt knock louder. [Pedant *looks out of the window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be ſpoken with.

Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourſelf, he ſhall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your ſon was belov'd in *Padua*. Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous circumſtances, I pray you, tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa*, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt; his father is come to *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, ſo his mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, Gentleman! why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, he means to cozen ſomebody in this city under my countenance.

SCEN

SCENE II.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the church together. God ſend 'em good ſhipping! but who is here? mine old Maſter *Vincentio?* now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing* Biondello.

Bion. I hope, I may chuſe, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy Maſter's Father *Vincentio?*

Bion. What, my old worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, Sir, ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo indeed? [*He beats* Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a madman will murder me.

Ped. Help, ſon; help, Signior *Baptiſta.*

Pet. Pry'thee, *Kate*, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſy. [*They retire.*

Enter Pedant *with Servants*, Baptiſta *and* Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? oh, immortal Gods! oh, fine villain! a ſilken doublet, a velvet hoſe, a ſcarlet cloak and a * copatain hat: oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good huſband at home, my ſon and my ſervants ſpend all at the Univerſity.

* *A copatain hat*, is, I believe, as was anciently worn by well a hat with a conical crown, ſuch dreſſed men.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is this man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient Gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhew a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! oh villain, he is a ſail-maker in *Bergamo.*

Bap. You miſtake, Sir, you miſtake, Sir; pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio.*

Ped. Away, away, mad aſs! his name is *Lucentio:* and he is mine only ſon, and heir to the lands of me Signior *Vincentio.*

Vin. Lucentio! oh, he hath murdered his maſter; lay hold of him, I charge you, in the Duke's name; oh, my ſon, my ſon, tell me, thou villain, where is my ſon *Lucentio?*

Tra. Call forth an officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; Father *Baptiſta,* I charge you, ſee, that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to jail?

Gre. Stay, Officer, he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio:* I ſay, he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptiſta,* leſt you be cony-catch'd in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear, this is the right *Vincentio.*

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not *Lucentio.*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him!

Enter

Enter Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh, monſtrous villain!

Bion. Oh, we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

[*Exeunt* Biondello, Tranio, *and* Pedant.

SCENE III.

Luc. Pardon, ſweet Father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweet ſon?

Bian. Pardon, dear Father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended? where is *Lucentio?*

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right ſon to the right *Vincentio*,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſers bleer'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witneſs to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damn'd villain *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio?*

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. *Bianca's* love
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did bear my countenance in the town:
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs;
What *Tranio* did, myſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet Father, for my ſake.

Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe, that would have ſent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my daughter without aſking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, *Baptiſta*, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged on this villain. [*Exit.*

Bap.

Bap. And I, to ſound the depth of this knavery.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy Father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the reſt,
Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*

[Petruchio *and* Catharina *advancing.*

Cath. Huſband, let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.

Pet. Firſt kiſs me, *Kate*, and we will.

Cath. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?

Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?

Cath. No, Sir, God forbid; but aſham'd to kiſs.

Pet. Why, then let's home again: come, ſirrah, let's away.

Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs; now pray thee, love, ſtay.

Pet. Is not this well? come, my ſweet *Kate*;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Lucentio's *Apartments.*

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina, Grumio, Hortenſio, *and Widow.* Tranio's *ſervants bringing in a banquet.*

Luc. At laſt, tho' long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To ſmile at 'ſcapes, and perils over-blown.
My fair *Bianca*, bid my Father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine;
Brother *Petruchio*, Siſter *Catharine*,
And thou, *Hortenſio*, with thy loving Widow;
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe:
My banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up.

After our great good cheer: pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindneſs, Son *Petruchio*.

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, *Hortenſio* fears his Widow.

Wid. Then never truſt me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe: I mean, *Hortenſio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Cath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortenſio* that?

Hor. My widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended; kiſs him for that, good Widow.

Cath. He, that is giddy thinks, the world turns round——
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your huſband, being troubled with a Shrew,
Meaſures my huſband's ſorrow by his woe;
And now you know my meaning.

Cath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Cath. And I am mean, indeed, reſpecting you.

Pet. To her, *Kate*.

Hor. To her, Widow.

Pet. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.

Hor. That's my Office.

Pet. Spoke like an Officer; ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* Hortenſio.

Bap. How likes *Gremio* theſe quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an haſty-witted body
Would

Would ſay, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, miſtreſs Bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me, therefore I'll ſleep again.

Pet. Nay, that thou ſhalt not, ſince you have begun: Have at you for a better jeſt or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh: And then purſue me, as you draw your bow. You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* Bianca, Catharine, *and Widow*

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior *Tranio* This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not;

Tra. Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* ſlip'd me like his grey-hound Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.

Pet. A good [5] ſwift Simile, but ſomething curriſh

Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for yourſelf: 'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio.*

Hor. Confeſs, confeſs, hath he not hit you there?

Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confeſs. And as the jeſt did glance away from me, 'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good ſadneſs, ſon *Petruchio*, I think, thou haſt the verieſt Shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I ſay, no; and therefore for aſſurance Let's each one ſend unto his wife, and he Whoſe wife is moſt obedient to come firſt, When he doth ſend for her, ſhall win the wager.

Hor. Content;———what wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

[5] *Swift*, beſides the original ſenſe of *ſpeedy in motion*, ſignified *witty, quick-witted.* So in *As you like it*, the Duke ſays of the clown, *He is very* ſwift *and ſententious.* *Quick* is now uſed in almoſt the ſame ſenſe, as *nimble* was in the age after that of our authour. *Heylin* ſays of *Hales* that *he had known* Laud *for* nimble *diſputant.*

I'

I'll venture ſo much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, *Biondello*, bid your Miſtreſs come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all myſelf.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now, what news?
Bion. Sir, my Miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is buſy, and cannot come.
Pet. How? ſhe's buſy and cannot come, is that an anſwer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray, God, Sir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirrah, *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith. [*Exit* Biondello.
Pet. Oh, ho! intreat her! nay, then ſhe needs muſt come.
Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do you what you can.

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: now, where's my wife?
Bion. She ſays, you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand;
She will not come: ſhe bids you come to her.
Pet. Worſe and worſe, ſhe will not come!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirrah, *Grumio*, go to your miſtreſs,
Say, I command her to come to me. [*Exit* Grumio.
Hor. I know her anſwer,

Pet.

Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

SCENE V.

Enter Catharina.

Bap. Now, by my hollidam, here comes *Catharine!*
Cath. What is your will, Sir, that you ſend for me?
Pet. Where is your Siſter, and *Hortenſio's* Wife?
Cath. They ſit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
Exit Catharina.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And ſo it is: I wonder, what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right ſupremacy:
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befal thee, good *Petruchio!*
The wager thou haſt won; and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns,
Another dowry to another Daughter;
For ſhe is chang'd, as ſhe had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter Catharina, Bianca, *and widow.*

See, where ſhe comes, and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion:
Catharine, that Cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid.

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
'Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs.
Bian. Fy, what a fooliſh duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as fooliſh too!
The wiſdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,
Coſt me an hundred crowns ſince ſupper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. *Catharine*, I charge thee, tell theſe headſtrong Women,
What duty they owe to their Lords and Huſbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I ſay, and firſt begin with her.
Wid. She ſhall not.
Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall; and firſt begin with her.
Cath. Fy! fy! unknit that threatning unkind brow,
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor.
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
And in no ſenſe is meet or amiable.
A Woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will dain to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy Huſband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,
Thy Head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
Even ſuch a woman oweth to her huſband:
And when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſower,
And not obedient to his honeſt will;

What

What is ſhe but a foul contending Rebel,
And graceleſs Traitor to her loving Lord?
I am aſham'd, that Women are ſo ſimple
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reaſon haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But, now I ſee, our launces are but ſtraws,
Our ſtrength as weak, our weakneſs paſt compare;
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vale your ſtomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your huſband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiſs me, *Kate.*

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, *Kate*, we'll to bed;
We two are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the [6] white;
And being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Exeunt* Petruchio *and* Catharine.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt Shrew.

[6] *Though you hit the white,*] To hit the *white* is a phraſe borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name *Bianca* or *white*.

Luc.

'is a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be
n'd ſo. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ſervants bearing Sly *in his own apparel, and
him on the Stage. Then enter a* Tapſter.

aking,] Sim, *give's ſome more wine—what,
yers gone? am not I a Lord?
A Lord, with a murrain! come, art thou drunk

ho's this? Tapſter! *oh, I have had the braveſt
ever thou heardſt in all thy life.
Yea, marry, but thou hadſt beſt get thee home,
ife will curſe you for dreaming here all night.
ill ſhe? I know how to* tame a Shrew. *I
n it all this night, and thou haſt wak'd me
beſt dream that ever I had But I'll to my
tame her too, if ſhe anger me* *.

his play the Tatler
ry, Vol. IV. N° 131.

. E are very many ill
ts that might with
ıave been prevented,
we have indulged
hem, become incor-
e have a ſort of Pro-
reſſion, of *taking a
n in her Wedding*
would bring her to
n early Behaviour of
d a very remarkable
in a Family wherein
l Years an intimate
:e.
:man in *Lincolnſhire*
)aughters, three of
early married very
t the fourth, though
erior to any of her
:r in Perſon or Ac-
ıts, had from her In-
fancy diſcovered ſo imperious a Temper (uſually called a high Spirit) that it continually made great Uneaſineſs in the Family, became her known Character in the Neighbourhood, and deterred all her Lovers from declaring themſelves. However, in Proceſs of Time, a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune and long Acquaintance, having obſerved that Quickneſs of Spirit to be her only Fault, made his Addreſſes, and obtained her Conſent in due Form. The Lawyers finiſhed the Writings (in which, by the Way, there was no Pin-Money) and they were married. After a decent Time ſpent in the Father's Houſe, the Bridegroom went to prepare his Seat for her Reception. During the whole Courſe of his Courtſhip, though a Man of the moſt equal Temper, he had artifi-

cially lamented to her, that he was the moſt paſſionate Creature breathing. By this one Intimation, he at once made her underſtand Warmth of Temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her againſt that Conſtitution in himſelf. She at the ſame Time thought herſelf highly obliged by the compoſed Behaviour which he maintained in her Preſence. Thus far he with great ſucceſs ſoothed her from being guilty of Violences, and ſtill reſolved to give her ſuch a terrible Apprehenſion of his fiery Spirit, that ſhe ſhould never dream of giving Way to her own. He return'd on the day appointed for carrying her home; but inſtead of a Coach and ſix Horſes, together with the gay Equipage ſuitable to the Occaſion, he appeared without a Servant, mounted on the Skeleton of a Horſe, which his Huntſman had the Day before brought in to feaſt his Dogs on the Arrival of his new Miſtreſs, with a Pillion fixed behind, and a Caſe of Piſtols before him, attended only by a favourite Hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging (but ſomewhat poſitive) Manner, deſired his Lady to ſeat herſelf on the Cuſhion; which done, away they crawled. The Road being obſtructed by a Gate, the Dog was commanded to open it: The poor Cur looked up and wagged his Tail; but the Maſter, to ſhew the Impatience of his Temper, drew a Piſtol and ſhot him dead. He had no ſooner done it, but he fell into a thouſand Apologies for his unhappy Raſhneſs, and begg'd as many Pardons for his Exceſſes before one ſo had ſo profound a Reſ after their Steed ſtu with ſome Difficulty However, the Bride Occaſion to ſwear, if ened his Wife ſo agai run him through! the poor Animal bei moſt tired, made a ſe immediately on whi ful Huſband alights great Ceremony, fi his Lady, then th ments, draws his S ſaves the Huntſman of killing him: T his Wife, Child, p up the Saddle; whi dily did, and tugge where they found a the greateſt Order their Fortune and the caſion. Some Tim Father of the Lady tertainment to all hi and their Huſban when the Wives w and the Gentlemen Toaſt about, our l Man took Occaſion to the reſt of his Br much, to his great he found the World to the Temper of hi that ſhe was the mo humble Woman brea Applauſe was recei loud Laugh: But which of them woul moſt Maſter at hon poſed they ſhould a ſend for their Wive them. A Servant was and Anſwer was m Tell him I will co by; and another, would come when th

r Hand, and ſo on.
ner was her Huſband's
iſpered in the Ear of
arried Lady, but the
e clapp'd on the Ta-
lown ſhe comes with,
would you ſpeak with
received her in his
after repeated Careſ-
r the Experiment, con-
Good Nature, and aſ-
that ſince ſhe could
nand her Temper, he
onger diſguiſe his own.

t but ſeem ſtrange that
ſhould be ſo little
the author of the Tat-
ſhould ſuffer this Sto-
truded upon him, or
nown to the Publick,
ld hope to make it paſs
aders as a novel nar-

rative of a tranſaction in *Lincolnſhire*; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive; that he knew not himſelf whence the ſtory was taken, or hoped that he might rob ſo obſcure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are ſo well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not diſtracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between *Catharine* and *Petruchio* is eminently ſpritely and diverting. At the marriage of *Bianca*, the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleaſure. The whole play is very popular and diverting.

THE

COMEDY

OF

ERRORS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SALINUS, *Duke of* Epheſus.
Ægeon, a *Merchant of* Syracuſe.
Antipholis *of* Epheſus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Sons*
Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, } Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *unknown to each other.*
Dromio *of* Epheſus, } *Twin-Brothers and Slaves to*
Dromio *of* Syracuſe, } *two* Antipholis's.
Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldſmith.*
A Merchant, a Friend to Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.
Dr. Pinch, *a School-maſter, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, an *Abbeſs at* Epheſus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholis *of* Epheſus.
Luciana, *Siſter to* Adriana.
Luce, *Servant to* Adriana.

Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Epheſus.

This Play is taken from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus.*

TH

THE

COMEDY of ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke of Epheſus, Ægeon, *Jailor, and other Attendants.*

ÆGEON.

PROCEED, *Salinus*, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Syracuſa*, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity, and diſcord, which of late
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have ſeal'd his rigorous ſtatutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatning looks.
For, ſince the mortal and inteſtine jars
'Twixt thy ſeditious countrymen and us,
It hath in ſolemn ſynods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracuſans* and ourſelves.

T' admit no traffick to our adverſe towns.
Nay, more; if any born at *Epheſus*
Be ſeen at *Syracuſan* marts and fairs,
Again, if any *Syracuſan* born
Come to the bay of *Epheſus*, he dies:
His goods confiſcate to the Duke's diſpoſe,
Unleſs a thouſand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ranſom him.
Thy ſubſtance, valu'd at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening ſun.

Duke. Well, *Syracuſan*, ſay, in brief, the cauſe,
Why thou departedſt from thy native home;
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to *Epheſus*.

Ægeon. A heavier taſk could not have been impos'd,
Than I to ſpeak my grief unſpeakable:
Yet that the world may witneſs, that my end
Was wrought by nature, [1] not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracuſa* was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy, but for me;
And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By proſperous voyages I often made

[1] *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,*] All his hearers underſtood that the puniſhment he was about to undergo was in conſequence of no private crime, but of the public enmity between two ſtates, to one of which he belonged: But it was a general ſuperſtition amongſt the ancients, that every great and ſudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven purſuing men for their ſecret offences. Hence the ſentiment here put into the mouth of the ſpeaker was proper. By my paſt life (ſays he) which I am going to relate, the world may underſtand that my preſent death is according to the ordinary courſe of providence, [*wrought by nature*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes [*not by vile offence.*]

WARBURTON.

To

pidamnum; 'till my factor's death,
he great care of goods at random left,
me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe;
whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
herſelf, almoſt at fainting under
leaſing puniſhment that women bear,
nade proviſion for her following me,
oon, and ſafe, arrived where I was.
ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
ful mother of two goodly ſons;
which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
ıld not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
very hour, and in the ſelf-ſame inn,
ır mean woman was delivered
ch a burden, male-twins both alike:
, for their parents were exceeding poor,
ght, and brought up to attend my ſons.
ife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
daily motions for our home-return:
lling, I agreed; alas, too ſoon,
ıme aboard.
gue from *Epidamnum* had we ſail'd,
the always-wind-obeying deep
any tragic inſtance of our harm;
ınger did we not retain much hope:
hat obſcured light the heav'ns did grant,
ut convey unto our fearful minds
ıbtful warrant of immediate death;
ı, tho' myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
ıe inceſſant weeping of my wife,
ing before, for what ſhe ſaw muſt come;
ıteous plainings of the pretty babes,
mourn'd for faſhion, ign'rant what to fear,
l me to ſeek delays for them and me:
his it was; for other means were none.
ilors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
ft the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us;
ife, more careful for the elder-born,

Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Faſten'd ourſelves at either end the maſt;
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the ſun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſpers'd thoſe vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The ſeas waxt calm; and we diſcovered
Two ſhips from far making amain to us,
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
But ere they came——oh, let me ſay no more!
Gather the ſequel by that went before.
Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.
Ægeon. Oh, had the Gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us;
For ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpleſs ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt:
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for:
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carry'd with more ſpeed before the wind,
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome to their ſhipwreckt gueſts;
And would have reft the fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail;

And

his attendant, (for his caſe was like,
of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
t bear him company in queſt of him:
n whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
ırded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
ummers have I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
ing clean through the bounds of *Aſia*,
:oaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus*,
leſs to find, yet loth to leave unſought,
at, or any place that harbours men.
ere muſt end the ſtory of my life;
happy were I in my timely death,
all my travels warrant me they live.'
te. Hapleſs *Ægeon*, whom the fates have markt
ar th' extremity of dire miſhap;
truſt me, were it not againſt our laws,
:h Princes, would they, may not diſannul;)
ıſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,
ıul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
aſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
) our honour's great diſparagement;
ill I favour thee in what I can;
efore, merchant, limit thee this day,

And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.
Jailor, take him to thy cuſtody.

[*Exeunt Duke, and Train.*

Jail. I will, my Lord.

Ægeon. Hopeleſs and helpleſs doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procraſtinate his liveleſs end.

[*Exeunt* Ægeon, *and* Jailor.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, *a Merchant, and* Dromio.

Mer. THerefore give out, you are of *Epidamnum*,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.
This very day, a *Syracuſan* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt:
There is your mony, that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the *Centaur*, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee:
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and ſleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a means.

[*Exit* Dromio.

Ant. A truſty villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the town,

And

And then go to the inn, and dine with me?
Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Pleaſe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward conſort with you 'till bed-time:
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.
Ant. Farewel 'till then; I will go loſe myſelf,
And wander up and down to view the city.
Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit Merchant.*

SCENE III.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean ſeeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unſeen, inquiſitive, confounds himſelf:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In queſt of them, unhappy, loſe myſelf.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? how chance, thou art return'd ſo ſoon?
E. Dro. Return'd ſo ſoon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns; the pig falls from the ſpit;
The clock has ſtrucken twelve upon the bell;
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek;
She is ſo hot, becauſe the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, becauſe you come not home;
You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomach;
You have no ſtomach, having broke your faſt;
But we, that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant.

Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch like liberties of ſin[4]:
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the *Centaur*, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear, my money is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Houſe of Antipholis *of* Epheſus.

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

ADRIANA.

NEITHER my huſband, nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner:
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is maſter of his liberty:
Time is their maſter; and when they ſee time,
They'll go or come; If ſo, be patient, ſiſter.

work Changes of the Mind by theſe Applications.

WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earneſtneſs to recommend his alteration; but, if I may judge of other apprehenſions by my own, without great ſucceſs. This interp etation of *ſoul killing*, is forced and harſh. Sir *T. Hanmer* reads, *Soul-ſelling*, agreeably enough to the common opinion, but without ſuch improvement as may juſtify the change. Perhaps the epithets have been only miſplaced, and the lines ſhould be read thus,

Soul-killing *ſorcerers, that change the mind*;
Dark-working *witches, that deform the body.*

This change ſeems to remove all difficulties.

By *ſoul killing* I underſtand deſtroying the rational faculties by ſuch means as make men fancy themſelves beaſts.

[4] ——— *liberties of ſin*:] Sir *T. Hanmer* reads, *Libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but perſons, ſeems right.

Adr.

Adr. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lies out a-door.
Adr. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.
Luc. Oh know, he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but aſſes, will be bridled ſo.
Luc. Why, head-ſtrong liberty is laſht with woe.
There's nothing ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in ſea, in ſky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' ſubjects, and at their controuls:
Man, more divine, the maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide world, and wide wat'ry ſeas,
Indu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſoul,
Of more preheminence than fiſh and fowl,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.
Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practiſe to obey.
Adr. How if your huſband ſtart ſome other where[5]?
Luc. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adr. Patience unmov'd!—no marvel tho' ſhe pauſe[6];
They can be meek, that have no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould ourſelves complain.
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience wouldſt relieve me:
But if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc.

[5] — *ſtart ſome other where?*] I cannot but think that our author wrote,
—— *ſtart ſome other* hare.
So in *Much ado about nothing*, Cupid is ſaid to be *a good hare-finder*.

[6] To *pauſe* is to reſt, to be in quiet.

[7] — *fool-begg'd*] She ſeems to mean by *fool-begg'd patience*, that

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try:
Here comes your man, now is your huſband nigh.

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy maſter now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and tha my two ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, did'ſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſ thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could underſtand it.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou couldſt not fee his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too wel feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I coul ſcarce underſtand them.

Adr. But ſay, I pry'thee, is he coming home? It ſeems, he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.

E. Dro. Why, miſtreſs, ſure, my maſter is horn mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not, cuckold-mad; but, ſure, he' ſtark mad:
When I deſired him to come home to dinner,
He aſk'd me for a thouſand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he
Will you come home, quoth I? my gold, quoth he
Where is the thouſand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my gold, quoth he.
My miſtreſs, Sir, quoth I; hang up thy miſtreſs;
I know not thy miſtreſs; out on thy miſtreſs!

that *patience* which is ſo near to *idiotical ſimplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to repreſent you as a *fi* and *beg* the guardianſhip of yo fortune.

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my maſter:
I know, quoth he, no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſs;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders:
For, in concluſion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again thou ſlave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's ſake, ſend ſome other meſſenger.

Adr. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.

E. Dro. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy head:

Adr. Hence, prating peaſant, fetch thy maſter home.

E. Dro. Am I ſo round with you as you with me[8],
That like a foot-ball you do ſpurn me thus?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither:
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Luc. Fy, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look:
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath waſted it.
Are my diſcourſes dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and ſharp diſcourſe be mar'd,
Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault: he's maſter of my ſtate.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then, is he the ground

[8] *Am I ſo round with you as you with me,*] He plays upon the word *round*, which ſignifieth *ſpherical* applied to himſelf, and *unreſtrained*, or *free in ſpeech* or *action*, ſpoken of his miſtreſs. So the king in *Hamlet* bids the queen *be round* with her ſon.

Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair.
But, too unruly * deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale [9].

Luc. Self-harming jealouſy! — fy, bear it henc

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſp
I know, his eye doth homage other-where;
Or elſe what lets it, but he would be here?
Siſter you know he promis'd me a chain;
Would that alone, alone, he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
I ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled [1],
Will loſe his beauty; and the gold 'bides ſtill,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood, and corruption, doth it ſhame.
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſy

[*Ex*

* The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by *Waller* in his poem on the *Ladies Girdle.*

This was my heav'n's extremeſt ſphere,
The pale that held my lovely deer,

[9] *— poor I am but his ſtale.*] The word *ſtale*, in our authour. uſed as a Subſtantive, means, not ſomething offered to *allure* or *attract*, but ſomething *vitiated* with *uſe*, ſomething of which the beſt part has been enjoyed and conſumed.

[1] *I ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled,*
Will loſe his beauty; YET *the gold bides ſtill.*
That others touch, AND *often touching will:*
WHERE *gold and no man, that hath a name,*
BY *falſhood and corrupti it ſhame.*] In this miſ condition is this paſſage giv It ſhould be read thus,

I ſee, the jewel, beſt ena
Will loſe his beauty; *a gold bides ſtill,*
That others touch; *yet often ing will*
Wear gold: and ſo no ma hath a name,
But falſhood, and corruptio it ſhame.

The ſenſe is this, "Go "deed, will long bear the "ling; however, often *to* "will wear even gold; "the greateſt character, t "pure as gold itſelf, n "time, be injured, by t "peated attacks of falſhoc "corruption." WARBU

SCE

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. The gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no *Centaur?* you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the *Phœnix?* waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?

S. Dro. What anſwer, Sir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.

S. Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt;
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.

S. Dro. I'm glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt, I pray you, maſter, tell me?

Ant. Yea, doſt thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou, I jeſt? hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beats* Dro.

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's ſake, now your jeſt is earneſt;
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes

Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſawcineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a common of my ſerious hours.
When the ſun ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport;
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams:
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanor to my looks;
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head; an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders: but, I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doſt thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for, they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, firſt, for flouting me; and then wherefore, for urging it the ſecond time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon,
When, in the why, and wherefore, is neither rhime nor reaſon?
Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, Sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir; what's that?

S. Dro. Baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reaſon?

S. Dro. Leſt it make you cholerick, and purchaſe me another dry-baſting.

Ant.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jeſt in good time; there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durſt have deny'd that, before you were ſo cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father *Time* himſelf.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

[2] *Ant.* Why is *Time* ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts; and what he hath ſcanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

[2] In former Editions:

Ant. *Why is Time ſuch a Niggard of Hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an Excrement?*

S. Dro. *Becauſe it is a Bleſſing that he beſtows on Beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted* them *in hair, he hath given them in Wit.*] Surely, this is Mock-reaſoning, and a Contradiction in Senſe. Can Hair be ſuppos'd a Bleſſing, which Time beſtows on Beaſts peculiarly; and yet that he hath *ſcanted* them of it too? *Men* and *Them*, I obſerve, are very frequently miſtaken *vice verſa* for each other, in the old Impreſſions of our Author. THEOBALD.

[3] *Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.*] That is, *Thoſe who have more hair than wit*, are eaſily entrapped by looſe women, and ſuffer the conſequences of lewdneſs, one of which, in the firſt appearance of the diſeaſe in *Europe*, was the loſs of hair.

Ant. For what reaſon?

S. Dro. For two, and ſound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not ſound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to ſave the mony that he ſpend tyring; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not d in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, ther no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no tim recover hair loſt by nature.

Ant. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why t is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, therefore to the world's end will have bald follower

Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald concluſion: b ſoft! who wafts us yonder?

SCENE V.

Enter Adriana, *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look ſtrange and fro
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldſt v
That never words were muſick to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my huſband, oh, how come
That thou art thus eſtranged from thyſelf?
Thyſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me:
For know, my Love, as eaſy may'ſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldſt thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Wouldſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin of my harlot-brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou can'ſt; and therefore, ſee thou do it.
I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot:
My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt[4]:
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed;
I live diſ-ſtain'd, thou undiſhoured[5].

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town as to your talk.

[4] *I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;*
My blood is mingled with the CRIME *of luſt:*] Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the preceding line, ſhew that we ſhould read;
——*with the* CRIME *of luſt:*
i. e. the ſtain, ſmut. So again in this play,—*A man may go over ſhoes in the* CRIME *of it.*
WARBURTON.

[5] *I live* diſtain'd, *thou undiſhoured.*] To *diſtaine* (from the *French* Word, *diſtaindre*) ſignifies, to *ſtain, defile, pollute.* But the Context requires a Senſe quite oppoſite. We muſt either read, *unſtain'd*; or, by adding an *Hyphen*, and giving the Prepoſition a *privative* Force, read *diſ-ſtain'd*; and then it will mean, *unſtain'd, undefiled.*
THEOBALD.

Who,

Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to underſtand.
Luc. Fy, brother! how the world is chang'd with you;
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.
Ant. By *Dromio?*
S. Dro. By me?
Adr. By thee; and thus thou didſt return from him,
That he did buffet thee; and in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you converſe, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?
S. Dro. I, Sir? I never ſaw her 'till this time.
Ant. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.
S. Dro. I never ſpoke with her in all my life.
Ant. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt[6],
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine:
Whoſe weakneſs, marry'd to thy ſtronger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate;
If aught poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Uſurping ivy, brier, or idle moſs;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intruſion
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.
Ant. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theam:
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?

[6] —*you are from me* exempt.] *Exempt*, ſeparated, parted. The ſenſe is, *If I am doomed to ſuffer the wrong of ſeparation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.*

Or

Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervant ſpread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the *Fairy* land: oh, ſpight of ſpights!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elviſh ſprights[7];
If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf, and anſwer'ſt not[8]?
Dromio, thou drone, thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot!

S. Dro.

[7] *We talk with goblins*, owls, *and elviſh ſprights*;] Here Mr. *Theobald* calls out *in the name of Nonſenſe*, the firſt time he had *formally* invoked her, to tell him how *Owls could ſuck their breath, and pinch them black and blue.* He, therefore, alters *Owls* to *Ouphs, and dares ſay, that his readers will acquieſce in the juſtneſs of his emendation.* But, for all this, we muſt not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular ſuperſtition, that the ſcretch-owl ſucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the *Italians* called Witches, who were ſuppoſed to be in like manner miſchievouſly bent againſt children, *Strega*, from *Strix*, the *Scretch-owl.* This ſuperſtition they had derived from their *Pagan* anceſtors, as appears from this paſſage of *Ovid*,

Sunt avidæ volucres; non quæ Phineïa menſis
Guttura fraudabant: ſed genus inde trahunt.
Grande caput: ſtantes oculi: roſtra apta rapinæ:
Canities pennis, unguibus hamus inest.
Nocte volant, PUERROSQUE PETUNT *nutricis egentes;*
Et vitiant CUNIS *corpora rapta ſuis.*
Carpere dicuntur lactentia viſcera roſtris;
Et plenum poto ſanguine *guttur habent.*
Eſt illis ſtrigibus *nomen:* ——
Lib. 6. Feſt.
WARBURTON.

[8] *Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf?* Dromio, *thou* Dromio, *ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot!*] In the firſt of theſe Lines Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* have both, for what Reaſon I cannot tell, curtail'd the Meaſure, and diſmounted the doggrel Rhyme, which I have replac'd from the firſt *Folio.* The ſecond Verſe is there likewiſe read;

Dromio, *thou* Dromio, *thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot.*

The

S. Dro. I am transformed, maſter, am not I?
Ant. I think, thou art in mind, and ſo am I.
S. Dro. Nay, maſter, both in mind and in my ſhape
Ant. Thou haſt thine own form.
S. Dro. No; I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an aſs.
S. Dro. 'Tis true; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs
'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her, as well as ſhe knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the Eye and weep,
Whilſt man and maſter laugh my woes to ſcorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;
Huſband, I'll dine above with you to day,
And ſhrive you [9] of a thouſand idle pranks;
Sirrah, if any aſk you for you maſter,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come, ſiſter; *Dromio*, play the porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well adviſ'd?
Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguiſ'd?
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſevere ſo;
And in this miſt at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay, let none enter, leſt I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.
[*Exeun*

The Verſe is thus half a Foot too long; my Correction cures that Fault: beſides *Drone* correſponds with the other Appellations of Reproach. THEOBAL

[9] *And ſhrive you*—] That I will *call you to confeſſion*, a make you tell your tricks.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Epheſus, Angelo, *and* Balthazar.

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOOD Signior *Angelo*, you muſt excuſe us;
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop
To ſee the making of her carkanet[1];
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him;
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and houſe:
Thou drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will, Sir; but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow;
If the ſkin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think, thou art an aſs.

E. Dro. Marry, ſo it doth appear[2]
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear;
I ſhould

[1] *Carkanet* ſeems to have been a necklace, or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So *Lovelace* in his poem, *The Empreſs ſpreads her* carcanets.

[2] *Marry, ſo it* doth *appear By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the Blows I bear;*] Thus all the printed copies; but, certainly, This is Croſs-purpoſes in Reaſoning. It appears, *Dromio* is an Aſs by his making no Reſiſtance: becauſe an Aſs, being kick'd, kicks again. Our Author never argues at this wild Rate, where his Text is genuine. THEOBALD.

I do not think this emendation

I ſhould kick, being kickt; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.

E. Ant. Y'are ſad, Signior *Balthazar*. Pray God, our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.

E. Ant. Ah, Signior *Balthazar*, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table-full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.

Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common: that every churl affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feaſt.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, ſoft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. *Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!*

S. Dro. (within) Mome, malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.

tion neceſſary. He firſt ſays, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *aſs*; but immediately, with a correction of his former ſentiment, ſuch as may be hourly obſerved in converſation, he obſerves, that, if he had been an *aſs*, he ſhould, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to day.

S. Dro. Nor to-day here you muſt not: come again, when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is *Dromio.*

E. Dro. O villain, thou haſt ſtoll'n both mine office and my name:

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'ſt been *Dromio* to-day in my place,
Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.

Luce. (within) What a coil is there, *Dromio?* who are thoſe at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my maſter in, *Luce.*

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;
And ſo tell your maſter.

E. Dro. O Lord, I muſt laugh;
Have at you with a *Proverb.*—Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?

Luce. Have at you with another; that's, when can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be call'd *Luce*, *Luce*, thou haſt anſwer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I trow?

Luce. I thought to have aſkt you.

S. Dro. And you ſaid, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help, well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

E. Dro. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock, till it ake.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I bea
door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtoc
the town?

Adr. (*within*) Who is that at the door, that l
all this noiſe?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled
unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might
come before.

Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go, get you fron
door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, maſter, this
would go ſore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome
would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall have
with neither[3].

E. Dro. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid
welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's ſomething in the wind, th
cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your ga
were thin.

Your cake here is warm within: you ſtand
the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be ſo
and ſold.

E. Ant. Go fetch me ſomething, and I'
ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll br
knave's pate.

[3] The reading was thus:
——*we ſhall part with neither.*] Common ſenſe re-
quires us to read, HAVE *part with nei*
V

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir; aud words are but wind:
Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behind.
S. Dro. It ſeems, thou wanteſt breaking; out upon thee, *hind!*
E. Dro. Here's too much, *out upon thee!* I pray thee, let me in.
S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.
E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.
E. Dro. A crow without feather, maſter, mean you ſo?
For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather;
If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.
E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.
Bal. Have patience, Sir: oh, let it not be ſo.
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
Th'unviolated honour of your wife.
Once, this; — your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but ſhe will well excuſe,
Why at this time the doors are barr'd againſt you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the *Tyger* all to dinner;
And about evening come yourſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout *,
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:

* *Suppoſed by the common rout.*] For *ſuppoſe* I once thought it might be more commodious to ſubſtitute *ſupported*; but there is no need of change: *ſuppoſed* is, *founded on ſuppoſition*, made by conjecture.

For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion *;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.
E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in qui
And, in deſpight of mirth [4], mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,
Pretty and witty, wild, and, yet too, gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteſt, without deſert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made;
Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine*;
For there's the houſe: that chain will I beſtow
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my wife)
Upon mine hoſteſs there. Good Sir, make haſte:
Since my own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.
Ang. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour, ſ
hence.
E. Ant. Do ſo; this jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expen
[*Exeu*

SCENE II.

The Houſe of Antipholis *of* Epheſus.

Enter Luciana, *with* Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. And may it be, that you have quite forgot
A huſband's office? ſhall, *Antipholis*, hate,
Ev

* *For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion*] The line apparently wants two ſyllables: what they were cannot now be known. The line may be filled up according to the reader's fancy, as thus:

For laſhing *ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion.*

[4] *And, in deſpight of* mirth, —] Mr. *Theobald* does not know what to make of this; and, therefore, has put *wrath* inſtead of *m* into the text, in which he is lowed by the *Oxford* Editor. the old reading is right; and meaning is, I will be me even out of ſpite to mirth, wh is, now, of all things, the m unpleaſing to me. WARBU

[5] In former copies,

And may it be, that you h
quite forgot

Even in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate,
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's ſake, uſe her with more kindneſs;
Or if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſs:
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair; become diſloyalty:
Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair preſence, tho' your heart be tainted;
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret falſe: what need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are double with an evil word:
Alas, poor women! make us but believe [6],
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Tho' others have the arm, ſhew us the ſleeve:
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then,

An Huſband's Office? Shall, Antipholis,
Ev'n in the Spring of Love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love in Buildings *grow ſo ruinate?*] This Paſſage has hitherto labour'd under a double Corruption. What Conceit could our Editors have of *Love in Buildings* growing ruinate? Our Poet meant no more than this. Shall thy Love-ſprings rot, even in the Spring of Love? and ſhall thy Love grow ruinous, ev'n while 'tis but building up? The next Corruption is by an accident at Preſs, as I take it; This Scene for Fifty two Lines ſucceſſively is ſtrictly in alternate Rhimes: and this Meaſure is never broken, but in the *Second* and *Fourth* Lines of theſe two Couplets, 'Tis certain, I think, a Monoſyllable dropt from the Tail of the Second Verſe; and I have ventur'd to ſupply it by, I hope, a probable Conjecture.

THEOBALD.

[6] *Alas, poor Women! make us not believe,* &c.] From the whole Tenour of the Context it is evident that this Negative

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, chear her, call her wife;
'Tis holy ſport to be a little * vain,
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.
S. Ant. Sweet miſtreſs, (what your name is elſe, I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine:)
Leſs in your knowledge and your grace, you ſhow not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth, divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The folding meaning of your words' deceit;
Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a God? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then, well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine;
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
Oh, train me not, ſweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood of tears;
Sing, *Siren*, for thyſelf, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious ſuppoſition think,
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die;
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink.
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?
S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.
S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.

(not,) got Place in the firſt Copies inſtead of *but*. And theſe two Monoſyllables have by Miſtake reciprocally diſpoſſeſs'd one another in many other Paſſages of our Author's Works. THEO.

* *Vain* is *light of tongue, not veracious.*

Luc. Gaze where you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me, love? call my ſiſter ſo.

S. Ant. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.

Luc. That's my ſiſter.

S. Ant. No;

It is thyſelf, mine own ſelf's better part:
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heav'n, and my heaven's claim *.

Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.

S. Ant. Call thyſelf ſiſter, ſweet; for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, ſoft, Sir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will. [*Ex.* Luciana.

SCENE III.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. Why, how now, *Dromio*, where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?

S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio?* am I your man? am I myſelf?

S. Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thyſelf.

S. Dro. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man, and beſides myſelf.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how beſides thyſelf?

S. Dro Marry, Sir, beſides myſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

* *My ſole earth's heav'n, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven* or *earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot underſtand him. Perhaps he means that which he aſks of heaven.

S. Ant. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſuch a claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is ſhe?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, Sir reverence; I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is ſhe a wond'rous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſhe's the kitchen wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a *Lapland* winter: if ſhe lives 'till doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is ſhe of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my ſhoe, but her face nothing like ſo clean kept; for why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over ſhoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault, that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; *Noah's* flood could not do it.

S. Ant. [7] What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, Sir;—but her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters) will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

[7] S. Ant. *What's her name?* S. Dro. Nell, *Sir; but her Name is three Quarters; that is, an Ell and three Quarters,* &c.] This Paſſage has hitherto lain as perplext and unintelligible, as it is now eaſy, and truly humorous. If a *Conundrum* be reſtor'd, in ſetting it right, who can help it? There are enough beſides in our Author, and *Ben Johnſon*, to countenance that current Vice of the Times when this Play appear'd. Nor is Mr. *Pope*, in the *Chaſtity* of his Taſte, to briſtle up at me for the Revival of this Witticiſm, ſince I owe the Correction to the Sagacity of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*.

THEOBALD.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body ſtands *Ireland?*

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks, I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland?*

S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenneſs, hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. [a] Where *France?*

S. Dro.

[a] S. Ant. *Where* France?

S. Dro. *In her forehead: arm'd and reverted, making War againſt her* Hair.] All the other Countries, mention'd in this Deſcription, are in *Dromio's* Replies ſatirically characteriz'd: but here, as the Editors have order'd it, no Remark is made upon *France*; nor any Reaſon given, why it ſhould be in her Forehead: but only the Kitchin-wench's high Forehead is rallied, as puſhing back her *Hair*. Thus all the modern Editions; but the firſt Folio reads ——— *making War againſt her* Heir ——— And I am very apt to think, this laſt is the true Reading; and that an *Equivoque*, as the *French* call it, a double Meaning, is deſign'd in the Poet's Alluſion: and therefore I have replaced it in the Text. In 1589, *Henry* III. of *France* being ſtab'd, and dying of his Wound, was ſucceeded by *Henry* IV. of *Navarre*, whom he appointed his Succeſſor; but whoſe Claim the States of *France* reſiſted, on account of his being a Proteſtant. This, I take it, is what he means, by *France* making *War* againſt her *Heir*. Now as, in 1591, Queen *Elizabeth* ſent over 4000 Men, under the Conduct of the Earl of *Eſſex*, to the Aſſiſtance of this *Henry* of *Navarre*; it ſeems to me very probable, that during this Expedition being on foot, this Comedy made its Appearance. And it it was the fineſt Addreſs imaginable in the Poet to throw ſuch an oblique Sneer at *France*, for oppoſing the Succeſſion of that *Heir*, whoſe Claim his Royal Miſtreſs, the Queen, had ſent over a Force to eſtabliſh, and oblige them to acknowledge.

THEOBALD.

With this correction and explication Dr. *Warburton* concurs, and Sir *T. Hanmer* thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet ſurely they all have loſt the ſenſe by looking beyond it. Our authour, in my opinion, only ſports with an alluſion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his miſtreſs had the *French* diſeaſe. The ideas are rather too offenſive,

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her hair.

S. Ant. Where *England?*

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteneſs in them; but I gueſs it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between *France* and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spain?*

S. Dro. Faith, I ſaw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſapphires; declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who ſent whole armadoes of carracts to be ballaſt at her noſe.

S. Ant. Where ſtood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look ſo low. [9] To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. [1] And, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith,

be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incruſted eruptions; by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word muſthave ſenſes applicable toboth the ſubjects to which it is applied. Both *Forehead* and *France* might in ſome ſort make war againſt their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war againſt its *heir?* The ſenſe which I have given immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, ariſe to every reader, who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without ſending our conjecture in ſearch of refinements.

[9] *To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me,*] A little lower, he calls her *witch*. A word is certainly dropt out of the Text. We ſhould read,

this drudge OF THE DEVIL, THIS *diviner*, ——

Drudge of the Devil, is the right paraphraſis for a *witch*.

WARBURTON.

[1] *And, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of* faith, *&c.*] Alluding to the ſuperſtition of the common people, that nothing could reſiſt a witch's power, of transforming men into animals, but a great ſhare of *faith*: how-

faith, and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i'th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee preſently; poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart;
Where I will walk, 'till thou return to me:
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She, that doth call me huſband, even my ſoul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair ſiſter,
Poſſeſt with ſuch a gentle ſovereign grace,
Of ſuch inchanting preſence and diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me traitor to myſelf:
But leſt myſelf be guilty of ſelf-wrong,
I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong.

Enter Angelo, *with a Chain.*

Ang. Maſter *Antipholis*, ———

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir; lo, here is the chain;
I thought t' have ta'en you at the *Porcupine*;
The chain, unfiniſh'd, made me ſtay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will, that I ſhall do with this?

Ang. What pleaſe yourſelf, Sir; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir! I beſpoke it not.

however the *Oxford* Editor thinks *a breaſt made of flint*, better ſecurity, and has therefore put it in. WARBURTON.

Ang.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times yo
have:
Go home with it, and pleaſe your wife withal;
And ſoon at ſupper-time I'll viſit you,
And then receive my mony for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the mony now;
For fear you ne'er ſee chain, nor mony, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well.
[*Ex*

S. Ant. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tel
But this I think, there's no man is ſo vain,
That would refuſe ſo fair an offer'd chain.
I ſee, a man here needs not live by ſhifts.
When in the ſtreets he meets ſuch golden gifts:
I'll to the mart, and there for *Dromio* ſtay;
If any ſhip put out, then ſtrait awaay. [*Ex*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, *and an Officer.*

MERCHANT.

YOU know, ſince *Pentecoſt* the ſum is due;
And ſince I have not much importun'd you
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perſia,* and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction;
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Ev'n juſt the ſum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholis*;
And, in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock,

I ſhall receive the mony for the ſame:
Pleaſe you but walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, *and* Dromio *of* Epheſus, *as from the Courtezan's.*

Offi. That labour you may ſave: ſee where he comes:
E. Ant. While I go to the goldſmith's houſe, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that I will beſtow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, ſoft; I ſee the goldſmith: get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
E. Dro. I buy a thouſand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* Dromio.
E. Ant. A man is well holp up, that truſts to you:
I promiſed your preſence, and the chain:
But neither chain, nor goldſmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought, our love would laſt too long
If it were chain'd together; therefore came not.
Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmoſt carrat;
The fineneſs of the gold, the chargeful faſhion;
Which do amount to three odd ducats more,
Than I ſtand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you, ſee him preſently diſcharg'd;
For he is bound to ſea, and ſtays but for it.
E. Ant. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent mony;
Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs in the town;
Good Signior, take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as ſoon as you.
Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourſelf?
E. Ant. No; bear it with you, leſt I come not time enough.

Ang.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will: have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, Sir, I hope, you have:
Or elſe you may return without your mony.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide ſtay for this gentleman;
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good Lord, you uſe this dalliance to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the *Porcupine:*
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it;
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, Sir, diſpatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

E. Ant. Why, give it my wife, and fetch your mony.

Ang. Come, come you know, I gave it you ev'n now.
Or ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.

E. Ang. Fy, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me ſee it.

Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good Sir, ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I anſwer you? why ſhould I anſwer you?

Ang. The mony, that you owe me for the chain.

Ang. I owe you none, 'till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour ſince.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.

Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it;
Conſider; how it ſtands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.

Offi. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either conſent to pay the ſum for me,

Or

Or I attach you by this officer.
E. Ant. Conſent to pay for that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arreſt him, officer;
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.
Offi. I do arreſt you, Sir; you hear the ſuit.
E. Ant. I do obey thee, 'till I give thee bail.
But, Sirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.
Ang. Sir, Sir, I ſhall have law in *Epheſus*,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe, *from the Bay.*

S. Dro. Maſter, there is a bark of *Epidamnum*,
That ſtays but till her owner comes aboard;
Then, Sir, ſhe bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The *Oil*, the *Balſamum*, and *Aqua-vitæ*.
The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they ſtay for nought at all.
But for their owner, maſter, and yourſelf.
E. Ant. How now! a mad man! why, thou peeviſh ſheep,
What ſhip of *Epidamnum* ſtays for me?
S. Dro. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waftage.
E. Ant. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.
S. Dro. You ſent me for a rope's-end as ſoon:
You ſent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.
E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure
And teach your ears to liſt me with more heed.
To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee ſtrait,
Give her this key, and tell her, in the deſk
That's cover'd o'er with *Turkiſh* tapeſtry,

There

There is a purſe of ducats, let her ſend it:
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me; hie thee, ſlave; be gone:
On, officer, to priſon 'till it come. [*Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To *Adriana!* that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowſabel* did claim me for her huſband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, altho' againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſter's minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to E. Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ah, *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face[2]?

Luc. Firſt he deny'd.—You had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more m
ſpight.

Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.

Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn h
were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what ſaid he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of m

Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love

Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might mov

[2] —— *meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to thoſe meteors in the ſky which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the ſhock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place.

Which, like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
All of one nature of one ſubſta
bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſ
ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butch

WARBURT

Fit

Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty, then my ſpeech.
Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and * ſere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe-body'd, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind,
†Stigmatical in making, worſe in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd, when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet, would herein others' eyes were worſe:
For from her neſt the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curſe.

SCENE IV.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Here, go: the deſk, the purſe; ſweet now make haſte.
Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?
S. Dro. By running faſt.
Adr. Where is thy maſter, *Dromio?* is he well?
S. Dro. No, he's in *Tartar Limbo*, worſe than hell;
A devil in an everlaſting garment hath him,
One, whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel:
A fiend, a fairy, pitileſs and rough [1],
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;

* *Sere*, that is, *dry*, withered.

† *Stigmatical in making*——] That is, *marked* or *ſtigmatized* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious diſpoſition.

[1] *A Fiend*, a Fairy, *pitileſs and rough*,] *Dromio* here bringing word in haſte that his Maſter is arreſted, deſcribes the *Bailiff* by Names proper to raiſe Horror and Deteſtation of ſuch a Creature, ſuch as, a *Devil*, a *Fiend*, a *Elf*, &c. But how does *Fairy* come up to theſe terrible Ideas? We ſhould read —— *a Fiend*, *a* Furv, *&c.* Theob.

Mr. *Theobald* ſeems to have forgotten that there were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitileſs and rough, and deſcribed as malevolent and miſchievous His emendation is, however, plauſible.

A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that commands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that * runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One, that before the judgment carries poor ſouls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'reſted on the caſe.

Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me, at whoſe ſuit?

S. Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted, well; but he's in a ſuit of buff, which 'reſted him, that I can tell. Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the mony in his deſk?

Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter. This I wonder at.

[*Exit* Luciana.

That he, unknown to me, ſhould be in debt!
Tell me, was he arreſted on a bond?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a ſtronger thing,
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no, the bell; 'tis time that I were gone,
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a ſerjeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doſt thou reaſon?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?

* *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;*] To *run counter*, is to *run backward*, by miſtaking the courſe of the animal purſued; to *draw dry foot* is, I believe, to purſue by the *track* or *prick of the foot*; to *run counter* and *draw dry foot well* are, therefore, inconſiſtent. The jeſt conſiſts in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chaſe*, and a *priſon* in *London*. The officer that arreſted him was a ſerjeant of the *counter*. For the congruity of this jeſt with the Scene of action, let our author anſwer.

If

If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a ſerjeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in the day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, *Dromio*; there's the mony, bear it ſtrait,
And bring thy maſter home immediately.
Come, ſiſter, I am preſt down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet, but doth ſalute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender mony to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Even now a taylor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took meaſure of my body.
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And *Lapland* ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for; [a] what, have you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparell'd? *S. Ant.*

[a] *What, have you got the Picture of old* Adam *new apparell'd?*] A ſhort Word or two muſt have ſlipt out here, by ſome Accident in copying, or at Preſs; otherwiſe I have no conception of the meaning of the Paſſage. The Caſe is this. *Dromio's* Maſter had been arreſted, and ſent his Servant home for Mony to redeem him: He running back with the Mony meets the Twin *Antipholis*, whom he miſtakes for his Maſter, and ſeeing him clear of the *Officer* before the Mony was come, he cries in a Surprize;

S. Ant. What gold is this? what *Adam* doſt thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam*, that keeps the paradiſe; but that *Adam*, that keeps the priſon; he that goes in the calves-ſkin, that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

S. Ant. I underſtand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, 'tis a plain caſe. He that went like a baſe-viol in a caſe of leather; the man, Sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'reſts them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives 'em ſuits of durance; [5] he, that ſets up his reſt

---

What, have you got rid of *the Picture of old* Adam *new apparell'd?*

For ſo have I ventur'd to ſupply, by Conjecture. But why is the Officer call'd old *Adam* new apparell'd? The Alluſion is to *Adam* in his State of Innocence going naked; and immediately after the Fall, being cloath'd in a Frock of *Skins*. Thus he was new apparell'd: and, in like manner, the *Sergeants* of the *Counter* were formerly clad in *Buff*, or *Calves-ſkin*, as the Author humorouſly a little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended.

[5] *he, that ſets up his* reſt *to do more exploits with his mace, than a* MORRIS-*pike.*] *Sets up his Reſt*, is a phraſe taken from military exerciſe. When gunpowder was firſt invented, its force was very weak compared to that in preſent uſe. This neceſſarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artiſts improved the ſtrength of their powder, the ſoldiers proportionably ſhortned their arms and artillery; ſo that the cannon which *Froiſſart* tells us was once fifty foot long, was contracted to leſs than ten. This proportion likewiſe held in their muſkets; ſo that, till the middle of the laſt century, the muſketeers always ſupported their pieces when they gave fire, with a *Reſt* ſtuck before them into the ground, which they called *ſetting up their Reſt*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling alluſion too to the ſerjeant's office of arreſting. But what more wants animadverſion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the ſenſe and falſe in the alluſion; no pike being uſed amongſt the dancers ſo called, or at leaſt not ſuch for much execution. In a word, *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

a MAURICE-*Pike*,

i. e. a Pikeman of Prince *Maurice's*

do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-

nt. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?
ro. Ay, Sir, the ſerjeant of the band; he, that
any man to anſwer it, that breaks his bond;
nt thinks a man always going to bed, and ſaith,
ive you good reſt!
nt. Well, Sir, there reſt in your foolery.
e any ſhip puts forth to-night, may we be gone?
ro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour
that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to-night, and
ere you hindered by the ſerjeant, to tarry for
y *Delay*; here are the angels that you ſent for,
ver you.
nt. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
ere we wander in illuſions;
bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

SCENE VI.

Enter a Courtezan.

r. Well met, well met, maſter *Antipholis*.
Sir, you have found the goldſmith now:
t the chain you promis'd me to-day?

my. He was the greateſt
of that age, and the
tor of the *Low-country*
ainſt *Spain*, under whom
Engliſh Gentry and No-
ere bred to the ſervice.
frequently overborn with
rs, he became famous for
Retreats, in which a ſtand
es is of great ſervice.
the Pikes of his army be-
famous for their military
s. WARBURTON.
s conjecture is very inge-
yet the commentator talks unneceſſarily of the *reſt of a muſket*, by which he makes the hero of the ſpeech ſet up the *reſt* of a *muſket*, to *do exploits* with a *pike*. The *reſt* of a *pike* was a common term, and ſignified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the ruſh of the enemy. A *morris pike* was a pike uſed in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great *exploits* were *done*, that is, great feats of dexterity were ſhewn. There is no need of change.

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

S. Dro. Maſter, is this miſtreſs Satan?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe's the devil's dam; and here's ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and therefore comes, that the wenches ſay, God dam me, that's as much as to ſay, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir. Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon-meat, be ſpeak a long ſpoon.

S. Ant. Why, *Dromio?*

S. Dro. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon, that muſt eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a ſorcereſs:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine, you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils aſk but the parings of one's nail; a ruſh, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-ſtone: but ſhe, more covetous, would have a chain. Maſter, be wiſe; an' if you give it her, the devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me ſo?

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! come, *Dromio*, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, ſays the peacock; miſtreſs, that you know. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Manet Courtezan.

Now, out of doubt, *Antipholis* is mad;
ıld he never ſo demean himſelf.
ıe hath of mine worth forty ducats,
the ſame he promis'd me a chain;
:, and other, he denies me now.
ſon, that I gather, he is mad,
his preſent inſtance of his rage,
tale he told to day at dinner,
wn door being ſhut againſt his entrance.
ıis wife, acquainted with his fits,
oſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
is now to hie home to his houſe,
his wife, that, being lunatick,
'd into my houſe, and took perforce
away. This courſe I fitteſt chuſe;
ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Street.

er Antipholis *of* Epheſus, *with a Jailor.*

. Fear me not, man; I will not break away;
thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much mony,
ant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
is in a wayward mood to day,
I not lightly truſt the meſſenger,
hould be attach'd in *Epheſus*,
ı, 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.——

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus, *with a Rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the mony. How now, Sir, have you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the mony?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the mony for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll ſerve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's-end, Sir; and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you. [*Beats* Dromio.

Offi. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverſity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whorſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

E. Dro. I would, I were ſenſeleſs, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

E. Dro. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when I ſleep; rais'd with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return; nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan, and* Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. [6] Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.———

E. Ant. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*Beats* Dromio.

Cour. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.
Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer.
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecſtacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers;
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtrait,

[6] *Miſtreſs*, reſpice finem, *reſpect your end; or rather the prophecie, Like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.*] Theſe words ſeem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by *Buchanan* againſt the Lord of *Liddington*; which ends with theſe words, *Reſpice finem, reſpice finem.* But to what purpoſe, unleſs our Author would ſhew that he could quibble as well in *Engliſh*, as the other in *Latin*, I confeſs I know not. As for *propheſying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words with which, when any paſſenger was offended, it was the ſtanding joke of the wiſe owner to ſay, *Take heed, Sir, my parrot propheſies.* To this *Butler* hints, where, ſpeaking of *Ralpho*'s ſkill in augury, he ſays,

Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry ROPE, *and* walk, knave, walk.

WARBURTON.

I conjure thee by all the Saints in heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I deny'd to enter in my my houſe?

Adr. Oh, huſband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where, 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders and this open ſhame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?

E. Dro. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.

E. Ant. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?

E. Dro. *Sans* fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?

E. Dro. *Certes*, ſhe did, the [7] kitchen-veſtal ſcorn'd you.

E. Aant. And did I not in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?

Pinch. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.

Adr. Alas, I ſent you mony to redeem you,

[7] *Kitchen-veſtal.*] Her charge being like that of the veſtal virgins, to keep the fire burning.

By *Dromio* here, who came in haſte for it.
E. Dro. Mony by me? heart and good will you might,
But, ſurely, maſter, not a rag of mony.
E. Ant. Went'ſt thou to her for a purſe of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.
E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope.
Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter are poſſeſt;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.
E. Ant. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.
E. Dro. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold,
But I confeſs, Sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.
E. Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out theſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he ſtrives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company; — the fiend is ſtrong within him.
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
E. Ant. What, will you murder me? thou jailor, thou,
I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?
Off. Maſters; let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.

Pinch.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?
Offi. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt, he owes, will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
[*They bind* Antipholis *and* Dromio.
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it
Good maſter Doctor, ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe. Oh, moſt unhappy day!
E. Ant. Oh, moſt unhappy ſtrumpet!
E. Dro. Maſter, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.
E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me?
E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good maſter; cry, the devil. ———
Luc. God help, poor ſouls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence; ſiſter, ſtay you with me.
[*Exeunt* Pinch, Antipholis *and* Dromio.
Say now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at?

SCENE X.

Manent Officer, Adriana, Luciana, *and Courtezan.*

Offi. One *Angelo*, a goldſmith; do you know him?
Adr. I know the man; what is the ſum he owes?
Offi. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Offi. Due for a chain, your huſband had of him.
Adr. He did beſpeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your huſband all in rage to day
Came to my houſe, and took away my ring,
(The ring I ſaw upon his finger now)
Strait after, did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it.

Come,

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, *with his rapier drawn, and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are looſe again.
Adr. And come with naked ſwords;
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
Offi. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*

Manent Antipholis *and* Dromio.

S. Ant. I ſee theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.
S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
S. Ant. Come to the *Centaur*, fetch our ſtuff from thence:
I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.
S. Dro. Faith, ſtay here this night; they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpake us fair, gave us gold; methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.
S. Ant. I will not ſtay to night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboadr. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street, before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant, and Angelo.

ANGELO.

I AM ſorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,
Tho' moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?
Ang Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak ſoftly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis *and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Ang. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore moſt monſtrouſly to have.
Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.
Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
With circumſtance and oaths ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly;
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſy,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?
S. Ant. I think, I had; I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir; and forſwore it too.
S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?

Mer

Mer. Theſe ears of mine, thou knoweſt, did hear thee;
Fy on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.
S. Ant. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and my honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

SCENE II.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan, and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's ſake; he is mad;
Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my houſe.
S. Dro. Run, maſter, run; for God's ſake, take a houſe.
This is ſome Priory—In, or we are ſpoil'd.
[*Exeunt to the Priory.*

Enter Lady Abbeſs.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted huſband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I'm ſorry now, tha I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſower, ſad,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But, till this afternoon, his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A ſin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?
Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, ſo I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly, as my modeſty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in aſſemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference.
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theam;
In company, I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.
Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions;
Therefore the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever, but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt, his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
[s] Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life.
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt,

[s] *Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?*] *Shakeſpeare* could never make melancholy a *male* in this line, and a *female* in the next. This was the fooliſh inſertion of the firſt Editors. I have therefore put it into hooks, as ſpurious. WARBURTON.

To

diſturb'd, would mad or man or beaſt:
onſequence is then, thy jealous fits
ſcared thy huſband from the uſe of wits.
. She never reprehended him but mildly,
he demean'd himſelf rough, rude and wildly.
y bear you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?
. She did betray me to my own reproof.
od people, enter, and lay hold on him.
. No, not a creature enter in my houſe.
. Then, let your ſervants bring my huſband forth.
. Neither; he took this place for ſanctuary,
ſhall privilege him from your hands,
have brought him to his wits again,
e my labour in aſſaying it.
. I will attend my huſband, be his nurſe,
is ſickneſs, for it is my office;
vill have no attorney but myſelf;
nerefore let me have him home with me.
. Be patient, for I will not let him ſtir,
have us'd th' approved means I have,
wholſome ſirups, drugs, and holy prayers,
ake of him a formal man again;
branch and parcel of mine oath,
itable duty of my order;
ore depart, and leave him here with me.
. I will not hence, and leave my huſband here;
l it doth beſeem your holineſs
arate the huſband and the wife.
Be quiet and depart, thou ſhalt not have him.
Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
[*Exit* Abbeſs.
Come, go; I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
ever riſe, until my tears and and prayers
won his Grace to come in perſon hither;
ake perforce my huſband from the Abbeſs.
. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
I'm ſure, the Duke himſelf in perſon
this way to the melancholy vale;

The

The place of death and ſorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cauſe?
Mer. To ſee a reverend *Syracuſan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Againſt the laws and ſtatutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.
Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he paſs the abbey.

SCENE III.

Enter the Duke, and Ægeon *bare-headed; with the Headſman, and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſum for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.
Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred Duke, againſt the Abbeſs.
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend Lady;
It cannot be, that ſhe hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it pleaſe your Grace, *Antipholis* my huſband,
(Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters) this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſp'rately he hurry'd through the ſtreet,
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing diſpleaſure to the citizens,
By ruſhing in their houſes; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape,
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him:

And,

with his mad attendant & mad himſelf,
one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords,
us again, and, madly bent on us,
'd us away; 'till, raiſing of more aid,
ame again to bind them; then they fled
his abbey, whither we purſu'd them;
here the Abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
end him forth, that we may bear him hence.
efore, moſt gracious Duke, with thy command,
im be brought forth, and borne hence for help.
ke. Long ſince thy huſband ſerv'd me in my wars.
I to thee engag'd a Prince's word,
n thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,)
o him all the grace and good I could.
ome of you, knock at the abbey-gate;
bid the lady Abbeſs come to me.
determine this, before I ſtir.

SCENE IV.

Enter a Meſſenger.

ſſ. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave yourſelf;
aſter and his man are both broke looſe,
n the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
e beard they have ſing'd off with brands of fire;
ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
aſter preaches patience to him, and the while
nan with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:
ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome preſent help,
en them they will kill the conjurer.
r. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here,
that is falſe, thou doſt report to us.

l, with his mad attendant read, —— MAD *himſelf.*
ND *himſelf.*] We ſhould WARBURTON.

Meſſ. Miſtreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almoſt, ſince I did ſee it.
He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,
[1] To ſcorch your face, and to diſfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly be gone.

Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: guard with halberds

Adr. Ay me, it is my huſband; witneſs you,
That he is borne about inviſible!
Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon.

SCENE V.

Enter Antipholis, *and* Dromio *of* Epheſus.

E. Ant. Juſtice, moſt gracious Duke, oh, grant me juſtice.
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life; even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.

Ægeon. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
I ſee my ſon *Antipholis*, and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Juſtice, ſweet Prince, againſt that woman there:
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
Ev'n in the ſtrength and height of injury.
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.

Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.

E. Ant. This day, great Duke, ſhe ſhut the doors upon me;

[1] *To* SCORCH *your face,*—] We ſhould read SCOTCH, *i. e.* hack, cut. WARBURTON.

Whilſt

lſt ſhe with harlots feaſted in my houſe.
uke. A grievous fault; ſay, woman, didſt thou ſo?
dr. No, my good Lord—myſelf, he, and my ſiſter,
day did dine together: ſo befal my ſoul,
his is falſe, he burdens me withal!
uc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor ſleep on night,
ſhe tells to your highneſs ſimple truth!
ng. O perjur'd woman! they are both forſworn.
iis the mad-man juſtly chargeth them.
. *Ant.* My Liege, I am adviſed, what I ſay.
her diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
, heady-raſh, provok'd with raging ire;
:it, my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
i woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
t goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
ld witneſs it; for he was with me then;
› parted with me to go fetch a chain,
niſing to bring it to the *Porcupine*,
:re *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
dinner done, and he not coming thither,
nt to ſeek him; in the ſtreet I met him,
in his company that gentleman.
re did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
t I this day from him receiv'd the chain;
ich, God he knows, I ſaw not; for the which,
did arreſt me with an officer.
I obey, and ſent my peaſant home
certain ducats; he with none return'd.
n fairly I beſpoke the officer,
go in perſon with me to my houſe.
h' way we met my wife, her ſiſter, and
ıbble more of vile confederates;
y brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
ıeer anatomy, a mountebank,
ıread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
eedy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch.
ving dead man. This pernicious ſlave,
ſooth, took on him as a conjurer;

And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no-face, as it were, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
They left me and my man, both bound together;
'Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds aſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

Ang. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But he had ſuch a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my Lord; and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs, you had the chain of him
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart;
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within theſe abbey-walls
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me;
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heav'n!
And this is falſe, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
I think, you all have drunk of *Circe's* cup:
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:
You ſay, he din'd at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying. Sirrah, what ſay you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcupine.*

Cour. He did, and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As ſure, my Liege, as I do ſee your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is ſtrange; go call the Abbeſs hither;
think, you are all mated, or ſtark mad.
[*Exit one to the Abbeſs.*

SCENE VI.

Ægeon. Moſt mighty Duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word:
laply, I ſee a friend, will ſave my life;
nd pay the ſum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, *Syracuſan*, what thou wilt.
Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis?*
nd is not that your bond-man *Dromio?*
E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir,
ut he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
ow am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.
Ægeon. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.
E. Dro. Ourſelves we do remember, Sir, by you;
or lately we were bound, as you are now.
ou are not *Pinch's* patient; are you, Sir?
Ægeon. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.
E. Ant. I never ſaw you in my life, 'till now.
Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me laſt;
nd careful hours with time's deformed hand
ave written [2] ſtrange defeatures in my face;
ıt tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?
E. Ant. Neither.
Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?
E. Dro. No, truſt me, Sir, nor I.
Ægeon. I am ſure, thou doſt.
E. Dro. I, Sir? but I am ſure, I do not: and whatever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

[2] *Strange defeatures. Defea-* is the privative of *feature.* The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh, time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key untun'd care?
Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory;
My waſting lamp ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
[3] All theſe old witneſſes, I cannot err,
Tell me thou art my ſon *Antipholis.*

E. Ant. I never ſaw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But ſeven years ſince, in *Syracuſa* bay,
Thou know'ſt, we parted; but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt t'acknowledge me in miſery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo:
I ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracuſan*, twenty years
Have I been Patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa:*
I ſee, thy age and dangers make thee doat.

SCENE VII.

Enter the Abbeſs, with Antipholis Syracuſan, *and* Dromio Syracuſan.

Abb. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to ſee him.*

Adr. I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of theſe men is *Genius* to the other;

[3] *All theſe* OLD *witneſſes, I cannot err,*] I believe we ſhould read,
All theſe HOLD *witneſſes I cannot err,*
i. e. All theſe continue to teſtify that I cannot err, and tell me, &c. WARBURTON.

And

nd ſo of theſe which is the natural man,
nd which the ſpirit? who deciphers them?
S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*; command him away.
E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*; pray let me ſtay.
S. Ant. *Ægeon*, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?
S. Dro. Oh, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds;
nd gain a huſband by his liberty.
peak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'ſt the man,
'hat hadſt a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
'hat bore thee at a burden two fair ſons?
h, if thou be'ſt the ſame *Ægeon*, ſpeak;
nd ſpeak unto the ſame *Æmilia*.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning ſtory right:
'heſe two *Antipholis's*, theſe two ſo like,
nd thoſe two *Dromio's*, one in ſemblance;
eſides her urging of her wreck at ſea,
'heſe plainly are the parents of theſe children,
Vhich accidentally are met together.
Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*;
f thou art ſhe, tell me where is that ſon
'hat floated with thee on the fatal raft.
Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I,
nd the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
ut, by and by, rude fiſhermen of *Corinth*
y force took *Dromio*, and my ſon from them,
nd me they left with thoſe of *Epidamnum*.
Vhat then became of them, I cannot tell;
, to this fortune that you ſee me in.
Duke. *Antipholis*, thou cam'ſt from *Corinth* firſt.
S. Ant. No, Sir, not I; I came from *Syracuſe*.
Duk. Stay, ſtand apart; I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my moſt gacious Lord.
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior,

Duke *Menaphon*, your moſt renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle miſtreſs.
Adr. And are not you my huſband?
E. Ant. No, I ſay *nay* to that.
S. Ant. And ſo do I, yet ſhe did call me ſo:
And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope, I ſhall have leiſure to make good,
If this be not a dream, I ſee and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arreſted me.
Ang. I think, I did, Sir, I deny it not.
Adr. I ſent you mony, Sir, to be your bail,
By *Dromio*; but, I think, he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me;
I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe Errors all aroſe.
E. Ant. Theſe Ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.
E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchſafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes:
And all that are aſſembled in this place,
That by this ſympathized one day's Error
Have ſuffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
And ye ſhall have full ſatisfaction.
[4] Twenty-five years have I but gone in travel

Of

[4] In former Editions: Thirty-three *years.*] 'Tis impoſſible the Poet could be ſo forgetful, as to deſign this Number

ou my ſons; nor, 'till this preſent hour,
heavy burdens are delivered:
Duke, my huſband, and my children both,
you the calendars of their nativity,
o a goſſip's feaſt and [5] go with me:
ſo long grief ſuch nativity [6]!
uke. With all my heart, I'll goſſip at this feaſt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

'anent the two Antipholis's, *and two* Dromio's.

Dro. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhip-boad?

Ant. Dromio, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou im-bark'd?

Dro. Your goods, that lay at hoſt, Sir, in the *Centaur.*

Ant. He ſpeaks to me; I am your maſter, *Dromio.*

re: and therefore I have 'd to alter it to *twenty-five*, a Proof, that, I think, a- s to demonſtration. The er, I preſume, was at firſt in figures, and, perhaps, '; and thence the Miſtake ariſe. *Ægeon*, in the firſt of the firſt Act, is preciſe he Time his Son left him, ſt of his Brother:

ngeſt Boy, and yet my eldeſt are,
hteen *years became inquiſitive*
his Brother, &c.

ow long it was from the hus parting from his Fa- o their meeting again at , where *Ægeon*, miſta- recognizes the Twin bro- ther for him; we as preciſely learn from another Paſſage in the fifth Act.

Æge. *But ſeven years ſince, in*
Syracuſa *bay,*
Thou know'ſt we parted;

So that theſe two Numbers, put together, ſettle the Date of their Birth beyond Diſpute. THEOB.

[5] —— *and* GO *with me:*] We ſhould read,

—— *and* GAUDE *with me:*

i. e. Rejoice, from the *French Gaudir.* WARBURTON.

[6] *After ſo long grief ſuch nativity.*] We ſhould ſurely read,

After ſo long grief ſuch feſtivity.

Nativity lying ſo near, and the termination being the ſame of both words, the miſtake was eaſy.

Come

Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt* Antipholis S. *and* E
S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your maſter's houſe
That kitchen'd me for you to day at dinner;
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.
E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glaſs, and not m
brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth:
Will you walk in to ſee ther goſſiping?
S. Dro. Not I, Sir; you are my elder.
E. Dro. That's a queſtion:
How ſhall I try it?
S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the ſenior:
'Till then, lead thou firſt.
E. Dro. Nay, then thus——— [*Embracin*
We came into the world, like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before anothe
[*Exeun*

MUCH ADO

ABOUT

NOTHING.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of* Arragon.
Leonato, *Governor of* Meſſina.
Don John, *Baſtard Brother to Don* Pedro.
Claudio, *a young Lord of* Florence, *Favourite to Don* Pedro.
Benedick, *a young Lord of* Padua, *favour'd likewiſe by Don* Pedro.
Balthazar, *Servant to Don* Pedro.
Antonio, *Brother to* Leonato.
Borachio, *Confident to Don* John.
Conrade, *Friend to* Borachio.
Dogberry, Verges, } *two fooliſh Officers.*

Hero, *Daughter to* Leonato.
Beatrice, *Niece to* Leonato.
Margaret, Urſula, } *two Gentlewomen, attending on* Hero.

A Friar, Meſſenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE, Meſſina *in* Sicily.

The Story is from *Ariosto, Orl. Fur.* B. v. POPE.

MUCH

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Court before Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Hero, *and* Beatrice, *with a Meſſenger.*

LEONATO.

I Learn in this letter, that Don *Pedro* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Meſſina.*

Meſſ. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you loſt in this action?

Meſſ. But few of any Sort, and none of Name.

Leon. A victory is twice itſelf, when the atchiever brings

[1] *Much Ado* about *Nothing.*] *Margaret*, (the Mother of *Hero*) is the oldeſt *Quarto* that I have ſeen of this Play, printed in 1600, is mention'd to enter in two ſeveral Scenes. The ſucceeding Editions have all conceal'd her Name in the *Dramatis Perſonæ.* But I have ventur'd to expunge it; there being no Mention of her through the Play, no one Speech addreſs'd to her, nor one Syllable ſpoken by her. Neither is there any one Paſſage, from which we have any Reaſon to determine that *Hero's* Mother was living. It ſeems, as if the Poet had in his firſt Plan deſign'd ſuch a Character; which, on a Survey of it, he found would be ſuperfluous; and therefore he left it out. THEOBALD.

brings home full numbers; I find here, that Don *Pedro* hath beſtowed much honour on a young *Florentine*, call'd *Claudio*.

Meſſ. Much deſerved on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro*: he hath borne himſelf beyond the promſe of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in *Meſſina* will be very much glad of it.

Meſſ. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even ſo much, that [2] joy could not ſhew itſelf modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſs.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Meſſ. In great meaſure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindneſs. There are no faces truer [3] than thoſe that are ſo waſh'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, [4] is Signior *Montanto* return'd from the wars or no?

Meſſ. I know none of that name, Lady [5]; there was none ſuch in the army of any Sort.

Leon. What is he that you aſk for, Need!

[2] ——— *joy could not ſhew it ſelf* modeſt *enough, without a* badge *of bitterneſs.*] This is judiciouſly expreſs'd. Of all the tranſports of joy, that which is attended with tears is leaſt offenſive; becauſe, carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that uſually attends another's happineſs. This he finely calls a *modeſt* joy, ſuch a one as did not inſult the obſerver by an indication of happineſs unmixed with pain. WARBURTON.

[3] ——— *no faces truer*] That is, none *honeſter*, none *more ſincere*.

[4] ——— *is Signior* Montanto *return'd.*] Montante, in *Spaniſh*, is a *huge two-handed ſword*, given, with much humour, to one, the ſpeaker would repreſent as a Boaſter or Bravado. WARBURT.

[5] ——— *there was none ſuch in the army of any ſort.*] Not meaning there was none ſuch of *any order or degree whatever*, but that there was none ſuch of *any quality above the common.* WARBURTON.

Here.

Hero. My Couſin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua.*

Meſſ. O, he's return'd, and as pleaſant as ever he was.

Beat. He ſet up his bills here in *Meſſina*, and challeng'd *Cupid*[6] at the flight; and my Uncle's fool, reading the challenge, ſubſcrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in theſe wars? but how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, Neice, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſervice, Lady, in theſe wars.

Beat. You had muſty victuals, and he hath holp to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent ſtomach.

Meſſ. And a good ſoldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good ſoldier to a lady? but what is he to a lord?

Meſſ. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, ſtufft with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is ſo, indeed: he is no leſs than a ſtufft man: but for the ſtuffing, — well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You muſt not, Sir, miſtake my Niece; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her; they never meet, but there's a ſkirmiſh of Wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by That. In our laſt

[6] —— *challeng'd* Cupid *at the flight*;] the diſuſe of the bow makes this paſſage obſcure. *Benedick* is repreſented as challenging *Cupid* at archery. To challenge *at the flight* is, I believe, to wager who ſhall ſhoot the arrow furtheſt without any particular mark. To *challenge at the bird-bolt*, ſeems to mean the ſame as to challenge at children's archery, with ſmall arrows ſuch as are diſcharged at birds. In *Twelfth Night*, Lady *Olivia* oppoſes a *bird-bolt* to a *cannon bullet*, the lighteſt to the heavieſt of miſſive weapons.

conflict,

conflict, four of his [7] five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: So that if he have [8] wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new ſworn brother.

Meſſ. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible; [9] he wears his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Meſſ. I ſee, Lady [1], the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my Study.

[7] — *four of his five wits*] In our author's time, *wit* was the general term for intellectual powers. So *Davies* on the Soul,

Wit, *ſeeking truth, from cauſe to cauſe aſcends,*
And never reſts till it the firſt attain;
Will, *ſeeking good, finds many middle ends,*
But never ſtays till it the laſt do gain.

And in another part,

But if a phrenzy do poſſeſs the brain,
It ſo diſturbs and blots the form of things,
As fantaſy proves altogether vain,
And to the wit *no true relation brings.*
Then doth the wit, *admitting all for true,*
Build fond concluſions on thoſe idle grounds; ———

The *wits* ſeem to have reckoned five, by analogy to the five ſenſes, or the five inlets of ideas.

[8] *wit enough to keep himſelf* WARM,] But how would that make a *difference between him and his horſe?* We ſhould read, *Wit enough to keep himſelf* FROM HARM. This ſuits the ſatirical turn of her ſpeech, in the character ſhe would give of *Benedick*; and this would make the difference ſpoken of. For 'tis the nature of horſes, when wounded, to run upon the point of the weapon WARBURTON.

[9] ——— *he wears his faith*] Not religious Profeſſion, but *Profeſſion of friendſhip*; for the ſpeaker gives it as the reaſon of her aſking, *who was now his Companion?* that *he had every month a new ſworn brother.* WARBURTON.

[1] —— *the gentleman is not in your books.*] This is a phraſe uſed, I believe, by more than underſtand it. *To be in one's books is to be in one's* codicils *or will, to be among friends ſet down for legacies.*

But,

I pray you, who is his companion? is there no
ıg ſquarer now, that will make a voyage with
› the devil?

ſ. He is moſt in the company of the right no-
udio.

t. O lord, he will hang upon him like a diſeaſe;
ooner caught than the peſtilence, and the taker
reſently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if
e caught the *Benedick*; it will coſt him a thou-
ounds ere he be cur'd.

r. I will hold friends with you, Lady.

:. Do, good friend.

t. You'll ne'er run mad, Neice.

. No, not 'till a hot *January*.

r. Don *Pedro* is approach'd.

SCENE II.

Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and* *Don* John.

o. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet
rouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoid
nd you encounter it.

. Never came trouble to my houſe in the like-
your Grace; for trouble being gone, comfort
remain; but when you depart from me, ſor-
ides, and happineſs takes his leave.

o. You embrace your [3] charge too willingly: I
his is your daughter.

. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

ſquarer—] A *ſquarer* be a choleric, quarrel-low, for in this ſenſe re uſes the word to o in *Midſummer Night's* is ſaid of *Oberon* and hat *they never meet but* *they* ſquare. So the ſenſe may be, *Is there no* hot-blooded *youth that will keep him company through all his mad pranks?*

[3] *You embrace your charge*—] That is, your *burthen*, your *encumbrance*.

Bene. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you aſkt her?

Leon. Signior *Benedick*, no; for then were you a child ——

Pedro. You have it full, *Benedick*; we may gueſs by this what you are, being a man: truly the lady fathers herſelf; be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, ſhe would not have his head on her ſhoulders for all *Meſſina*, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will ſtill be talking, Signior *Benedick*; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady *Diſdain!* are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible, Diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick?* Courteſie itſelf muſt convert to Diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is courteſie a turncoat; but it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happineſs to women; they would elſe have been troubled with a pernicious ſuitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man ſwear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyſhip ſtill in that mind! ſo ſome gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, an 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beaſt of yours.

Bene. I would, my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer; but keep your way o'God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſum of all: 'Leonato,—Signior *Claudio*, and Signir *Benedick*,——my dear friend *Leonato* hath invited you all; I tell him, we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt a month; and he heartily prays, ſome occaſion may detain us longer: I dare ſwear, he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you ſwear, my Lord, you ſhall not be forſworn.——Let me bid you welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the prince your brother; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your Grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, *Leonato*; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* Benedick *and* Claudio.

SCENE III.

Claud. Benedick, didſt thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato?*

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is ſhe not a modeſt young lady?

Bene. Do you queſtion me, as an honeſt man ſhould do, for my ſimple true judgment? or would you have me ſpeak after my cuſtom, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Claud. No, I pr'ythee, ſpeak in ſober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks, ſhe is too low for an high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe; and too little for a great praiſe; only this commendation I can afford her, that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'ſt, I am in ſport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'ſt her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy ſuch a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a caſe to put it into. But ſpeak you this with a ſad brow? or do you play the flouting *Jack*, to tell us *Cupid* is [4] a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter? come, in what key ſhall a man take you to go in the Song?

Claud. In mine eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter; there's her Couſin, if ſhe were not poſſeſt with ſuch a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the firſt of *May* doth the laſt of *December*: but I hope, you have no intent to turn huſband, have you?

Claud. I would ſcarce truſt myſelf, tho' I had ſworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? hath not the world one man, but he will wear [5] his cap with ſuſpicion; ſhall I never ſee a batchelor of threeſcore again? go to, i'faith, if thou wilt needs thruſt thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and [6] ſigh away *Sundays*: look, Don *Pedro* is return'd to ſeek you.

[4] *to tell us* Cupid *is a rare hare-finder*, &c.] I know not whether I conceive the jeſt here intended. *Claudio* hints his love of *Hero*. *Benedick* aſks whether he is ſerious, or whether he only means to jeſt, and tell them that *Cupid is a good hare-finder, and* Vulcan *a rare carpenter*. A man praiſing a pretty lady in jeſt, may ſhew the quick ſight of *Cupid*, but what has it to do with the *carpentry* of *Vulcan*? Perhaps the thought lies no deeper than this, *Do you mean to tell us as new what we all know already?*

[5] —— *wear his cap with ſuſpicion?*] That is, ſubject his head to the diſquiet of jealouſy.

[6] —— *ſigh away Sundays:*] A proverbial expreſſion to ſignify that a man has no reſt at all; when *Sunday*, a day formerly of eaſe and diverſion, was paſſed ſo uncomfortably. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Don Pedro *and Don* John.

Pedro. What ſecret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to *Leonato's* houſe?

Bene. I would, your Grace would conſtrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I can be ſecret as a dumb man, I would have you think ſo; but on my allegiance,—mark you this,—on my allegiance.—He is in love. With whom?—now that is your Grace's part.——Mark how ſhort his anſwer is—with *Hero*, *Leonato's* ſhort daughter.

Claud. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered [7].

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord, it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo; but, indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Claud. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I ſpeak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I ſpeak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake.

[7] Claud. *If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.*] This and the three next ſpeeches I do not well underſtand; there ſeems ſomething omitted relating to *Hero's* conſent, or to *Claudio's* marriage, elſe I know not what *Claudio* can with *not to be otherwiſe*. The Copies all read alike. Perhaps it may be better thus,

Claud. *If this were ſo, ſo were it.*

Bene. *Uttered like the old tale,* &c.

Claudio gives a ſullen anſwer, *if it is ſo, ſo it is.* Still there ſeems ſomething omitted, which *Claudio* and *Pedro* concur in wiſhing.

Pedro. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretick in the deſpight of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, [8] but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks; but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead [9], or hang my bugle in an inviſible baldrick, all women ſhall pardon me; becauſe I will not do them the Wrong to miſtruſt any, I will do my ſelf the Right to truſt none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a batchelor.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſs, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove, that ever I loſe more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a balladmaker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houſe for the Sign of blind *Cupid.*

Pedro. Well, if ever thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument [1].

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder, and call'd [2] *Adam.*

Pedro.

[8] —— *but in the force of his will*] Alluding to the definition of a Heretick in the Schools. WARBURTON.

[9] —— *but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead,*] That is, *I will wear a horn on my forehead which the huntſman may blow.* A *recheate* is the ſound by which dogs are called back. *Shakeſpeare* had no mercy upon the poor cuckold, his *horn* is an inexhauſtible ſubject of merriment.

[1] —— *notable argument.*] An eminent ſubject for ſatire.

[2] —— *and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the Shoulder, and call'd* Adam.] But why ſhould he therefore be called *Adam?* Perhaps, by a Quotation or two, we may be able to trace the Poet's Alluſion here. In *Law-Tricks*, or, *Who would have thought it;* (a Comedy written by *John Dax*, and printed in 1608) I find this Speech. Adam Bell, *a ſubſtantial Outlaw, and a paſſing*

Pedro. Well, as time ſhall try; in time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The ſavage bull may, but if ever the ſenſible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull's-horns, and ſet them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in ſuch great letters as they write, *Here is good Horſe to hire*, let them ſignifie under my Sign, *Here you may ſee* Benedick *the marry'd man.*

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou would'ſt be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay [3], if *Cupid* hath not ſpent all his quiver in *Venice*, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato's*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at ſupper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage, and ſo I commit you ———

Claud. To the tuition of God; From my houſe, if I had it,———

Pedro. The ſixth of *July*, your loving friend, *Benedick.*

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your

paſſing good Archer, *yet no Tobacconiſt.*—By this it appears, that *Adam Bell* at that time of day was of Reputation for his Skill at the Bow. I find him again mentioned in a Burleſque Poem of Sir *William Davenant's*, called, *The long Vacation in London.*

THEOBALD.

Adam Bell was a companion of *Robin Hood*, as may be ſeen in *Robin Hood's* Garland; in which, if I do not miſtake, are theſe lines,

For he brought Adam Bell, Chim *of the* Clough,
And William *of* Cloudeſlea,
To ſhoot with this foreſter for forty marks,
And the foreſter beat them all three.

[3] ——*if* Cupid *hath not ſpent all his quiver in* Venice] All modern writers agree in repreſenting *Venice* in the ſame light that the Ancients did *Cyprus.* And 'tis the Character of the People that is here alluded to.

WARBURTON.

diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere * you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience, and ſo I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Claud. My Liege, your Highneſs now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any ſon, my lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, ſhe's his only heir:
Doſt thou affect her, *Claudio?*

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a ſoldier's eye;
That lik'd, but had a rougher taſk in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come throngings ſoft and delicate Deſires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is;
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou doſt love fair *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I will break with her, and with her Father;
And Thou ſhalt have her. Was't not to this end,
That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Claud. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know love's grief by his complection!
But leſt my liking might too ſudden ſeem,

* — *ere you flout old ends*, &c.] *Before you endeavour to diſtinguiſh your ſelf any more by antiquated alluſions, examine whether you can fairly claim them for your own.* This I think is the meaning: or it may be underſtood in another ſenſe, *examine, if your ſarcaſms do not touch yourſelf.*

I would

ld have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.
o. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
faireſt grant is the neceſſity;
what will ſerve, is fit; 'tis once, thou lov'ſt;
will fit thee with the remedy.
v, we ſhall have revelling to-night;
ıſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
:ll fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*;
ı her boſom I'll unclaſp my heart,
ıke her hearing priſoner with the force
rong encounter of my amorous tale:
after, to her father will I break;
he concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine;
ctice let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

r. How now, Brother, where is my Couſin
ɔn? hath he provided this muſick?
He is very buſy about it; but, brother, I can
u news that you yet dream'd not of.
r. Are they good?
. As the event ſtamps them, but they have a
cover; they ſhow well outward. The Prince
ɔunt *Claudio*, walking in a thick-pleached alley
orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of
The Prince diſcover'd to *Claudio*, that he lov'd
ice your daughter, and meant to acknowledge
night in a dance; and if he found her accord-
e meant to take the preſent time by the top, and
ly break with you of it.
r. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?
. A good ſharp fellow; I will ſend for him,
ıeſtion him yourſelf.

faireſt grant *is the ne-* queſt than the neceſſity of its be-
i. e. no one can have a ing granted. WARBURTON.
aſon for granting a ra-

Leon.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear itſelf. But I will acquaint my daughter withal, that ſhe may be the better prepared for anſwer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it. [*Several croſs the Stage here.*] Couſin, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me and I will uſe your ſkill. Good Couſin, have a care this buſy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to an Apartment in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don John *and* Conrade.

Conr. WHAT the good-jer, my lord, why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

John. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds it, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Conr. You ſhould hear reaſon.

John. And when I have heard it, what Bleſſing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou (being, as thou ſay'ſt thou art, born under *Saturn*) goeſt about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying miſchief: I cannot hide what I am: * I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no man's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no man's leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſy, and tend on no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour [6].

Conr.

* —— *I cannot hide what I am:*] This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious and unſocial mind, too proud to give pleaſure, and too ſullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itſelf, under the plainneſs of ſimple honeſty, or the dignity of haughty independence.

[6] ——*claw no man in his humour.*]

Conr. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this, 'till you may do it without controlement; you have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourſelf; it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt.

John. I had rather be a canker[7] in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am truſted with a muzzel, and infranchiſed with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

John. I will make all uſe of it, for I uſe it only. Who comes here? what news, *Borachio?*

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great ſupper; the

mour.] To *claw* is to flatter, ſo *the pope's claw backs*, in biſhop *Jewel*, are the pope's *flatterers*. The ſenſe is the ſame in the proverb, *Mulus mulum ſcabit.*

[7] *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace;*] A *canker* is the *canker* roſe, *dog-roſe*, *cynoſbatus*, or *hip*. The ſenſe is, I would rather live in obſcurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or eſtimation to my brother. He ſtill continues his wiſh of gloomy independence. But what is the meaning of the expreſſion, *a roſe in his grace?* if he was a *roſe* of himſelf, his brother's *grace* or *favour* could not degrade him. I once read thus, *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his* garden; that is, I had rather be what nature makes me, however mean, than owe any exaltation or improvement to my brother's kindneſs or cultivation. But a leſs change will be ſufficient: I think it ſhould be read, *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe* by *his grace.*

Prince,

Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it ſerve for any model to build miſchief on? what is he for a fool, that betroths himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the moſt exquiſite *Claudio?*

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper Squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on *Hero*, the daughter and heir of *Leonato.*

John. A very forward *March* chick! How come you to know this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio* hand in hand in ſad conference. I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince ſhould woo *Hero* for himſelf; and having obtained her, give her to Count *Claudio.*

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my diſpleaſure. That young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can croſs him any way, I bleſs myſelf every way; you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt me.

Conr. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great ſupper; their Cheer is the greater, that I am ſubdu'd; 'would the cook were of my mind!———Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Leonato's *Houſe.*

nter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, *and* Urſula.

LEONATO.

WAS not Count *John* here at Supper?

Ant. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never n ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after[a].

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made t in the mid-way between him and *Benedick*; the e is too like an image, and ſays nothing: and the ıer too like my lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick's* tongue in Count *bn's* mouth, and half Count *John's* melancholy in gnior *Benedick's* face———

Beat. With a good Leg, and a good foot, Uncle, d mony enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would n any woman in the world, if he could get her od will.

Leon. By my troth, Niece, thou wilt never get ee a huſband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, ſhe's too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more than curſt; I ſhall leſſen od's ſending that way: for it is ſaid, God ſends a rſt Cow ſhort horns; but to a Cow too curſt he ıds none.

[a] —— *heart-burn'd an hour after.*] The pain commonly led the *heart-burn*, proceeds from an *acid* humour in the ſtomach, and is therfore properly enough imputed to *tart* looks.

Leon.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no horns.

Beat. Juſt, if he ſend me no Huſband; for the which Bleſſing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a huſband with a beard on his face, I had rather lye in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a huſband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What ſhould I do with him? dreſs him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is leſs than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is leſs than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take ſix pence in earneſt of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Ant. [9] Well, Niece, I truſt, you will be rul'd by your father. [*To* Hero.

Beat. Yes, faith, it is my Couſin's duty to make curtſie, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſes you*; but yet for all that, Couſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make another curtſie, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſes me.*

Leon. Well, Niece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a huſband.

Beat. Not 'till God make men of ſome other metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be over-maſter'd with a piece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of way-ward marle? no, uncle, I'll none; *Adam's* ſons are my brethren, and, truly, I hold it a ſin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you; if

[9] *Well then*, &c.———] Of the two next ſpeeches Mr. *Warburton* ſays, *all this impious nonſenſe thrown to the bottom is the players, and ſoiſted in without rhyme or reaſon.* He therefore puts them in the margin. They do not deſerve indeed ſo honourable a place yet I am afraid they are too much in the manner of our author, who is ſometimes trifling to purchaſe merriment at too dear a rate.

the

ice do ſollicit you in that kind, you know your

The fault will be in the muſick, couſin, if not woo'd in good time; If the Prince be too tant, tell him, there is meaſure in every thing, dance out the Anſwer; for hear me, *Hero*, , wedding, and repenting, is as a *Scotch* jig, a ', and a cinque-pace; the firſt ſuit is hot and ike a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantaſtical; the g mannerly-modeſt, as a meaſure, full of ſtate ientry; and then comes repentance, and with legs falls into the cinque-pace faſter and faſter, inks into his grave.

Couſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

I have a good eye, uncle, I can ſee a church light.

The revellers are entring, brother; make om.

SCENE II.

lon Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and others, in Maſquerade.*

. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ning, I am yours for the walk, and eſpecially walk away.

. With me in your company?

I may ſay ſo, when I pleaſe.

. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

. When I like your favour; for God defend, ſhould be like the caſe!

. My viſor is *Philemon's* roof; within the *Jove.*

Hero.

tant, here and in many ces, is *importunate*. *iſor is* Philemon's *Roof*, *House is* Love.] Thus the whole Stream of the Copies, from the firſt downwards. *Hero* ſays to *Don Pedro*. God forbid, the Lute ſhould be like the Caſe!

i. e.

Hero. Why, then your viſor ſhould be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you ſpeak love.

Balth. Well; I would, you did like me [2].

Marg. So would not I for your own ſake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I ſay my Prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my ſight when the dance is done! Anſwer, Clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is anſwer'd.

i. e. that your Face ſhould be as homely and as coarſe as your Maſk. Upon this, *Don Pedro* cõmpares his Viſor to *Philemon's* Roof. 'Tis plain, the Poet alludes to the Story of *Baucis* and *Philemon* from Ovid: And this old Couple, as the *Roman* Poet deſcribes it, liv'd in a *thatch'd* Cottage;

—— *Stipulis & canna tecta paluſtri.*

But why, *Within the Houſe is* Love? Though this old Pair lived in a Cottage, this Cottage received two ſtraggling Gods, *(Jupiter* and *Mercury,)* under its Roof. So, *Don Pedro* is a Prince; and though his Viſor is but ordinary, he would inſinuate to *Hero*, that he has ſomething *god-like* within: alluding either to his Dignity, or the Qualities of his Perſon and Mind. By theſe Circumſtances, I am ſure, the Thought is mended: as, I think verily, the Text is too by the Change of a ſingle Letter.

—— *within the Houſe is* Jove.

Nor is this Emendation a little confirmed by another Paſſage in our Author, in which he plainly alludes to the ſame Story. *As you like it.*

Clown. *I am here with thee and thy Goats, as the moſt capricious Poet, honeſt* Ovid, *was amongſt the* Goths.

Jaq. *O Knowledge ill inhabited, worſe than* Jove *in a* thatch'd *Houſe!* THEOBALD.

This emendation, thus impreſſed with all the power of his eloquence and reaſon, *Theobald* had in the 4to edition of 1600, which he profeſſes to have ſeen.

[2] Balth. *Well; I would, you did like me.*] This and the two following little Speeches, which I have placed to *Balthazar*, are in all the printed Copies given to *Benedick*. But, 'tis clear, the Dialogue here ought to be betwixt *Balthazar*, and *Margaret*: *Benedick*, a little lower, converſes with *Beatrice*: and ſo every Man talks with his Woman once round. THEOBALD.

Urſ. I know you well enough; you are Signior *Antonio.*

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urſ. You could never do him ſo ill-well, unleſs you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. Come, come, do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itſelf? go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me, who told you ſo?

Bene. No you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me, who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainful, and that I had my good Wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales* [3]; well, this was Signior *Benedick* that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jeſter; a very dull fool, only his gift is in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders [4]: none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany [5]; for he both pleaſeth men and angers them, and then they

[3] —— *Hundred merry Tales*;] A book, I ſuppoſe, like the *Oxford Jeſts.*

[4] —*his gift is in deviſing* IMPOSSIBLE *ſlanders:*] We ſhould read IMPASSIBLE, *i. e.* ſlanders ſo ill invented that they will paſs upon no body. WARB.

Impoſſible is better.

[5] — *his villany*;] By which, ſhe means his malice and impiety. By his impious jeſts, ſhe inſinuates he *pleaſed* libertines; and by his *deviſing ſlanders* of them, he angered them. WARBURTON.

laugh at him, and beat him; I am ſure, he is in the fleet; I would, he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a compariſon or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, ſtrikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing ſav'd, for the fool will eat no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the leaders.

[*Muſick within.*

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manent John, Borachio, *and* Claudio.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one viſor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*; I know him by his bearing.

John. Are you Signior *Benedick?*

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on *Hero*; I pray you diſſuade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claud. How know ye, he loves her?

John. I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he ſwore he would marry her to night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* John *and* Bora

Claud. Thus anſwer I in name of *Benedick*,
But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*.
'Tis certain ſo—the Prince wooes for himſelf.

Friendſhi

Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love uſe their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent; beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewel then, *Hero!*

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count *Claudio?*

Claud. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs, Count. What faſhion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an Uſurer's chain [6]? or under your arm, like a Lieutenant's ſcarf? you muſt wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero.*

Claud. I wiſh him Joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover; ſo they ſell bullocks: but did you think, the Prince would have ſerved you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the Poſt.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into ſedges.—But, that my Lady *Beatrice* ſhould know me, and not know me! the Prince's fool!—ha? it may be, I go under that Title, becauſe I am merry—

[6] —— *Uſurer's chain?*] I know not whether the *chain* was, in our authour's time, the common ornament of wealthy citizens, or whether he ſatirically uſes *uſurer* and *alderman* as ſynonymous terms.

yea, but ſo I am apt to do myſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed. [7] It is the baſe (tho' bitter) diſpoſition of *Beatrice*, that puts the world into her perſon, and ſo gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

SCENE IV.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the Count? did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the Will of this young lady, and I offer'd him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a School-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhews it his companion, and he ſteals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt, a tranſgreſſion? the tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiſs, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himſelf, and the rod he might have beſtow'd on you, who (as I take it) have ſtol'n his bird's neſt.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

[7] *It is the baſe, tho' bitter, diſpoſition of* Beatrices, *who puts the world into her perſon.*] That is, *it is the diſpoſition of* Beatrice, *who takes upon her to perſonate the world, and therefore repreſents the world as ſaying what ſhe only ſays herſelf.*

Baſe tho' bitter. I do not underſtand how *baſe* and *bitter* are inconſiſtent, or why what is *bitter* ſhould not be *baſe*. I believe we may ſafely read, *it is the baſe*, the *bitter* diſpoſition.

Bene.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith, you ſay honeſtly.

Pedro. the lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her ſhe is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, ſhe miſus'd me paſt the indurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have anſwer'd her; my very viſor began to aſſume life, and ſcold with her; ſhe told me, not thinking I had been myſelf, that I was the Prince's jeſter, and that I was duller than a great thaw; hudling jeſt upon jeſt, with [8] ſuch impaſſable conveyance upon me, that I ſtood like a man at a mark, with a whole army ſhooting at me; ſhe ſpeaks Ponyards, and every word ſtabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the North-ſtar; I would not marry her, though ſhe were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he tranſgreſs'd; ſhe would have made *Hercules* have turn'd Spit, yea and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you ſhall find her [9] the infernal *Até* in good apparel. I would to God, ſome ſcholar

[8] *ſuch IMPOSSIBLE conveyance*] We ſhould read IMPASSABLE. A term taken from fencing, when the ſtrokes are ſo ſwift and repeated as not to be parried or paſſed off. WARB.

I know not what to propoſe. *Impoſſible* ſeems to have no meaning here, and for *impaſſable* I have not found any authority. *Spenſer* uſes the word *importable* in a ſenſe very congruous to this paſſage, for *inſupportable*, or *not to be ſuſtained*.

Both him charge on either ſide
With hideous ſtrokes and importable *pow'r,*
Which forced him his ground to traverſe wide.

It may be eaſily imagined, that the tranſcribers would change a word ſo unuſual, into that word moſt like it, which they could readily find. It muſt be however confeſſed, that *importable* appears harſh to our ears; and I wiſh a happier Critick may find a better word.

Sir *Thomas Hanmer* reads *impetuous*, which will ſerve the purpoſe well enough, but is not likely to have been changed to *impoſſible*.

[9] *the infernal* Até *in good apparel.*] This is a pleaſant alluſion to the cuſtom of ancient poets and painters, who repreſent the furies in raggs. WARB.

would conjure her; for, certainly, while ſhe is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a ſanctuary, and people ſin upon purpoſe, becauſe they would go thither; ſo, indeed, all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

SCENE V.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato *and* Hero.

Pedro. Look, here ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any ſervice to the world's end? I will go on the ſlighteſt errand now to the *Antipodes*, that you can deviſe to ſend me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the fartheſt inch of *Aſia*; bring you the length of *Preſter John's* foot: fetch you a hair off the great *Cham's* beard: do you any ambaſſage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy; you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to deſire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a diſh I love not. I cannot indure this Lady Tongue.

Pedro Come, Lady, come; you have loſt the heart of Signior *Benedick.*

Beat. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him uſe for it, a double heart for a ſingle one; marry, once before he won it of me with falſe dice, therefore your Grace may well ſay, I have loſt it.

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he ſhould do me, my Lord, leſt I ſhould prove the mother of fools; I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you ſent me to ſeek.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count, wherefore are you ſad?

Claud. Not ſad, my Lord.

Pedro. How then? ſick?

Claud.

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, Count, civil as an orange, and ſomething of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I'faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be ſworn, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe. Here, *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay, Amen, to it.

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.——

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myſelf for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, Couſin, or (if you cannot) ſtop his mouth with a kiſs, and let him not ſpeak neither.

Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy ſide of care; my couſin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And ſo ſhe doth, couſin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! — [1]thus goes every

[1] *Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſunburnt.*] What is it, *to go to the world?* perhaps, to enter by marriage into a ſettled ſtate: but why is the unmarried Lady *ſunburnt?* I believe we ſhould read, *thus goes every one to the* wood *but I, and I am ſunburnt.* Thus does every one but I find a ſhelter, and I am left expoſed to wind and *ſun. The neareſt way to the* wood, is a phraſe for the readieſt means to any end. It is ſaid of a woman, who accepts a worſe match than thoſe which ſhe had refuſed, that ſhe has paſſed through the *wood*, and at laſt taken a crooked ſtick. But conjectural criticiſm has always ſomething to abate its confidence. *Shakeſpeare*, in *All's well that ends well*, uſes the phraſe, *to go to the world*, for *marriage*. So that my emendation depends only on the oppoſition of *wood* to *ſun-burnt*.

one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd; I may ſit in a corner, and cry *heigh ho!* for a huſband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your Father's getting: hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? your Father got excellent Huſbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unleſs I might have another for working days; your Grace is too coſtly to wear every-day: but, I beſeech your Grace, pardon me, I was bound to ſpeak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt becomes you; for, out of queſtion, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, ſure, my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a ſtar danc'd, and under that I was born. — Couſins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, Uncle: by your Grace's pardon. [*Exit* Beatrice.

SCENE VI.

Pedro. By my troth, a pleaſant-ſpirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord; ſhe is never ſad but when ſhe ſleeps, and not ever ſad then; for I have heard my daughter ſay, [2] ſhe hath often dream'd of an unhappineſs, and wak'd herſelf with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a huſband

[2] *ſhe hath often dream'd of unhappineſs,*] So all the editions; but Mr. *Theobald's* alters it to, *an happineſs*, having no conception that *unhappineſs* meant any thing but misfortune, and that he thinks ſhe could not laugh at. He had never heard that it ſignified a wild, wanton, unlucky trick. Thus *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their comedy of the *Maid of the Mill.*

— *My* dreams *are like my thoughts, honeſt and innocent.*
Yours are unhappy.

WARBURTON

Leon

Leon. O, by no means, ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick.*

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themſelves mad.

Pedro. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all its rites.

Leon. Not 'till *Monday*, my dear ſon, which is hence a juſt ſeven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things anſwer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, *Claudio*, the time ſhall not go dully by us. I will in the *Interim* undertake one of *Hercules's* labours, which is, [3] to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I, my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle *Hero?*

Hero. I will do any modeſt office, my Lord, to help my Couſin to a good huſband.

Pedro. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefulleſt huſband that I know: thus far I can praiſe him, he is of a noble ſtrain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honeſty.

[3] *To bring* Benedick *and* Beatrice *into a mountain of affection the one with the other.*] *A mountain of affection with one another* is a ſtrange expreſſion, yet I know not well how to change it. Perhaps it was originally written, *to bring* Benedick *and* Beatrice *into a* mooting *of affection*; to bring them, not to any more *mootings* of contention, but to a *mooting* or converſation of love. The reading is confirmed by the propoſition *with*; *a mountain with each other*, or *affection with each other*, cannot be uſed, but *a mooting with each other* is proper and regular.

I will

I will teach you how to humour your Couſin, that ſ
ſhall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your t
helps, will ſo practiſe on *Benedick*, that in deſpight
his quick wit, and his queaſy ſtomach, he ſhall fall
love with *Beatrice*. If we can do this, *Cupid* is
longer an archer, his glory ſhall be ours for we are t
only Love-Gods: go in with me, and I will tell y
my drift. [*Exeu*

SCENE VII.

Changes to another Apartment in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don John *and* Borachio.

John. IT is ſo, the Count *Claudio* ſhall marry
Daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can croſs it.

John. Any bar, any croſs, any impediment will
medicinable to me; I am ſick in diſpleaſure to hi
and whatſoever comes athwart his affection, ran
evenly with mine. How canſt thou croſs this m
riage?

Bora. Not honeſtly, my Lord, but ſo covertly t
no diſhoneſty ſhall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordſhip a year ſince, h
much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiti
gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the nig
appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber w
dow.

John. What life is in That, to be the death of
marriage?

Bora. The poiſon of That lies in you to temp
go you to the Prince your Brother, ſpare not to
him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying

renown'd *Claudio* (whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated Stale, ſuch a one as *Hero*.

John. What proof ſhall I make of That?

Bora. Proof enough to miſuſe the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*; look you for any other iſſue?

John. Only to deſpight them, I will endeavour any thing.

* *Bora.* Go then find me a meet hour, to draw Don *Pedro*,

* Bora. *Go then, find me a meet hour to draw on* Pedro *and the Count* Claudio, *alone; tell them that you know* Hero *loves me;* —— *Offer them Inſtances, which ſhall bear no leſs Likelihood than to ſee* me *at her Chamber-window; hear me call* Margaret, Hero; *hear* Margaret *term me* CLAUDIO; *and bring them to ſee this the very night before the intended Wedding.*] Thus the whole Stream of the Editions from the firſt *Quarto* downwards. I am obliged here to give a ſhort Account of the *Plot* depending, that the Emendation I have made may appear the more clear and unqueſtionable. The Buſineſs ſtands thus: *Claudio*, a Favourite of the *Arragon* Prince, is, by his Interceſſions with her Father, to be married to fair *Hero*; Don *John*, Natural Brother of the Prince, and a Hater of *Claudio*, is in his Spleen zealous to diſappoint the Match. *Borachio*, a raſcally Dependant on Don *John*, offers his Aſſiſtance, and engages to break off the Marriage by this Stratagem. "Tell "the Prince and *Claudio* (ſays "He) that *Hero* is in Love with "*Me*; they won't believe it; "offer them Proofs, as that "they ſhall ſee me converſe with "her in her Chamber-window. "I am in the good Graces of "her Waiting-woman *Marga-* "*ret*; and I'll prevail with "*Margaret* at a dead Hour of "Night to perſonate her Miſ- "treſs *Hero*; do you then bring "the Prince and *Claudio* to over- "hear our Diſcourſe; and They "ſhall have the Torment to hear "*me* addreſs *Margaret* by the "Name of *Hero*, and her ſay "ſweet things to me by the "Name of *Claudio*." ——This is the Subſtance of *Borachio's* Device to make *Hero* ſuſpected of Diſloyalty, and to break off her Match with *Claudio*. But, in the name of common Senſe, could it diſpleaſe *Claudio* to hear her Miſtreſs making Uſe of *his* Name tenderly? If he ſaw another Man with her, and heard her call him *Claudio*, he might reaſonably think her betrayed, but not have the ſame Reaſon to accuſe her of Diſloyalty. Beſides, how could her naming *Claudio* make the Prince and *Claudio* believe that She lov'd *Borachio*, as he deſires *Don John* to inſinuate to them that She did? The Circumſtances,

Pedro, and the Count *Claudio*, alone; tell them, that you know, *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, as in a love of your Brother's honour, who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a maid, that you have diſcover'd thus. They will hardly believe this without trial. Offer them inſtances, which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood than to ſee me at her chamber-window; hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *Borachio*; and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended Wedding; for in the mean time I will ſo faſhion the matter, that *Hero* ſhall be abſent; and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truth of *Hero's* diſloyalty, that jealouſy ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducats.

Bora. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

John. I will preſently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Leonato's *Orchard.*

Enter Benedick, *and a Boy.*

Bene. BOY, ——

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

cumſtances weigh'd, there is no Doubt but the Paſſage ought to be reformed, as I have ſettled in the Text.

—— *bear me call* Margaret, Hero; *bear* Margaret *term me* Borachio.

THEOBALD.

Boy.

Boy. I am here already, Sir.

Bene. I know that—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*]—I do much wonder, that one man, ſeeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behavious to love, will, after he hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling in love! and ſuch a man is *Claudio.* I have known, when there was no muſick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe; I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to ſee a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the faſhion of a new doublet. He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man and a ſoldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes. May I be ſo converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be ſworn, but love may transform me to an oyſter; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wiſe, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace. Rich he ſhall be, that's certain; wiſe, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſician, and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God. Ha! the Prince and Monſieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, *and* Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, ſhall we hear this muſick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord—how ſtill the evening is,

As

As huſh'd on purpoſe to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himſelf?

Claud. O very well, my lord; the muſick ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come, *Balthazar*, we'll hear that Song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not ſo bad a voice
To ſlander muſick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection;
I pray thee, ſing; and let me woo no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talk of wooing, I will ſing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes;
Yet will he ſwear, he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why, theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks
Note, notes, forſooth, and noting.

Bene. Now, divine air; now is his ſoul raviſh'd!—is it not ſtrange, that ſheeps guts ſhould hale ſouls ou of men's bodies?—well, a horn for my mony, whe all's done.

The SONG.

Sigh no more, ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in ſea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your ſounds of woe
Into hey nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no mo
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever ſo,
Since ſummer was firſt leafy:
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Pedro. By my troth, a good Song.

Balth. And an ill ſinger, my lord.

Pedro. Ha, no; no, faith; thou ſing'ſt well enough for a ſhift.

Bene. [*aſide.*] If he had been a dog, that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no miſchief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry, doſt thou hear, *Balthazar?* I pray thee get us ſome excellent muſick; for to morrow night we would have it at the lady *Hero's* chamber-window.

Balth. The beſt I can, my lord. [*Exit* Balthazar.

Pedro. Do ſo: farewel. Come hither, *Leonato*; what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedick?*

Claud. O, ay;——ſtalk on, ſtalk on, the fowl ſits. [*aſide to* Pedro.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo doat on Signior *Benedick*, whom ſhe hath in all outward behaviours ſeem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. It's poſſible, ſits the wind in that corner? *Aſide.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it[5]; but that ſhe loves him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the infinite of thought.

Pedro.

[5] *but that ſhe loves him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the* INFINITE *of thought.*] It is impoſſible to make Senſe and Grammar of this ſpeech. And the reaſon is, that the two beginnings of two different ſentences are jumbled together and made one. For—*but that ſhe loves him with an inraged affection,*—is only part of a ſentence which ſhould conclude thus,—*is moſt certain.* But a new idea ſtriking the ſpeaker, he leaves this ſentence

Pedro. May be, ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit there was never counterfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion, as ſhe diſcovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of paſſion ſhews ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well, this fiſh will bite. [*Aſide.*

Leon. What effects, my lord? ſhe will ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: I would have thought, her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leon. I would have ſworn, it had, my lord; eſpecially againſt *Benedick.*

Bene. [*Aſide.*] I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeaks it; knavery cannot, ſure, hide himſelf in ſuch reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection, hold it up. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Hath ſhe made her affection known to *Benedick?*

tence unfiniſhed, and turns to another, —— *It is paſt the infinite of thought*—which is likewiſe left unfiniſhed; for it ſhould conclude thus —— *to ſay how great that affection is.* Theſe broken disjointed ſentences are uſual in converſation. However there is one word wrong, which yet perplexes the ſenſe, and that is INFINITE. Human thought cannot ſurely be called *infinite* with any kind of figurative propriety. I ſuppoſe the true reading was DEFINITE. This makes the paſſage intelligible. *It is paſt the* DEFINITE *of thought* ——— i. e. it *cannot be defined* or conceived how great that affection is. *Shakeſpeare* uſes the word again in the ſame ſenſe in *Cymbeline.*

For Idiots, in this caſe of favour, would
Be wiſely DEFINITE. ——

i. e. could tell how to pronounce or determine in the caſe. WARB.

Here are difficulties raiſed only to ſhew how eaſily they can be removed. The plain ſenſe is, *I know not what to think* otherwiſe, *but that ſhe loves him, with* an enraged *affection: It* (this affection) is paſt the infinite of thought. Here are no abrupt ſtops, or imperfect ſentences. *Infinite* may well enough ſtand; it is uſed by more careful writers for *indefinite:* And the ſpeaker only means, that *thought*, though in itſelf *unbounded*, cannot reach or eſtimate the degree of her paſſion.

Leon.

Leon. No, and ſwears ſhe never will; that's her orment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed, ſo your daughter ſays: hall I, ſays ſhe, that have ſo oft encounter'd him vith ſcorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This ſays ſhe now, when ſhe is beginning to vrite to him; for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night, nd there ſhe will ſit in her ſmock, 'till ſhe have writ ſheet of paper—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remem-ber a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. Oh,——when ſhe had writ it, and was read-ng it over, ſhe found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between he ſheet.

Claud. That——

Leon. [6] O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand half-pence; rail'd at herſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt, to write to one that, ſhe knew, would flout her: I meaſure him, ſays ſhe, by my own Spirit, for, I ſhould flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I ſhould.

Claud. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curſes; O ſweet *Benedick!* God give me patience!

Leon. She doth, indeed, my daughter ſays ſo; and the eccſtacy hath ſo much overborne her, that my daughter is ſometime afraid, ſhe will do deſperate outrage to herſelf; it is very true.

[6] *O, ſhe tore the Letter into a thouſand* half-pence;] *i. e.* into a thouſand Pieces of the ſame bigneſs. This is farther explained by a Paſſage in *As you like it.*

——*There were none principal; they were all like one another as* half-pence *are.*

In both places the Poet alludes to the old ſilver Penny, which had a Creaſe running *Croſs-Wiſe* over it, ſo that it might be broke into two or four equal pieces, half-pence, or farthings.

THEOBALD.

How the quotation explains the paſſage, to which it is applied, I cannot diſcover.

Pedro. It were good that *Benedick* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor lady worſe.

Pedro. If he ſhould, it were an Alms to hang him; ſhe's an excellent ſweet lady, and (out of all ſuſpicion) ſhe is virtuous.

Claud. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving *Benedick.*

Leon. O my lord, wiſdom and blood combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory; I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, ſhe had beſtow'd this dotage on me; I would have dafft all other reſpects, and made her half myſelf. I pray you tell *Benedick* of it; and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks, ſurely ſhe will die; for ſhe ſays, ſhe will die if he love her not, and ſhe will die ere ſhe make her love known; and ſhe will die if he woo her, rather than ſhe will bate one breath of her accuſtom'd croſſneſs.

Pedro. She doth well; if ſhe ſhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poſſible, he'll ſcorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible ſpirit [7].

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happineſs.

Claud. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wiſe.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, ſhew ſome ſparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As *Hector*, I aſſure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may ſay he is wiſe; for either

[7] *Contemptible ſpirit.*] That is, a temper inclined to ſcorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our author uſes his verbal adjectives with great licence. There is therefore no need of changing the word with Sir *T. Hanmer* to *contemptuous.*

he

he avoids them with great diſcretion, or undertakes them with a chriſtian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he muſt neceſſarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And ſo will he do, for the man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make. Well, I am ſorry for your Niece: ſhall we go ſeek *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counſel.

Leon. Nay, that's impoſſible, ſhe may wear her heart out firſt.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love *Benedick* well; and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelf, to ſee how much he is unworthy to have ſo good a lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never truſt my expectation. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Let there be the ſame net ſpread for her, and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The ſport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no ſuch matter; that's the Scene that I would ſee, which will be meerly a Dumb Show; let us ſend her to call him to dinner. [*Aſide.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Benedick *advances from the Arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick, the conference was ſadly borne.—They have the truth of this from *Hero*; they ſeem to pity the lady; it ſeems, her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it muſt be requited. I hear, how I am cenſur'd; they ſay, I will

bear myſelf proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection.——I did never think to marry ——I muſt not ſeem proud——happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They ſay, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs. And virtuous;——'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it. And wiſe—but for loving me——by my troth, it is no addition to her wit——nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her.——I may chance to have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have rail'd ſo long againſt marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and ſentences, and theſe paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no: the world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid, I would die a batchelor, I did not think I ſhould live 'till I were marry'd. Here comes *Beatrice:* by this day, ſhe's a fair lady; I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for theſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage.

Beat. Yea, juſt ſo much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal—You have no ſtomach, Signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner:*——there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me;*——that's as much as to ſay, any pains that

that I take for you is as eaſy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a *Jew*; I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in the Orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Urſula.

HERO.

GOOD *Margaret*, run thee into thee parlour,
There ſhalt thou find my Couſin *Beatrice*,
Propoſing with the Prince and *Claudio*;
Whiſper her ear, and tell her, I and *Urſula*
Walk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay, that thou overheard'ſt us;
And bid her ſteal into the pleached Bower,
Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the Sun,
Forbid the Sun to enter; like to Favourites,
Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it: there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten our Purpoſe; this is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant, preſently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, *Urſula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our Talk muſt only be of *Benedick*;
When I do name him, let it be thy Part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit.
My Talk to thee muſt be, how *Benedick*
Is ſick in love with *Beatrice*; of this matter
Is little *Cupid's* crafty arrow made,

That only wounds by hear-ſay: now begin.

Enter Beatrice, *running towards the Arbour.*

For look, where *Beatrice*, like lapwing, runs
Cloſe by the ground to hear our conference.
Urſ. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine-coverture;
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear loſe nothing
Of the falſe-ſweet bait that we lay for it. ——
No, truly, *Urſula*, ſhe's too diſdainful;
I know, her ſpirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.
Urſ. But are you ſure,
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* ſo entirely?
Hero. So ſays the Prince, and my new-trothed lord.
Urſ. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?
Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To wiſh him wreſtle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.
Urſ. Why did you ſo? doth not the Gentleman
Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* ſhall couch upon?
Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of *Beatrice*.
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
[8] Miſ-prizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak; ſhe cannot love,

[8] *Miſpriſing.*] Deſpiſing; contemning.

No

ike no ſhape nor project of affection,
ſo ſelf-indeared.
Sure, I think ſo;
ierefore certainly it were not good
ew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.
'. Why, you ſpeak truth. I never yet ſaw man,
viſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
: would ſpell him backward; if fair-fac'd,
wear, the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
ck, why Nature, drawing of an antick,
a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
r, an Aglet very vilely cut;
king, why, a vane blown with all winds;
t, why, a block moved with none.
is ſhe every man the wrong ſide out,
:ver gives to truth and virtue That,
ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.
Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.
'. No; for to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,

black, *why, Nature, wing of an* antick,
ful blot;] The antick uffoon character in the *ſh* farces, with a *blacked* d a *patch-work habit*. would obſerve from that the name of *an- tique*, given to this cha- ews that the people had ditional ideas of its be- rowed from the *ancient* who are thus deſcribed *ius, mimi centunculo, fu- iem obducti*.

WARBURTON.

w. an Agat *very vilely* ;] But why an *agat*, if r what likeneſs between *an* and an *agat*? The indeed, uſed this ſtone on; but very exquiſite- ly. I make no queſtion but the poet wrote;

——— *an* Aglet *very vilely cut*;

An *aglet* was the tagg of thoſe points, formerly ſo much in faſhion. Theſe taggs were ei- ther of gold, ſilver, or braſs, ac- cording to the quality of the wearer; and were commonly in the ſhape of little images; or at leaſt had a head cut at the extre- mity. The *French* call them *aiguillettes*. *Mazeray*, ſpeaking of *Henry* IIId's ſorrow for the death of the princeſs of *Conti*, ſays, — *portant ineme ſur les* ai- guillettes *de petites tetes de Mort*. And as a *tall* man is before com- par'd to a *Launce ill-headed*; ſo, by the ſame figure, a *little Man* is very aptly liken'd to an *Aglet ill-cut*.

WARBURTON.

As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her ſo? if I ſhould ſpeak,
She'd mock me into air; O, ſhe would laugh me
Out of myſelf, preſs me to death with wit.
Therefore let *Benedick*, like cover'd fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly;
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

Urſ. Yet tell her of it; hear what ſhe will ſay.

Hero. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion.
And, truly, I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders
To ſtain my Couſin with! one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking,

Urſ. O, do not do your Couſin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgment,
Having ſo ſwift and excellent a wit,
As ſhe is priz'd to have, as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as *Benedick*.

Hero. He is the only man in *Italy*,
Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.

Urſ. I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior *Benedick*,
For ſhape, for bearing, [2] argument and valour,
Goes foremoſt in report through *Italy*.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urſ. His Excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you marry'd, Madam?

Hero. Why, every day—to-morrow—Come, go in.
I'll ſhew thee ſome attires, and have thy counſel
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to-morrow.

Urſ. [3] She's limb'd, I warrant you; we have caught her Madam.

Hero. If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps;
Some *Cupids* kill with arrows, Some with traps. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Argument.*] This word ſeems here to ſignify *diſcourſe*, or, the *powers* of reaſoning.

[3] *She's limb'd.*] She is enſnared and entangled as a ſparrow with *birdlime*.

Beatrice,

Beatrice, *advancing*.

Beat. [4] What fire is in my ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for Pride and Scorn ſo much?
Contempt, farewel! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.
And, *Benedick*, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand [5];
If thou doſt love, thy kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Leonato's *Houſe*.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. I Do but ſtay 'till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward *Arragon*.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.

Pedro. Nay, That would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with *Benedick* for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the ſole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid's* bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him; he hath a heart as

[4] *What fire is in my ears?*—] Alluding to a proverbial ſaying of the common people, that their ears burn when others are talking of them. WARBURTON.

[5] *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.*] This image is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild as *Haggards of the rock*; ſhe therefore ſays, that, *wild* as her *heart* is, ſhe will *tame* it *to the hand*.

found

ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So ſay I; methinks, you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope, he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be ſad, he wants mony.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can maſter a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet ſay I, he is in love.

Pedro. [6] There is no appearance of fancy in him, unleſs it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes, as to be a *Dutch* man to day, a *French* man to morrow; or in the ſhape of two countries at once, a *German* from the waſte downward, all flops; and a *Spaniard* from the hip upward, no doublet: Unleſs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is no believing old ſigns; he bruſhes his hat o' mornings; what ſhould that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man ſeen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been ſeen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuft tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loſs of a beard.

[6] *There is no appearance of fancy, &c.*] Here is a play upon the word *fancy*, which *Shakeſpeare* uſes for *love* as well as for *humour, caprice*, or *affectation*.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet; can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to ſay, the ſweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which, I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit, which is now crept into a lute-ſtring and now govern'd by ſtops ——

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in deſpight of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She ſhall be buried with her Face upwards[7].

Bene. Yet this is no charm for the tooth ach. Old Signior, walk aſide with me, I have ſtudy'd eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeak to you, which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not hear. [*Exeunt* Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about *Beatrice.*

Claud. 'Tis even ſo. *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this time play'd their parts with *Beatrice*; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

[7] *She ſhall be buried with her* Face *upwards.*] Thus the whole Set of Editions: But what is there any ways particular in This? Are not all Men and Women buried ſo? Sure, the Poet means in Oppoſition to the generaral Rule, and by way of Diſtinction, with her *heels* upward., or *face* downwards. I have choſen the firſt Reading, becauſe I find it the Expreſſion in Vogue in our Author's time. THEOBALD.

This emendation, which appears to me very ſpecious, is rejected by Dr. *Warburton.* The meaning ſeems to be, that ſhe, who acted upon principles contrary to others, ſhould be buried with the ſame contrariety.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Don John.

John. My Lord and Brother, God ſave you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leiſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it pleaſe you; yet Count *Claudio* may hear; for, what I would ſpeak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordſhip to be marry'd to morrow. [*To* Claudio.

Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, diſcover it.

John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter; and aim better at me by That I now will manifeſt; for my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearneſs of heart hath holp to effect your enſuing marriage; ſurely, Suit ill ſpent, and Labour ill beſtow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumſtances ſhorten'd, (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is diſloyal.

Claud. Who? *Hero?*

John. Even ſhe; *Leonato's Hero*, your *Hero*, every man's *Hero.*

Claud. Diſloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſs; I could ſay, ſhe were worſe; think you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not 'till further warrant! go but with me to night, you ſhall ſee her chamber-window enter'd, even the night be-

fore her wedding day; if you love her, then to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claod. May this be ſo?

Pedro. I will not think it. ——

John. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know; if you will follow me, I will ſhew you enough; and when you have ſeen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I ſee any thing to night why I ſhould not marry her to-morrow; in the Congregation, where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to diſgrace her.

John. I will diſparage her no farther, 'till you are my witneſſes. Bear it coldly but 'till night, and let the iſſue ſhew itſelf.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O miſchief ſtrangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented! So you will ſay. when you have ſeen the ſequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the Watch.*

Dogb. ARE you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation, body and ſoul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the Prince's Watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb.

Degb. Firſt, who think you the moſt deſartleſs man to be conſtable?

1 *Watch.* *Hugh Oatcake*, Sir, or *George Seacole*; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour *Seacole:* God hath bleſt you with a good name: and to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, maſter conſtable——

Dogb. You have: I knew, it would be your anſwer. Well, for your Favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is [8] no need of ſuch vanity: you are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit man for the Conſtable of the Watch; therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge: you ſhall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man ſtand, in the Prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if he will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and preſently call the reſt of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's Subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's Subjects: you ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreets; for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is moſt tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

2 *Watch.* We will rather ſleep than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogb. Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman, for I cannot ſee how Sleeping ſhould offend; only have a care that your [9] Bills be not ſtolen: well,

[8] *no need of ſuch vanity:*] ſhould read therefore, MORE *need.* WARBURTON.

Dogberry is only abſurd, not abſolutely out of his ſenſes. We

[9] *Bills be not ſtolen.*] A *bill* is

well, you are to call at all the ale-houſes, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone 'till they are ſober; if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him by virtue of your office to be no true man; and for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moſt peacable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him ſhew himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, Partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe and bid her ſtill it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in Peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the Charge: you, conſtable, are to preſent the Prince's own perſon; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

is ſtill carried by the watchmen at *Litchfield*. It was the old weapon of the *Engliſh* infantry, which, ſays *Temple, gave the moſt ghaſtly and deplorable wounds.* It may be called *ſecuris falcata.*

Verg.

Verg. Nay, bi'rlady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five ſhillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statues, he may ſtay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing: for, indeed, the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verg. Bi'rlady, I think, it be ſo.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, maſters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellow's counſels and your own, and good night; come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, maſters, we hear our charge; let us go ſit here upon the church-bench 'till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honeſt neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior *Leonato's* door, for the Wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to night; adieu; be vigilant, I beſeech you.

[*Exeunt* Dogberry *and* Verges.

SCENE V.

Enter Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. What! *Conrade*———

Watch. Peace, ſtir not. [*Aſide.*

Bora. Conrade, I ſay!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Maſs, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a ſcab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an anſwer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee cloſe then under this pent-houſe, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aſide.*] Some Treaſon, maſters; yet ſtand cloſe.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don *John* thouſand ducats.

Conr. Is it poſſible that any Villany ſhould be ſo ear?

Bora. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aſk, if it were poſſible any villany ſhould be ſo rich? for when rich villains ave need of poor ones, poor ones may make what rice they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That ſhews, [2] thou art unconfirm'd; thou noweſt, that the faſhion of a doublet or a hat, or a loak, is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the faſhion.

Conr. Yes, the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bora. Tuſh, I may as well ſay, the fool's the fool; ut ſee'ſt thou not, what a deformed thief this faſhion s?

Watch. I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile hief theſe ſeven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didſt thou not hear ſome body?

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bora. Seeſt thou not, I ſay, what a deformed thief his faſhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty; ſometimes, faſhioning them like *Pharao's* ſoldiers in the reechy Painting; ſometimes, like the God *Bell's* prieſts in the old church window; [3] ſometimes, like the ſhaven *Hercules*

[1] *any* VILLANY *ſhould be ſo rich?*] The ſenſe abſolutely requires us, to read VILLAIN. WARBURTON.

[2] *thou art unconfirmed;*] *i. e.* unpractiſed in the ways of the world. WARBURTON.

[3] *ſometimes like the ſhaven Hercules, &c.*] By the *ſhaven* Hercules is meant *Samſon*, the uſual ſubject of old tapeſtry. In this ridicule on the faſhion, the poet has not unartfully given a ſtroke at the barbarous workmanſhip of the common Tapeſtry hangings, then ſo much in uſe. The ſame kind of raillery *Cervantes* has employed on the like occaſion,

cules in the ſmirch'd worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his codpiece ſeems as maſſy as his club.

Conr. All this I ſee, and ſee, that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thyſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither; but know, that I have to-night wooed *Margaret*, the Lady *Hero's* Gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs's chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night—I tell this tale vilely——I ſhould firſt tell thee, how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my maſter, planted and placed, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don *John*, ſaw a far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, *Margaret* was *Hero?*

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*; but the devil my maſter knew ſhe was *Margaret*; and partly by his oaths, which firſt poſſeſt them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which, did confirm any ſlander that Don *John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged; ſwore, he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there before the whole

occaſion, when he brings his knight and ſquire to an inn, where they found the ſtory of *Dido* and *Æneas* repreſented in bad tapeſtry. On *Sancho's* ſeeing the tears fall from the eyes of the forſaken queen as big as walnuts, he hopes that, when their atchievements became the general ſubject for theſe ſort of works, fortune will ſend them a better artiſt.——What authorized the poet to give this name to *Samſon* was the folly of certain Chriſtian mythologiſts, who pretend that the *Grecian Hercules* was the *Jewiſh Samſon*. The retenue of our author is to be commended: The ſober audience of that time would have been offended with the mention of a venerable name on ſo light an occaſion. *Shakeſpeare* is indeed ſometimes licentious in theſe matters: But to do him juſtice, he generally ſeems to have a ſenſe of religion, and to be under its influence. What *Pedro* ſays of *Benedick*, in this comedy, may be well enough applied to him. *The man doth fear God, however it ſeems not to be in him by ſome large jeſts he will make.* WARBURTON.

Congre-

Congregation ſhame her with what he ſaw o'er night, and ſend her home again without a huſband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the Prince's name, ſtand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right maſter conſtable; we have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1 *Watch.* And one *Deformed* is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Maſters, maſters, [4]———

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring *Deformed* forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Maſters,———

1 *Watch.* Never ſpeak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly Commodity, being taken up of theſe mens bills.

Conr. A commodity in queſtion, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.

SCENE VI.

Hero's *Apartment in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Hero, Margaret *and* Urſula.

Hero. GOOD *Urſula*, wake my couſin *Beatrice*, and deſire her to riſe.

Urſ. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

[4] In former copies:
Conr. *Maſters, Maſters,* ——
2 Watch. *You'll be made bring* Deformed *forth, I warrant you,*
Conr. *Maſters, never ſpeak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.*] The Regulation which I have made in this laſt Speech, tho' againſt this Authority of all the printed Copies, I flatter myſelf, carries its Proof with it, *Conrade* and *Borachio* are not deſigned to talk abſurd Nonſenſe. It is evident therefore, that *Conrade* is attempting his own Juſtification; but is interrupted in it by the Impertinence of the Men in office. THEOBALD.

Urſ. Well. [*Exit* Urſula.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other [5] Rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not ſo good; and I warrant, your couſin will ſay ſo.

Hero. My couſin's a fool, and thou art another—I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion, i'faith. I ſaw the Dutcheſs of *Milan's* gown, that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they ſay.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in reſpect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with ſilver, ſet with pearls down-ſleeves, ſide-ſleeves and ſkirts, round underborne with a blueiſh tinſel; but for a fine, queint, graceful and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier ſoon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not aſham'd?

Marg. Of what, lady? of ſpeaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me ſay (ſaving your reverence) a huſband. If bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend nobody; is there any harm in the heavier for a Huſband? none, I think, if it be the right Huſband, and the right wife, otherwiſe 'tis light and not heavy; aſk my lady *Beatrice* elſe, here ſhe comes.

[5] *Rabato.*] A Neckband; a Ruff. *Rabat. French.* Hanmer.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.
Beat. Good morrow, ſweet *Hero.*
Hero. Why, how now? do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?
Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.
Marg. Clap us into [6] *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.
Beat. Yes, *Light o' love* with your heels; then if your huſband have ſtables enough, you'll look he ſhall lack [7] no barns.
Marg. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.
Beat. 'Tis almoſt five o'clock, couſin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill—hey ho!
Marg. For a hawk, a horſe, or a huſband?
Beat. [8] 'For the letter that begins them all, H.
Marg. Well, if you be not [9] turn'd *Turk*, there's no more ſailing by the ſtar.
Beat. What means the fool, trow?
Marg. Nothing I, but God ſend every one their heart's deſire!
Hero. Theſe gloves the count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

[6] *Light o' love*] A tune ſo called; which has been already mentioned by our authour.

[7] *No barns.*] A quibble between *barns*, repoſitories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children.

[8] *For the letter that begins them all, H.*] This is a poor jeſt, ſomewhat obſcured, and not worth the trouble of elucidation. *Margaret* aſks *Beatrice* for what ſhe cries, *hey ho*; *Beatrice* anſwers, for an *H*, that is, for an *ach* or *pain*.

[9] *turn'd Turk.*] *i. e.* taken captive by Love, and turn'd a Renegado to his religion.
WARBURTON.

This interpretation is ſomewhat far-fetched, yet, perhaps, it is right.

Beat. I am ſtufft, couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Marg. A maid, and ſtufft! there's goodly catchin of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me, how lon have you profeſt apprehenſion?

Mar. Ever ſince you left it; doth not my wit be come me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it i your cap—By my troth, I am ſick.

Marg. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *Carduus Ben dictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thin for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Beat. Benedictus? why *Benedictus?* you have [1] ſom moral in this *Benedictus.*

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no mor meaning, I meant plain holy thiſtle: you may thinl perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, bi'rlad I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I li not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot thinl if I would think my heart out with thinking, that yc are in love, or that you will be in love, or that yo can be in love; yet *Benedick* was ſuch another, an now is he become a man; he ſwore, he would nev marry; and yet now, in deſpight of his heart, [2] h eats his meat without grudging; and how you may b converted, I know not; but, methinks, you loo with your eyes as other women do.

[1] *Some moral.*] That is, ſome ſecret meaning, like the *moral* of a fable.

[2] *He eats his meat without grudging*;] I do not ſee how this is a proof of *Benedick's* change of mind. It would afford more proof of amorouſneſs to ſay, *he eats* not *his meat without grudging*; but it is impoſſible to fix the meaning of proverbial ex preſſions: perhaps, *to eat mea without grudging*, was the ſam as *to do as others do*, and th meaning is, *he is content to liv by eating like other mortals, an will be content, notwithſtandin his boaſts, like other mortals,* h *have a wife.*

Bea

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?
Marg. Not a falſe gallop.

Enter Urſula.

Urſ. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the Gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Urſula*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Another Apartment in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Leon. WHAT would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have ſome confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you ſee, 'tis a buſy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman *Verges*, Sir, ſpeaks a little of the matter: an old man, Sir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would deſire they were; but, in faith, as honeſt as the ſkin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, [3] I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.

Dogb.

[3] *I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.*] There is much humour, and extreme good ſenſe, under the covering of this blundering expreſſion. It is a ſly inſinuation that length of years, and the being much *backnied in the ways of men*, as *Shakeſpeare* expreſſes it, take off the gloſs of virtue, and bring much defilement on the manners.

Dogb. Compariſons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſs on me, ha?

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worſhip as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our Watch to night, excepting your Worſhip's preſence, hath ta'en a couple of arrant knaves as any in *Meſſina*.

Dogb. A good old man, Sir; he will be talking, as they ſay; when the age is in, the wit is out; God help us, it is a world to ſee—well ſaid, i'faith, neighbour *Verges*—well, he's a good man [4]; an two men ride an horſe, one muſt ride behind—an honeſt ſoul, i'faith, Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worſhipp'd; all men are not alike, alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

For, as a great Wit ſays, *Youth is the ſeaſon of Virtue; corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldeſt rogue in* England *is the greateſt.* WARBURTON.

Much of this is true, but I believe *Shakeſpeare* did not intend to beſtow all this reflection on the ſpeaker.

[4] *If two men ride,* &c.] This is not out of place, or without meaning. *Dogberry*, in his vanity of ſuperiour parts, apologizing for his neighbour, obſerves, that, *of two men on a horſe, one muſt ride behind.* The *firſt* place of rank, or underſtanding, can belong but to *one*, and that happy *one* ought not to deſpiſe his inferiour.

Dogb.

b. One word, Sir; our Watch have, indeed, ehended two auſpicious perſons; and we would hem this morning examin'd before your Wor-

n. Take their examination yourſelf, and bring ; I am now in great haſte, as may appear unto

b. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

n. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger.

r. My lord, they ſtay for you to give your ter to her huſband.

n. I'll wait upon them. I am ready.

[*Exeunt* Leonato.

b. Go, good Partner, go get you to *Francis e*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the *e* are now to examine thoſe men.

. And we muſt do it wiſely.

b. We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant; here's *touching his forehead*] ſhall drive ſome of them on come. Only get the learned writer to ſet our excommunication, and meet me at the Jail.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

Enter D. Pedro, *D.* John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, *and* Beatrice.

LEONATO.

COME, friar *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, Friar. You come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your ſouls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, *Hero?*

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what
Men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? why, then [3] ſome be of laughing, as, ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave, Will you with free and unconſtrained ſoul

[3] *Some be of laughing.*] This is a quotation from the Accidence. Give

ıe this maid your daughter?
:. As freely, ſon, as God did give her me.
d. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
ounterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?
o. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.
d. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulneſs:
Leonato, take her back again;
ot this rotten orange to your friend.
ut the ſign and ſemblance of her honour:
, how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here!
at authority and ſhew of truth
ınning ſin cover itſelf withal!
; not that blood, as modeſt evidence,
neſs ſimple virtue? would you not ſwear,
u that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
ſe exterior ſhews? but ſhe is none:
ows the heat of a luxurious bed [6];
luſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.
r. What do you mean, my Lord?
d. Not to be marry'd,
knit my ſoul to an approved Wanton.
r. Dear my Lord, if you in your own approof [7]
vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of her youth,
nade defeat of her virginity ——
d. I know what you would ſay. If I have known her,

- *luxurious bed*;] That ſume, the firſt Editors might heſitate at; tho' it is a very proper
vious. *Luxury* is the con- one, and a Word elſewhere uſed
term for unlawful plea- by our Author. Beſides, in the
the ſex. Paſſage under Examination, this
r my Lord, if you in your Word comes in a'moſt neceſſa-
n Proof] I am ſurpriz'd, rily, as *Claudio* had ſaid in the line
tical Editors did not ob- immediately preceding;
e Lameneſs of this Verſe. *Not knit my Soul to an* approved *Wanton.*
ntly wants a Syllable in THEOBALD.
Foot, which I have re-
y a Word, which, I pre-

You'll

You'll ſay, ſhe did embrace me as a huſband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſin.
No, *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large [8];
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?
Claud. Out on thy Seeming! I will write againſt it [9]:
You ſeem to me as *Dian* in her orb,
As chaſte as is the bud [1] ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.
Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?
Leon. Sweet Prince, why ſpeak not you?
Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common Stale.
Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dream?
John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a Nuptial.
Hero. True! O God!
Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's Brother?
Is this face *Hero's?* are our eyes our own;
Leon. All this is ſo; but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power [2]
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.

[8] —— *word too large*;] So he uſes *large jeſts* in this play, for *licentious, not reſtrained within due bounds.*

[9] —— *I will* write *againſt it*:] What? a libel? nonſenſe. We ſhould read, *I will* RATE *againſt it*, i. e. rail or revile.
WARBURTON.

As to *ſubſcribe to* any thing is to *allow* it, ſo to *write againſt* is to *diſallow* or *deny*.

[1] —— *chaſte as the bud*] Before the air has taſted its ſweetneſs.

[2] —— *kindly power*] That is, *natural power*. *Kind* is *nature*.

Leon.

:. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.
). O God defend me, how am I beſet!
kind of catechizing call you this?
d. To make you anſwer truly to your name.
). Is it not *Hero?* who can blot that name
any juſt reproach?
id. Marry, that can *Hero*;
ierſelf can blot out *Hero's* virtue.
man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
t your window betwixt twelve and one?
if you are a maid, anſwer to this.
o. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.
'ro. Why, then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,
orry, you muſt hear; upon mine Honour,
f, my Brother, and this grieved Count
e her, hear her, at that hour laſt night,
with a ruffian at her chamber window;
hath, indeed, moſt like a liberal villain [3],
:ſs'd the vile encounters they have had
)uſand times in ſecret.
bn. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord.
o be ſpoken of;
: is not chaſtity enough in language,
out offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,
ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.
ud. O *Hero!* what a Hero hadſt thou been [4],
lf thy outward graces had been plac'd
it the thoughts and counſels of thy heart?
are thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewel,
1 pure impiety, and impious purity!
hee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
on my eyelids ſhall Conjecture hang,
irn all beauty into thoughts of harm;

[3] — *liberal villain.*] *Li-* *ilübcral.*
ere, as in many places of *Shakeſpeare*, means, *frank beyond* or *decency. Free of tongue.* *Warburton* unneceſſarily reads

[4] I am afraid here is intended a poor conceit upon the word *Hero.*

And

And never ſhall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why, how now, Couſin, wherefore ſink you down?

John. Come, let us go; theſe things, come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.

[*Exeunt D.* Pedro, *D.* John *and* Claudio.

SCENE II.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think; help, uncle.
Hero! why, *Hero!* uncle! Signior *Benedick!* Friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand;
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.

Beat. How now, couſin *Hero?*

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Doſt thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore ſhould ſhe not?

Leon. Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood[5]?
Do not live, *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think, thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I, thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
Myſelf would on the rereward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for That at frugal nature's frame[6]?

I've

[5] *The ſtory that is printed in her blood?*] That is, *the ſtory which her bluſhes diſcover to be true.*

[6] —— *Griev'd I, I had* but one? *Chid I for That at frugal nature's* FRAME? *I've* one too much by thee.—] The meaning of the ſecond line, according to the preſent reading, is this, *Chid I at frugal nature that*

ıe too much by thee. Why had I one?
ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
had I not, with charitable hand,
up a beggar's iſſue at my gates?
ſmeered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
ıt have ſaid, no part of it is mine;
hame derives itſelf from unknown loins.
ine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
ıine that I was proud on [7], mine ſo much,
I myſelf was to myſelf not mine,
ıg of her; why, ſhe, —— O, ſhe is fall'n
pit of ink, that the wide ſea
drops too few to waſh her clean again;

ſent me a girl and not a lut this is not what he ıture for; if he himſelf believed, it was becauſe given him *but one:* and ıe owns he did fooliſhly, ow finds he had *one too* He called her *frugal*, e, in giving him but one or to call her ſo becauſe e to ſend a girl, rather boy, would be ridicu- So that we muſt certain-

I for this at frugal na- RAINE, i. e. refraine, *or back her further favours, her hand, as we ſay, when given him one.* But the Editor has, in his uſual proved this amendment, ıituting *hand* for *'ſraine.*

WARBURTON.

ıh *frame* be not the word ppears to a reader of the time moſt proper to ex- ıe poet's ſentiment, yet ıs well be uſed to ſhew had *one child*, and *no more*, e had a *girl*, not a *boy*; and as it may eaſily ſignify *the ſyſtem of things*, or *univerſal ſcheme*, the whole order of beings is comprehended, there ariſes no difficulty from it which requires to be removed by ſo violent an effort as the introduction of a new word offenſively mutilated.

[7] *But mine,* AND *mine I lov'd,* AND *mine I prais'd,* AND *mine that I was proud on,*——] The ſenſe requires that we ſhould read AS, in theſe three places. The reaſoning of the ſpeaker ſtands thus. — *Had this been my adopted child, this ſhame would not have rebounded on me. But this child was mine;* AS *mine, I loved her, praiſed her, was proud of her: conſequently, as I claimed the glory, I muſt needs be ſubjected to the ſhame,* &c.

WARBURTON.

Even of this ſmall alteration there is no need. The ſpeaker utters his emotion abruptly. But *mine, and mine* that *I loved,* &c. by an ellipſis frequent, perhaps too frequent, both in verſe and proſe.

And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh!
Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient;
For my part, I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.
Beat. O, on my ſoul, my couſin is bely'd.
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?
Beat. No, truly, not; altho' until laſt night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, That is ſtrong made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the two Princes lie? and *Claudio* lie?
Who lov'd her ſo, that, ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.
Friar. Hear me a little,
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,
And given way unto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe Princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervations,
Which with experimental ſeal do warrant
The tenour of my book; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lie not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.
Leon. Friar, it cannot be;
Thou ſeeſt, that all the grace, that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That, which appears in proper nakedneſs?

Fri

r. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of ?
. They know, that do accuſe me; I know none:
ow more of any man alive,
hat which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
my ſins lack mercy! O my father,
you that any man with me convers'd
irs unmeet, or that I yeſternight
ain'd the change of words with any creature,
me, hate me, torture me to death.
r. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the Princes.
. Two of them have the very bent of honour [9],
their wiſdoms be miſ-led in this,
ractice of it lives in *John* the baſtard,
: ſprits toil in frame of villanies.
t. I know not: if they ſpeak but truth of her,
hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
roudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
hath not yet ſo dry'd this blood of mine,
ge ſo eat up my invention,
ortune made ſuch havock of my means,

ir. *Lady, what man is he are accus'd of?*] The d juſt before boaſted his ill in fiſhing out the truth. ieed, he appears, by this , to be no fool. He was the while at the accuſa- nd heard no names men- Why then ſhould he what man ſhe was ac- of? But in this lay the of his examination. For *ero* been guilty, it was obable that, in that hurry nfuſion of ſpirits, into the terrible inſult of her ad thrown her, ſhe would have obſerved that the ame was not mentioned; on this queſtion, have betrayed herſelf by naming the perſon ſhe was conſcious of an affair with. The friar obſerved this, and ſo concluded, that were ſhe guilty ſhe would probably fall into the trap he laid for her. —— I only take notice of this to ſhew how admirably well *Shakeſpeare* knew how to ſuſtain his characters. WARBURTON.

[9] —— *bent of honour,*] *Bent* is uſed by our author for the utmoſt degree of any paſſion or mental quality. In this play before, *Benedick* ſays of *Beatrice*, *her affection has its full bent.* The expreſſion is derived from archery; the bow has its *bent* when it is drawn as far as it can be.

Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find awak'd, in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.
Friar. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the Princes left for dead[1];
Let her awhile be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead, indeed:
Maintain a mourning[2] oſtentation,
And on your family's old Monument
Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
Leon. What ſhall become of this? what will this do?
Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, ſhall on her behalf
Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
But not for that dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travail look for greater birth:
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: for it ſo falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours; ſo will it fare with *Claudio:*

[1] In former copies,
Your Daughter here the Princeſs *(left for dead;)* But how comes *Hero* to ſtart up a *Princeſs* here? We have no Intimation of her Father being a Prince; and this is the firſt and only Time that She is complimented with this Dignity. The Remotion of a ſingle Letter, and of the *Parenthesis*, will bring her to her own Rank, and the Place to its true Meaning.
Your Daughter here the Princes *left for dead;*
i. e. *Don Pedro*, Prince of *Arragon*; and his Baſtard Brother who is likewiſe called a Prince.
THEOBALD.

[2] —— *oſtentation,*] Show; appearance.

When

ıe ſhall hear ſhe dy'd upon his words,
a of her Life ſhall ſweetly creep
ſtudy of imagination,
ery lovely organ of her life
me apparel'd in more precious habit;
oving, delicate, and full of life,
eye and proſpect of his ſoul.
hen ſhe liv'd indeed. Then ſhall he mourn,
ove had intereſt in his liver,
h, he had not ſo accuſed her;
ıugh he thought his accuſation true:
be ſo, and doubt not, but ſucceſs
hion the event in better ſhape
:an lay it down in likelihood.
I Aim but this be levell'd falſe,
poſition of the lady's death
ench the wonder of her infamy.
it ſort not well, you may conceal her,
befits her wounded reputation,
:cluſive and religious life,
ll eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Signior *Leonato*, let the friar adviſe you:
ugh you know, my inwardneſs and love
nuch unto the Prince and *Claudio*,
mine honour, I will deal in this
:ly and juſtly as your ſoul
vith your body.
Being that I flow in grief,
lleſt twine may lead me [3].
'Tis well conſented, preſently away;
:ange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.

[3] *lleſt twine may lead me*] This is one of ſ obſervations upon over-powered with erly liſten to the firſt lief, cloſe with every ſcheme, and believe every promiſe. He that has no longer any confidence in himſelf, is glad to repoſe his truſt in any other that will undertake to guide him-

Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience and endure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III[*].

Manent Benedick *and* Beatrice.

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You have no reaſon, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe, your fair couſin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A very even way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world ſo well as you; is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not; it were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loved nothing ſo well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I con-

[*] SCENE III.] The poet, in my opinion, has ſhewn a great deal of addreſs in this ſcene. *Beatrice* here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her couſin *Hero*: And without this very natural incident, conſidering the character of *Beatrice*, and that the ſtory of her Paſſion for *Benedick* was all a fable, ſhe could never have been eaſily or naturally brought to confeſs ſhe loved him, notwithſtanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, on this confeſſion, in this very place, depended the whole ſucceſs of the plot upon her and *Benedick*. For had ſhe not owned her love here, they muſt have ſoon found out the trick, and then the deſign of bringing them together had been defeated; and ſhe would never have owned a paſſion ſhe had been only tricked into, had not her deſire of revenging her couſin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once. WARBURTON.

feſs nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am ſorrry for my couſin.

Bene. By my ſword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'ſt me.

Beat. Do not ſwear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will ſwear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that ſays, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſauce that can be devis'd to it; I proteſt, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, ſweet *Beatrice?*

Beat. You have ſtay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to proteſt, I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio.*

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewel.

Bene. Tarry, ſweet *Beatrice.*

Beat. I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,———

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman! O, that I were a man! what! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with publick accuſation, uncover'd ſlander, unmitigated rancour—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice.*

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay, but *Beatrice.*

Beat. Sweet *Hero!* ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone.

Bene. Beat———

Beat Princes and Counts! ſurely, a princely teſtimony, a goodly count-comfect, a ſweet gallant, ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! but manhood is melted into curteſies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lye, and ſwears it: I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good *Beatrice*; by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul, the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero?*

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought or a ſoul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd; I will challenge him, I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you; by this hand, *Claudio* ſhall render me a dear account; as you hear of me, ſo think of me; go comfort your couſin; I muſt ſay, ſhe is dead, and ſo farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Priſon.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, *the Town Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.*

To. Cl. IS our whole diſſembly appear'd?

Dogb. O, a ſtool and a cuſhion for the ſexton!

Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my Partner.

Dogb. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition) examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be ɛamin'd? let them come before maſter conſtable.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, let them come before me; what your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

To. Cl. Pray, write down, *Borachio.* Yours, Sirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is *'onrade.*

To. Cl. Write down, maſter gentleman *Conrade*; naſters, do you ſerve God?

Both. Yea, Sir, we hope[5].

To. Cl. Write down, that they hope they ſerve God: ınd write God firſt: for God defend, but God ſhould go before ſuch villains —Maſters, it is proved already hat you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly; how anſwer you 'or yourſelves?

Conr. Marry, Sir, we ſay, we are none.

To. Cl. A marvellous witty fellow, I aſſure you, but will go about with him. Come you hither, ſirrah, word in your ear, Sir; I ſay to you, it is thought you re both falſe knaves.

Bora. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

To. Cl. Well, ſtand aſide; 'fore God, they are both n a tale; have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton, Maſter town-clerk, you go not the way to

[5] Both. *Yea, Sir, we hope.* To. Cl. *Write down that they hope they ſerve God: and write God firſt; for God defend, but God ſhould go before ſuch Villains;* —] This ſhort Paſſage, which is truly humorous and in character, I have added from the old *Quarto.* Beſides, it ſupplies a Defect: for, without it, the *Town Clerk* aſks a Queſtion of the Priſoners, and goes on without ſtaying for any Anſwer to it. THEOBALD.

examine, you muſt call the watch that are their accuſers.

[6] *To. Cl.* Yea, marry, that's the defteſt way, let the Watch come forth; maſters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuſe theſe men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 *Watch.* This man ſaid, Sir, that Don *John* the Prince's brother was a villain.

To. Cl. Write down, Prince *John* a villain; why this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Bora. Maſter town-clerk———

To. Cl. Pray thee, fellow, Peace; I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had receiv'd a thouſand ducats of Don *John*, for accuſing the lady *Hero* wrongfully.

To. Cl. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Dogb. Yea, by th' maſs, that it is.

Sexton. What elſe, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that Count *Claudio* did mean, upon

[6] To. Cl. *Yea, marry, that's the* eaſieſt *Way, let the Watch come forth.*] This, *eaſieſt*, is a Sophiſtication of our modern Editors, who were at a Loſs to make out the corrupted Reading of the old Copies. The *Quarto*, in 1600, and the firſt and ſecond Editions in *Folio* all concur in reading;

Yea, marry, that's the efteſt *way*, &c.

A Letter happen'd to ſlip out at Preſs in the firſt Edition; and 'twas too hard a Taſk for the ſubſequent Editors to put it in, or gueſs at the word under this accidental Depravation. There is no doubt, but the Author wrote as I have reſtor'd the Text;

Yea, marry, that's the defte *way*, &c.

i. e. the *readieſt*, moſt *commodious* Way. The word is pure *Saxon*. Deaplice, *debite, congrue*duely, fitly. Geþæplice, *opportune, commode*, fitly, conveniently, ſeaſonably, in good time, commodiouſly

Vid. Spelman's *Saxon*. Gloſſ.

THEOBALD.

his

his words, to diſgrace *Hero* before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, maſters, than you can deny. Prince *John* is this morning ſecretly ſtoll'n away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this ſuddenly dy'd. Maſter Conſtable, let theſe men be bound and brought to *Leonato*; I will go before, and ſhew him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come let them be opinion'd.

Sexton. Let them be in hand[7].

Conr.

[7] Sexton. *Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb.*] So the Editions. Mr. *Theobald* gives the words to *Conrade*, and ſays, *But why the Sexton ſhould be ſo pert upon his Brother Officers, there ſeems no reaſon from any ſuperior qualifications in him; or any ſuſpicion he ſhews of knowing their ignorance.* This is ſtrange. The Sexton throughout ſhews as good ſenſe in their Examination as any Judge upon the bench could do. And as to *his ſuſpicion of their ignorance*, he tells the Town-clerk *That he goes not the way to examine.* The meanneſs of his name hindered our Editor from ſeeing the Goodneſs of his Senſe. But this *Sexton* was an Eccleſiaſtic of one of the inferior Orders called the *Sacriſtan*, and not a *Brother Officer*, as the Editor calls him. I ſuppoſe the book from whence the Poet took his ſubject was ſome old *Engliſh* novel tranſlated from the *Italian*, where the word *Sagriſtano* was rendered *Sexton*. As in *Fairfax's Godfrey of Boulogne.*

When Phœbus *next unclos'd his wakeful eye,*
Up roſe the SEXTON *of that place prophane.*

The paſſage then in queſtion is to be read thus,

Sexton. *Let them be in hand.* [*Exit.*

Conr. *Off, Coxcomb!*

Dogberry would have them pinion'd. The *Sexton* ſays, it was ſufficient if they were kept in ſafe cuſtody, and then goes out. When one of the watchmen comes up to bind them. *Conrade* ſays, *Off, Coxcomb!* as he ſays afterwards to the Conſtable, *Away! you are an aſs.*—But the Editor adds, *The old Quarto gave me the firſt umbrage for placing it to* Conrade. What theſe words mean I don't know: But I ſuſpect the old Quarto divides the paſſage as I have done. WARB.

There

Conr. Off, *Coxcomb.*

Dogb. God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer *Coxcomb:* come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Conr. Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs———

Dogb Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? doſt thou not ſuſpect my years? O that he were here to write me down an aſs! but, maſters, remember, that I am an aſs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs; no, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be prov'd upon thee by good witneſs; I am a wiſe fellow, and which is more, an officer; and which is more, an houſholder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any in *Meſſina*, and one that knows the law, go to, and a rich fellow enough; go to, and a fellow that hath had loſſes; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him; bring him away; O, that I had been writ down an aſs!——— [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

ANTONIO.

IF you go on thus, you will kill yourſelf;
And 'tis not wiſdom thus to ſecond grief
Againſt yourſelf.

Leon. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve; give not me counſel,
Nor let no Comforter delight mine ear,

There is nothing in the old quarto different in this ſcene from the common copies, except that the names of two actors, *Kempe* and *Cooley*, are placed at the beginning of the ſpeeches, inſtead of the proper words.

But

But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain:
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape and form.
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard[s],
And, Sorrow wag! cry; hem, when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief

[s] *If such a one will smile, and stroke his Beard,*
And hallow, wag, *cry hem, when he should groan,*] Mr. *Rowe* is the first Authority that I can find for this Reading. But what is the Intention, or how are we to expound it? "If a Man will "*hallow*, and *whoop*, and *fidget*, "and *wriggle about*, to shew a "Pleasure when He should "groan," &c. This does not give much *Decorum* to the Sentiment. The old *Quarto*, and the 1st and 2d *Folio* Editions all read,

And sorrow, waggs; *cry! hem*, &c.

We don't, indeed, get much by this Reading; tho', I flatter myself, by a slight Alteration, it has led me to the true one,

And Sorrow wage; *cry, hem! when he should groan*;

i. e. If such a one will *combat with, strive against* Sorrow, &c. Nor is this Word infrequent with our Author in these Significations. THEOBALD.

Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, and after him Dr. *Warburton*, for *wag*, read *waive*, which is, I suppose, the same as, *put aside*, or *shift off*. None of these conjectures satisfy me, nor perhaps any other reader. I cannot but think the true reading nearer than it is imagined. I point thus,

If such an one will smile, and stroke his beard,
And, so sorrow *wag! cry; hem, when he should groan*;

That is, *If he will smile, and cry*, sorrow, be gone, *and hem instead of groaning*. The order in which *and* and *cry* are placed is harsh, and this harshness made the sense mistaken. Range the words in the common order, and my reading will be free from all difficulty.

If such an one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Cry, sorrow, wag! and hem when he should groan.

Which

Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all mens office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe, that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf; therefore give me no counſel;
My griefs cry louder than advertiſement [9].

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be fleſh and blood;
For there was never yet philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the ſtyle of Gods [1],
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance [2].

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourſelf:
Make thoſe, that do offend you, ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon; nay, I will do ſo.
My ſoul doth tell me, *Hero* is bely'd;
And that ſhall *Claudio* know, ſo ſhall the Prince;
And all of them, that thus diſhonour her.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, *and* Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* haſtily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

[9] ——— *than advertiſement.*] That is, than *admonition*, than *moral inſtruction.*

[1] *However they have writ* the ſtyle of Gods.] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wiſe men. Sapiens *ille cum* Diis, *ex pari, vivit.* Senec. Epiſt. lix. Jupiter *quo antecedit virum bonum? diutius bonus eſt.* Sapiens *nihilo ſo minoris æſtimat.* -- Deus *non vincit* Sapientem *felicitate.* Ep. lxxiii. WARBURTON.

[2] *And made a piſh at* chance and ſufferance.] Alludes to their famous *Apathy.* WARBURTON.

Claud.

Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords ?
Pedro. We have ſome haſte, *Leonato.*
Leon. Some haſte, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord.
re you ſo haſty now ? well, all is one.
Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarrelling,
ome of us would lye low.
Claud. Who wrongs him ?
Leon. Marry, thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou !
ay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear ;
faith, my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me ;
ſpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
s, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know, *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by ;
And, with grey hairs, and bruiſe of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man ;
ſay, thou haſt bely'd mine innocent child,
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lyes bury'd with her anceſtors,
, in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
ave this of hers, fram'd by thy villany !
Claud. My villany ?
Leon. Thine, *Claudio* ; thine, I ſay.
Pedro. You ſay not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
'll prove it on his body, if he dare ;
Deſpight his nice fence and his active practice,
His *May* of youth, and bloom of luſtyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. [3] Canſt thou ſo daffe me? thou haſt kill'd my child;

If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.

Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt;
Win me and wear me, let him anſwer me;
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother, ———

Ant. Content yourſelf; God knows, I lov'd my Niece;
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well anſwer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkſops!

Leon. Brother *Anthony* ———

Ant. I hold you content; what, man? I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple,
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion monging boys,

[3] *Canſt Thou ſo* daffe *me?* —] This is a Country Word, Mr. *Pope* tells us, ſignifying, *daunt*. It may be ſo; but that is not the Expoſition here: To *daffe*, and *daff* are ſynonymous Terms, that mean, *to put off*: which is the very Senſe requir'd here, and what *Leonato* would rep'y, upon *Claudio's* ſaying, He would have nothing to do with him.

THEOBALD.

[4] Ant. *He ſhall kill two of us,* &c.] This *Brother Anthony* is the trueſt picture imaginable of human nature. He had aſſumed the Character of a Sage to comfort his Brother, o'erwhelm'd with grief for his daughter's affront and diſho and had ſeverely reproved for not commanding his p letter on ſo trying an occ Yet, immediately after thi ſooner does he begin to ſ that his *Age* and *Valou* ſlighted, but he falls in moſt intemperate fit of rage ſelf: and all his Brother c or ſay is not of power to him. This is copying with a penetration and exa of judgment peculiar to *ſpeare*. As to the expreſſion of his paſſion, nothing c more highly painted. W

and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
ly and ſhow an outward hideouſneſs,
k off half a dozen dangerous words,
/ might hurt their enemies, if they durſt;
is all.
But, brother *Anthony*,———
ome, 'tis no matter:
ou meddle, let me deal in this.
Gentlemen both, we will not [5] wake your patience.
is ſorry for your daughter's death;
ny Honour, ſhe was charg'd with nothing
was true, and very full of proof.
My lord, my lord———
I will not hear you.
No! come, brother, away, I will be heard.
nd ſhall, or ſome of us will ſmart for it.
Ex. ambo.

SCENE III.

Enter Benedick.

See, ſee, here com's the man we went to ſeek.
Now Signior, what news?
Good day, my lord.

will not WAKE *your e.*] This conveys a it the ſpeaker would have implied, That of the two Old men erciſed, but aſleep, aids them for inſen- r their wrong. *Shak-* ave wrote —— *We* TACK, *i.e.* deſtroy e by tantalizing you. WARBURTON. ndation is very ſpe-cious, and perhaps is right; yet the preſent reading may admit a congruous meaning with leſs difficulty than many other of *Shakeſpeare's* expreſſions.

The old men have been both very angry and outrageous; the Prince tells them that he and *Claudio will not* wake *their patience*: will not any longer force them to *endure* the preſence of thoſe whom, though they look on them as enemies, they cannot reſiſt. *Pedro.*

Pedro. Welcome, Signior; you are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother; what think'ſt thou? had we fought, I doubt, we ſhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour: I came to ſeek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to ſeek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my ſcabbard; ſhall I draw it?

Pedro. Doſt thou wear thy wit by thy ſide?

Claud. Never any did ſo, though very many have been beſide their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels; draw, to pleaſure us.

Pedro. As I am an honeſt man, he looks pale: art thou ſick or angry?

Claud. What? courage, man: what tho' care kill'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it againſt me—I pray you, chuſe another ſubject.

Claud. Nay then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was broke croſs [6].

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think, he be angry, indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle [7].

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain; I jeſt not. I will make it

[6] *Nay, then, give him another ſtaff*; &c.] Alluſion to *Tilting*. See note, *As you like it*. Act 3. Scene 10. WARBURTON.

[7] ——— *to turn his girdle.*] We have a proverbial ſpeech, *If he be angry, let him turn his girdle*. But I do not know its original or meaning.

good

how you dare, with what you dare, and when are. Do me right, or I will proteſt your cow-

You have kill'd a ſweet lady, and her death all heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

ud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good

ro. What, a feaſt?

ud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a -head and a capon, the which if I do not carve uriouſly, ſay, my knife's naught. Shall I not woodcock too?

e. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes eaſily.

ro. I'll tell thee, how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the day: I ſaid, thou hadſt a fine wit; right, ſays fine little one; no, ſaid I, a great wit; juſt, ie, a great groſs one; nay, ſaid I, a good wit; aid ſhe, it hurts no body; nay, ſaid I, the gen- is wiſe; certain, ſaid ſhe, a [s] wiſe gentleman; aid I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, ſaid or he ſwore a thing to me on *Monday* night, he forſwore on *Tueſday* morning; there's a e tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did ſhe ır together tranſ-ſhape thy particular virtues; t laſt, ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the reſt man in *Italy*.

ud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid, r'd not.

ro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet for all that, and did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him ; the old man's daughter told us all.

ud. All, all; and moreover, *God ſaw him when t bid in the garden.*

[s] —— *a wiſe gentleman*;] ſt depending on the col- uſe of words is now ob- perhaps we ſhould read, *gentle man*, or *a man wiſe enough to be coward*. Perhaps *wiſe gentleman* was in that age uſed ironically, and always ſtood for *filly fellow*.

Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage bull's horns on the ſenſible *Benedick's* head.

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells *Benedick* the married man?

Bene. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour; you break jeſts as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. My lord, for your many courteſies I thank you; I muſt diſcontinue your company; your brother, the baſtard, is fled from *Meſſina*; you have among you kill'd a ſweet and innocent lady. For my lord lack-beard there, he and I ſhall meet; and 'till then, peace be with him! [*Exit* Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earneſt.

Claud. In moſt profound earneſt, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of *Beatrice.*

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Moſt ſincerely.

Pedro. [9] What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit!

SCENE IV.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade *and* Borachio *guarded.*

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to ſuch a man.

Pedro. But, ſoft you, let me ſee, pluck up my heart and be ſad; did he not ſay my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, Sir; if juſtice cannot tame you

[9] *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit!*] It was eſteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, *to go in the doublet and hoſe, and leave off the cloak,* to which this well turn'd *expreſſion* alludes. The *thought* is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and expoſes him as naked as being in the doublet and hoſe without a cloak. WARBURTON.

ſhe

he ſhall ne'er weigh more reaſons in her balance; nay, in you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd o.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound? *Borachio*, one?

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have theſe men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed falſe report; moreover, they have ſpoken untruths; ſecondarily, they are ſlanders; ſixth and laſtly, they have ely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjuſt hings; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. Firſt, I aſk thee what they have done; thirdly, I aſk thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reaſon'd, and in his own diviſion; and by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuited [1].

Pedro. Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? This learned conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine anſwer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don *John* your brother incens'd me to ſlander the lady *Hero*; how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Hero's* garments; how you diſgrac'd her, when you ſhould marry her; my villany they have upon record, which I had rather ſeal with my death, than repeat over to my ſhame; the lady is dead upon mine

[1] ——— *one meaning well ſuited.*] That is, *one meaning is put into many different dreſſes*; the Prince having aſked the ſame queſtion in four modes of ſpeech.

and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon, while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery; And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet *Hero!* now thy image doth appear In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time, our Sexton hath reform'd Signior *Leonato* of the matter; and, maſters, do not forget to ſpecify, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes maſter Signior *Leonato*, and the Sexton too.

SCENE V.

Enter Leonato *and Sexton.*

Leon. Which is the villain? let me ſee his eyes; That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him; which of theſe is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the ſlave, that with thy breath Haſt kill'd mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo, villain; thou bely'ſt thyſelf; Here ſtand a pair of honourable men, A third is fled, that had a hand in it: I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death; Record it with your high and worthy deeds; 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,

Yet

Yet I muſt ſpeak: chuſe your revenge yourſelf;
Impoſe me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my ſin; yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Pedro. By my ſoul, nor I;
And yet, to ſatisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight,
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again,
That were impoſſible; but, I pray you both,
Poſſeſs the People in *Meſſina* here
How innocent ſhe dy'd; and if your love
Can labour aught in ſad invention,
Hang her an Epitaph upon her tomb,
And ſing it to her bones: Sing it to-night;
To-morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in-law,
Be yet my nephew; my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the Right you ſhould have given her Couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble Sir!
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer: and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor *Claudio.*

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your Coming.
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret,*
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No. by my ſoul ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did, when ſhe ſpoke to me.
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs: I beſeech you, let it be remembred in his

puniſhment; and alſo the watch heard them talk of one *Deformed:* they ſay, he wears [a] a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath us'd ſo long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's ſake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Dogb. Your Worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and reverend youth; and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God ſave the foundation?

Leon. Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner; and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your Worſhip, which, I beſeech your Worſhip to correct yourſelf, for the example of others. God keep your Worſhip; I wiſh your Worſhip well: God reſtore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wiſh'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, Lords, farewel.

Ant. Farewel, my Lords; we look for you to-morrow.

[a] —— *he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it: and borrows money in God's name,*] There could not be a pleaſanter ridicule on the faſhion, than the conſtable's deſcant on his own blunder. They heard the conſpirators ſatyrize the *faſhion*; whom they took to be a man, ſurnamed, *Deformed.* This the conſtable applies with exquiſite humour to the courtiers, in a deſcription of one of the moſt fantaſtical faſhions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *Love-lock.* Againſt this faſhion *William Prinn* wrote his treatiſe, called, *The unlovelyneſs of Love-locks.* To this fantaſtick mode *Fletcher* alludes in his *Cupid's Revenge* —— *This morning I brought him a new periwig with* a lock at it —— *and yonder's a fellow come has* bored a hole in his ear. And again in his *Woman-hater* —— *If I could endure an ear with a* hole *in it, or a platted* lock, *&c.*

WARBURTON.

Pedro

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with *Hero.*

Leon. Bring you theſe fellows on, we'll talk with *Margaret*,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Benedick, *and* Margaret.

Bene. PRAY thee, ſweet Miſtreſs *Margaret*, deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of *Beatrice.*

Marg. Will you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beauty?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtyle, *Margaret*, that no man living ſhall come over it; for, in moſt comely truth, thou deſerveſt it.

Marg. [1] To have no Man come over me? why, ſhall I always keep below ſtairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit, *Margaret*, it will not hurt

[1] *To have no Man come over me? why, ſhall I always keep below Stairs?*] Thus all the printed Copies, but ſure, erroneouſly: for all the Jeſt, that can lie in the Paſſage, is deſtroy'd by it. Any Man might come *over* her, literally ſpeaking, if ſhe always kept *below* Stairs. By the Correction I have ventur'd to make, *Margaret*, as I preſume, muſt mean, What! ſhall I always keep *above* Stairs? i. e. Shall I for ever continue a *Chambermaid?* THEOBALD.

I ſuppoſe, every reader will find the meaning of the old copies.

a woman; and ſo, I pray thee, call *Beatrice*; I give thee the bucklers [4].

Marg. Give us the ſwords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you uſe them, *Margaret*, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Sings.*] *The God of love, that ſits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deſerve,* ——— I mean, in ſinging; but in loving, *Leander* the good ſwimmer, *Troilus* the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe *quondam* carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe; why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor ſelf, in love; marry, I cannot ſhew it in rhime; I have try'd; I can find out no rhime to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent's rhime; for *ſcorn*, *born*, a hard rhime; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babling rhime; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in feſtival terms.

SCENE VII.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'ſt thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when thou bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but 'till then.

Beat. Then, is ſpoken; fare you well now; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is,

[4] ——— *I give thee the bucklers.*] I ſuppoſe that *to give the bucklers* is, *to yield*, or to *lay by all thoughts of defence*, ſo *clypeum abjicere*. The reſt deſerves no comment

with

with knowing what hath paſt between you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſt.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of its right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit; but, I muſt tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge; and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward; and I pray thee, now tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd ſo politick a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet; I do ſuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart, if you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confeſſion; there's not one wiſe man among twenty that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance, *Beatrice*, that liv'd [5] in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. [6] Queſtion?—why, an hour in clamour, and a quar-

[5] *in the time of good neighbours;*] *i. e.* When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. The reply is extremely humourous. WARBURTON.

[6] Queſtion? *why an hour,* &c.] *i. e.* What a queſtion's there,

a quarter in rhewm; therefore it is moſt expedient for the wiſe, if Don worm (his conſcience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myſelf; ſo much for praiſing myſelf; who, I myſelf will bear witneſs, is praiſe-worthy; and now tell me, how doth your Couſin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Enter Urſula.

Urſ. Madam, you muſt come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home; it is proved, my lady *Hero* hath been falſely accus'd; the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd; and Don *John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come preſently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy heart; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to a CHURCH.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, *and Attendants with Tapers.*

Claud. IS this the monument of *Leonato?*

Atten. It is, my lord.

there, or what a fooliſh queſtion do you aſk. But the *Oxford Editor*; not underſtanding this phraſe, contracted into a ſingle word, (of which we have many inſtances in *Engliſh*) has fairly ſtruck it out. WARBURTON.

EPI-

EPITAPH.

Done to death by ſlanderous tongues
Was the Hero, *that here lies:*
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that dy'd with ſhame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praiſing her when I am dumb.

Claud. Now muſick ſound, and ſing your ſolemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddeſs of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight[7];
For the which, with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight aſſiſt our moan;
Help us to ſigh and groan
Heavily, heavily;
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
'Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this Rite.
Pedro. Good morrow, maſters, put your torches out;
The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of *Phœbus*, round about
Dapples the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey:

[7] *Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin Knight.*] *Knight*, in its original ſignification, means *Follower* or *Pupil*, and in this ſenſe may be feminine. *Helena*, in *All's well, that ends well*, uſes *knight* in the ſame ſignification.

Thanks

Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, maſters; each his ſeveral way.

Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to *Leonato's* we will go.

Claud. And *Hymen* now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's[8],
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Urſula, Antonio, Friar, *and* Hero.

Friar. DID I not tell you, ſhe was innocent?

Leon. So are the Prince and *Claudio*, who accus'd her.
Upon the error that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will, as it appears,
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.

Ant. Well; I am glad, that all things ſort ſo well.

Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, Daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourſelves,
And when I ſend for you, come hither maſk'd:
The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour
To viſit me; you know your office, brother,

[8] *And* Hymen *now with luckier Iſſue* ſpeeds,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this Woe.] *Claudio* could not know, without being a Prophet, that this new propos'd Match ſhould have any luckier Event than That deſign'd with *Hero*. Certainly, therefore, this ſhould be a Wiſh in *Claudio*; and, to this end, the Poet might have wrote, *ſpeed's*; i. e. *ſpeed us*: and ſo it becomes a Prayer to *Hymen*. THIRLBY.

You

ıu muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
ıd give yer to young *Claudio.* [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I muſt intreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, Signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them:
ɜnior *Leonato*, truth it is, good Signior,
ɔur niece regards me with me an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis moſt true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The ſight whereof, I think, you had from me.
·om *Claudio* and the Prince; but what's your will?
Bene. Your anſwer, Sir, is enigmatical;
ıt for my will, my will is, your good will
ay ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
th' ſtate of honourable marriage;
which, good Friar, I ſhall deſire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.

SCENE X.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio, *with Attendants.*

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair aſſembly.
Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, *Claudio*;
'e here attend you; are you yet determin'd
o day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were ſhe an *Ethiope.*
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready. [*Exit* Antonio.
Pedro. Good morrow, *Benedick*; why, what's the matter,
hat you have ſuch a *February* face,
› full of froſt, of ſtorm and cloudineſs?
Claud. I think, he thinks upon the ſavage bull:
'uſh, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,

And

And ſo all *Europe* ſhall rejoice at thee;
As once *Europa* did at luſty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beaſt in love.
Bene. Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your father's cow;
And got a calf, in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you; for you have juſt his bleat.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antonio, *with* Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, *and* Urſula, *maſk'd.*

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other reck-'nings.
Which is the lady I muſt ſeize upon?
Ant. This ſame is ſhe, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then ſhe's mine; Sweet, let me ſee your face.
Leon. No, that you ſhall not, 'till you take her hand
Before this Friar, and ſwear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy Friar,
I am your huſband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife.
[*Unmaſking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other huſband.
Claud. Another *Hero?*
Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* dy'd defil'd, but I do live;
And, ſurely, as I live, I am a maid.
Pedro. The former *Hero! Hero*, that is dead!
Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her ſlander liv'd.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify.
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell thee largely of fair *Hero's* death:
Mean time let wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the chapel let us preſently.

Bene.

Bene. Soft and fair, Friar. Which is *Beatrice?*

Beat. I anſwer to that name; what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reaſon.

Bene. Why, then your Uncle, and the Prince, and *Claudio*, have been deceiv'd; they ſwore, you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reaſon.

Beat. Why, then my Couſin, *Margaret* and *Urſula*, Have been deceiv'd; for they did ſwear you did.

Bene. They ſwore you were almoſt ſick for me.

Beat. They ſwore, you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter; then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, Couſin, I am ſure, you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be ſworn upon't, that he loves her; For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his own pure brain,
Faſhion'd to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my Couſin's hand, ſtolen from her pocket, Containing her affection unto *Benedick*.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands againſt our hearts; come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. [9] I would not deny you; but, by this good

[9] *I would* not *deny you*, &c.] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *is not this mock-reaſoning? She would not deny him, but that ſhe yields upon great perſuaſion. In changing the Negative, I make no doubt but I have retriev'd the poet's humour:* and ſo change *not* into *yet*. But is not this a *Mock Critick?* who could not ſee that the plain obvious ſenſe of the common reading was this, I cannot find in my heart to deny you; but, for all that, I yield, after having ſtood out great perſuaſions to ſubmiſſion. He had ſaid, *I take thee for pity*, ſhe replies, *I would not deny* thee. *i. e.* I take thee for pity too: but as I live, I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. Mr. *Theobald* by altering *not* to *yet* makes it ſuppoſed, that *he* had been importunate, and that *ſhe* had often denied; which was not the caſe.

WARBURTON.

ince, thou art ſad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife;
:re is no ſtaff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, your brother *John* is ta'en in flight,
id brought with armed men back to *Meſſina*.
Bene, Think not on him 'till to-morrow: I'll deviſe
:e brave puniſhments for him. Strike up, Pipers,
[*Dance.*
[*Exeunt omnes.*

L L's W E L L,

THAT

N D S W E L L.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles, *a paraſitical follower of* Bertram; *a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.*
Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*
Steward, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.
Clown, }

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *mother to* Bertram.
Helena, *daughter to* Gerard de Narbon, *a famous phyſician, ſome time ſince dead.*
An old Widow of Florence.
Diana, *daughter to the widow.*
Violenta, } *Neighbours, and friends to the widow.*
Mariana, }

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE *lies partly in* France, *and partly in* Tuſcany.

* The Perſons were firſt enumerated by *Rowe.*

The firſt Edition of this Play is in the Folio of 1623.

ALL's

ALL'S WELL, that ENDS WELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Counteſs of Rouſillon's *Houſe in* France.

Enter Bertram, *the Counteſs of* Rouſillon, Helena, *and* Lafeu, *all in black.*

COUNTESS.

IN delivering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond huſband.

Ber. And I in going, Madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I muſt attend his Majeſty's command, to whom I am now [2] in ward, evermore in ſubjection.

[1] *In* DELIVERING *my ſon* from me——] To *deliver from*, in the ſenſe of *giving up*, is not *Engliſh*. *Shakeſpeare* wrote, *in* DISSEVERING *my ſon from me* — The following Words, too, —— *I bury a ſecond huſband* —— demand this, reading. For to *diſſever* implies a violent divorce; and therefore might be compared to the *burying a huſband*; which *delivering* does not. WARB.

Of this change I ſee no need: the preſent reading is clear, and, perhaps, as proper as that which the great commentator would ſubſtitute; for the King *diſſevers* her ſon from her, ſhe only *delivers* him.

[2] *In ward.*] Under his particular care, as my guardian 'till I come to age. It is now almoſt forgotten in *England* that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. Whether the ſame practice prevailed in *France*, it is of no great uſe to enquire, for *Shakeſpeare* gives to all nations the manners of *England*.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a huſband, Madam; you, Sir, a father. He, that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you [3]; whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than ſlack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his phyſicians, Madam, under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Count. [4] This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a paſſage 'tis!) whoſe ſkill was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, it would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for

[3] *whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than* lack *it where there is ſuch abundance.*] An Oppoſition of Terms is viſibly deſign'd in this ſentence; tho' the Oppoſition is not ſo viſible, as the Terms now ſtand. *Wanted* and *Abundance* are the Oppoſites to one another; but how is *lack* a Contraſt to *ſtir up?* The Addition of a ſingle Letter gives it, and the very Senſe requires it. Read *ſlack it.* WARBURTON.

[4] *This young gentlewoman* had *a father (O, that* had! *how ſad a* PASSAGE *'tis!*] *Laſeu* was ſpeaking of the King's deſperate Condition: which makes the Counteſs recall to mind the deceaſed *Gerard de Narbon*, who, ſhe thinks, could have cured him. But in uſing the word *bad*, which implied his death, ſhe ſtops in the middle of her ſentence, and makes a reflection upon it, which, according to the preſent reading, is unintelligible. We muſt therefore believe *Shakeſpeare* wrote (*O that* had! how ſad a PASSAGE 'tis!) *i. e.* a *Preſage* that the King muſt now expect no cure, ſince ſo ſkilful a Perſon was himſelf forced to ſubmit to a malignant diſtemper. WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious, perhaps preferable to the preſent reading; yet, ſince *paſſage* may be fairly enough explained, I have left it in the text. *Paſſage* is *any thing that paſſes*; ſo we now ſay, a *paſſage* of an *author*, and we ſaid about a century ago, the *paſſages* of a *reign*. When the *Counteſs* mentions *Helena's* loſs of a father, ſhe recollects her own loſs of a huſband, and ſtops to obſerve how heavily that word *bad* paſſes through her mind.

the

ng's ſake, he were living! I think, it would be
ath of the King's diſeaſe.
. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, Ma-

t. He was famous, Sir, in his profeſſion, and
his great right to do ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*
. He was excellent, indeed, Madam; the King
utely ſpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly:
ſkilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge
have been ſet up againſt mortality.
. What is it, my good lord, the King languiſhes

. A fiſtula, my lord.
I heard not of it before.
I would it were not notorious. Was this
woman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?*
t. His ſole child, my lord, and bequeathed to
erlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good,
r education promiſes her; diſpoſition ſhe inhe-
hich makes fair gifts fairer; for[5] where an un-
clean

re an unclean mind car-
ous qualities, there, com-
s go with pity; they are
nd Traitors too: in her
be better for THEIR *ſim-*
ſhe derives her honeſty,
eves her goodneſs.] This
encomium is made ſtill
ſcure by a ſlight corrup-
ne text. Let us explain
ge as it lies. By *virtu-*
ties are meant qualities
breeding and erudition;
ne ſenſe that the *Italians*
'ità virtuoſa; and not
s. On this account it
ys, that, in an *ill mind*
tuous qualities are virtues
ers too: i. e. the advan-
education enable an ill
mind to go further in wickedneſs
than it could have done without
them: But, ſays the Counteſs,
in her they are the better for THEIR
ſimpleneſs. But *ſimpleneſs* is the
ſame with what is called *honeſty*,
immediately after; which can-
not be predicated of the quali-
ties of education. We muſt cer-
tainly read

HER *ſimpleneſs*,

And then the ſentence is proper-
ly concluded. The Counteſs
had ſaid, that *virtuous qualities*
are the worſe for an *unclean mind*,
but concludes that *Helen's* are the
better for her ſimpleneſs, i. e. her
clean, pure mind. She then
ſums up the Character, ſhe had
before given in detail, in theſe
words,

clean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; [5] in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have it.

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. [6] If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Ber.

words, *ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs*, i. e. She derives her *honeſty*, her *ſimpleneſs*, her moral Character, from her Father and Anceſtors; But ſhe atchieves or wins her *goodneſs*, her *virtue*, or her qualities of good breeding and erudition, by her own pains and labour.

WARBURTON.

This is likewiſe a plauſible but unneceſſary alteration. *Her virtues are the better for their ſimpleneſs*, that is, her excellencies are the better becauſe they are artleſs and open, without fraud, without deſign. The learned commentator has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not ſhewn the full extent of *Shakeſpeare's* maſterly obſervation. *Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too.* Eſtimable and uſeful qualities, joined with evil diſpoſition, give that evil diſpoſition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the ſharpers of his time, obſerves, that ſome of them are men of ſuch elegance and knowledge, that *a young man who falls into their way is* betrayed *as much by his judgment as his paſſions.*

[6] *If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.*] This ſeems very obſcure; but the addition of a Negative perfectly diſpels all the miſt. *If the living be* not *enemy*, &c. exceſſive grief is an enemy to the living, ſays *Laſeu:* Yes, replies the Counteſs; and if the living be not enemy to the grief, [*i. e.* ſtrive to conquer it,] the exceſs

makes

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſt, *Bertram*, and ſucceed thy father
In manners as in ſhape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heav'n more will,
[7] That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewel, my Lord;
'Tis an unſeaſon'd courtier, good my Lord,
Adviſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt,
That ſhall attend his love.

Count. Heav'n bleſs him! Farewel, *Bertram*.
[*Exit Counteſs.*

Ber. [*To* Helena.] [8] The beſt wiſhes, that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be ſervants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty Lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* Bertram *and* Lafeu.

make it ſoon mortal.

WARBURTON.

This emendation I had once admitted into the text, but readmitted the old reading, becauſe I think it capable of an eaſy explication. *Laſeu* ſays, *exceſſive grief is the enemy of the living:* the *Counteſs* replies, *If the living be an enemy to grief, the exceſs ſoon makes it mortal:* that is, *if the living do not indulge grief, grief deſtroys itſelf by its own exceſs.* By the word *mortal* I underſtand *that which die*, and Dr. *Warburton*, *that which deſtroys.* I think that my interpretation gives a ſentence more acute and more refined. Let the reader judge.

[7] *That thee may furniſh.*] That may help thee with more and better qualifications.

[8] *The beſt wiſhes*, &c.] That is, may you be miſtreſs of your wiſhes, and have power to bring them to effect.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Hel. Oh, were that all!—I think not on my father;
[9] And theſe great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than thoſe I ſhed for him, What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in it, but my *Bertram's*.
I am undone! there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. It were all one,
That I ſhould love a bright partic'lar ſtar,
And think to wed it; he is ſo above me:
[1] In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf;
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and [2] trick of his ſweet favour!——
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones

[9] *Theſe great tears*] The tears which the *King* and *Counteſs* ſhed for him.

[1] *In his bright radiance*, &c.] I cannot be united with him and move in the ſame *ſphere*, but *muſt be comforted* at a diſtance by the *radiance* that ſhoots *on all ſides* from him.

[2] *Trick of his ſweet favour.*] So in King *John*; *he hath a trick of Cœur de Lion's face. Trick* ſeems to be ſome peculiarity of look or feature.

Look

bleak in the cold wind; full oft we ſee
l wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.

SCENE III.

. Save you, fair Queen.
. And you, Monarch.
. No,
. And, no.———
. Are you meditating on virginity?
. Ay: you have ſome ſtain of ſoldier in you; aſk you a queſtion. Man is enemy to virginity, ıay we barricado it againſt him?
. Keep him out.
. But he aſſails; and our virginity, tho' valiant, defence, yet is weak: unfold to us ſome war-ſiſtance.
. There is none: man, ſitting down before you, ıdermine you, and blow you up.
. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers and s up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins blow up men?
. Virginity being blown down, man will quick-blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, ıe breach yourſelves made, you loſe your city. ɔr politick in the commonwealth of nature, to 'e virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational in-; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity ſt loſt. That, you were made of, is metal to virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ıes found: by being ever kept, it is ever loſt; cold a companion: away with't.

l *wiſdom waiting on ſu-* *ı folly.*] *Cold* for naked; *.u.us* for over-cloath'd. kes the propriety of the .s. WARBURTON.

4 Stain *of ſoldier.*] *Stain* for colour. *Parolles* was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called *red-tail'd humble bee.* WARBURTON.

Hel.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mother; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. [5] He, that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf, and ſhould be buried in highways out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheeſe; conſumes itſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding its own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt prohibited ſin in the canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuſe but loſe by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make itſelf two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the principal itſelf not much the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee. [6] Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with

[5] *He, that hangs himſelf, is a Virgin:*] But why is he that hangs himſelf a Virgin? Surely, not for the reaſon that follows. *Virginity murders itſelf.* For tho' every Virgin be a Suicide, yet every Suicide is not a Virgin. A word or two are dropt, which introduced a compariſon in this place; and *Shakeſpeare* wrote it thus,

As *he, that hangs himſelf*, ſo *is a Virgin.*

And then it follows naturally, *Virginity murders itſelf.* By this emendation, the *Oxford Editor* was enabled to alter the text thus,

He that hangs himſelf is like a Virgin.

And this is his uſual way of becoming a Critick at a cheap expence. WARBURTON.

I believe moſt readers will ſpare both the emendations, which I do not think much worth a claim or a conteſt. The old reading is more ſpritely and equally juſt.

[6] *Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes*, &c.] *Parolles*, in anſwer to the queſtion, *how ere ſhall loſe virginity to her own liking*, plays upon the word *liking*, and ſays, *ſhe muſt do ill, for* virginity, to be ſo loſt, *muſt like him that likes not* virginity.

lying

lying. The longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion: richly ſuted, but unſutable; juſt like the brooch and the tooth-pike, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, [7] yes, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. [8] Not my virginity yet.
There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,
[9] A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,

[7] For *yet*, as it ſtood before, Sir *T. Hanmer* reads *yet.*

[8] *Not my virginity yet.*] This whole ſpeech is abrupt, unconnected and obſcure. Dr. *Warburton* thinks much of it ſuppoſititious. I would be too glad to think ſo of the whole, for a commentator naturally wiſhes to reject what he cannot underſtand. Something which ſhould connect *Helena's* words with thoſe of *Parolles*, ſeems to be wanting. *Hanmer* has made a fair attempt by reading.

Not my virginity yet—You're for the court,
There ſhall your maſter, &c.

Some ſuch clauſe has, I think, dropped out, but ſtill the firſt words want connection. Perhaps *Parolles*, going away after his harangue, ſaid, *will you any thing with me?* to which *Helen* may reply.—I know not what to do with the paſſage.

[9] *A Phœnix, Captain*, &c.] The eight lines following *friend*, I am perſuaded, is the nonſenſe of ſome fooliſh conceited player. What put it into his head was *Helen's* ſaying, as it ſhould be read for the future,

There ſhall your Maſter have a thouſand loves:
A Mother, *and a* Miſtreſs, *and a* Friend.
I know not, what he ſhall —— God ſend him well.

Where the Fellow finding a *thouſand* loves ſpoken of, and only *three* reckoned up, namely, a *Mother's*, a *Miſtreſs's*, and a *Friend's* (which, by the way, were all a judicious Writer could mention; for there are but theſe three ſpecies of love in Nature) he would help out the number, by the intermediate nonſenſe: and, becauſe they were yet too few, he pieces out his *loves* with *enmities*, and makes of the whole ſuch finiſhed noneſenſe as is never heard out of *Bedlam.*

WARBURTON.

A guide,

A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſovereign,
A counſellor, a * traitreſs, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his diſcord dulcet;
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendoms,
That blinking *Cupid* goſſips. Now ſhall he——
I know not, what he ſhall—God ſend him well!——
The court's a learning place——and he is one——

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well——'tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't;
Which might be felt; that We the poorer born;
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends:
† And ſhew what we alone muſt think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monſieur *Parolles*,
My lord calls for you. [*Exit Page.*

Par. Little *Helen*, farewel; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monſieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under *Mars*, I.

Hel. I eſpecially think, under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars?*

Hel. The wars have kept you ſo under, that you muſt needs be born under *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

* —— *a traitreſs*,] It ſeems that *traitreſs* was in that age a term of endearment, for when *Laſeu* introduces *Helena* to the king, he ſays *You look like a* traytor, *but ſuch* traytors *his majeſty does not much fear.*

† *And ſhew what we alone muſt think*] And *ſhew* by realities what we now *muſt only think.*

Hel.

Hel. You go ſo much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes ſafety: it the compoſition, that your valour and fear makes you, [a] is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the ear well.

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, as I cannot anſwer ee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the ich, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo ou wilt be capable of courtier's counſel, and under- ind what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou eſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance akes thee away; farewel. When thou haſt leiſure, y thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy iends; get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he es thee: ſo farewel. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heav'n. The fated ſky
ives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
ur ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high,

[a] *is a virtue of a good* WING, *if I like the* wear *well.*] The egrity of the metaphor di- ts us to *Shakeſpeare's* true read- g; which, doubtleſs, was—— *good* MIXG, *i. e.* mixture, *com- ſition*, a word common to *Shak- ar* and the writers of this age; d taken from the texture of ch. The *M.* was turn'd the ong way at preſs, and from ence came the blunder.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture I could wiſh to e better proved. This *common* ord *ming* I have never found. he firſt edition of this play ex- hibits *wing* without a capital: yet, I confeſs, that a *virtue of a good wing* is an expreſſion that I cannot underſtand, unleſs by a metaphor taken from falconry. it may mean, *a virtue that will fly high*, and in the ſtyle of *Hot- ſpur*, *Pluck honour from the moon.*

[b] *What power is it, that mounts my love ſo high,*
That make me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?] She means, by what influence is my love di- rected to a perſon ſo much above me? why am I made to diſcern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope?

That

That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?
* The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes; and kiſs, like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The King's diſeaſe—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

Exit.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Court of France.

Flouriſh Cornets. Enter the King of France, *with letters, and divers Attendants.*

King. THE *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

* *The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings*
To join like likes; and kiſs, like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been,———]

All theſe four lines are obſcure, and, I believe, corrupt. I ſhall propoſe an emendation, which thoſe who can explain the preſent reading, are at liberty to reject.

Through *mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings*
Likes to join likes, *and kiſs like native things.*

That is, *Nature* brings *like qualities* and diſpoſitions *to meet* through any *diſtance* that *fortune* may have ſet between them; ſhe *joins* them, and makes them *kiſs like things born together,*

The next lines I read with *Hanmer.*

Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe, and do ſuppoſe
What ha'nt *been, cannot be.*

New attempts ſeem impoſſible to thoſe, who eſtimate their *labour* or *enterpriſes* by ſenſe, and believe that nothing can be but what they ſee before them.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.
King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it,
certainty vouch'd from our couſin *Auſtria*;
ith caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
r ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
ejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
) have us make denial.
1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
)prov'd ſo to your Majeſty, may plead
ır ample credence.
King. He hath arm'd our anſwer;
ıd *Florence* is deny'd, before he comes:
:t, for our gentlemen that mean to ſee
ıe *Tuſcan* ſervice, freely have they leave
) ſtand on either part.
2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
)r breathing and exploit.
King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the count *Rouſillon*, my good Lord,
)ung *Bertram*.
King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face.
ank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
lath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
lay'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to *Paris*.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majeſty's.
King. I would, I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
ıs when thy father and myſelf in friendſhip
ırſt try'd our ſoldierſhip: he did look far
ıto the ſervice of the time, and was
)iſcipled of the brav'ſt. He laſted long;
ıut on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
ınd wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth

[5] He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords: but they may jeſt
Till their own ſcorn return to them; unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
[6] So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterneſs
Were in his pride or ſharpneſs, if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,

[5] *He had the wit, which I can well obſerve*
To day in our young Lords: but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them; unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.] *i. e.* Ere their titles can cover the levity of their behaviour, and make it paſs for deſert. The *Oxford* Editor, not underſtanding this, alters the line to

Ere they can eye their levity with his honour.

WARBURTON.

I believe *honour* is not *dignity of birth or rank*, but *acquired reputation: Your father*, ſays the King, *had the ſame airy flights of ſatirical wit with the young lords of the preſent time, but they do not what he did*, hide their unnoted *levity* in honour, *cover petty faults with great merit.*

This is an excellent obſervation. Jocoſe follies, and ſlight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities.

[6] *So like a Courtier, no Contempt or Bitterneſs*
Were in his *Pride or Sharpneſs*; *if* they *were*,
His Equal had awak'd them.—] This paſſage is ſo very incorrectly pointed, that the Author's Meaning is loſt. As the Text and Stops are reform'd, theſe are moſt beautiful Lines, and the Senſe is this—"He had no "*Contempt* or *Bitterneſs*; if he "had any thing that look'd "like *Pride* or *Sharpneſs* (of "which Qualities Contempt and "Bitterneſs are the Exceſſes,) "his Equal had awak'd them, "not his Inferior: to whom he "ſcorn'd to diſcover any thing "that bore the Shadow of Pride "or Sharpneſs."

WARBURTON.

The original edition reads the firſt line thus,

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterneſs.

The ſenſe is the ſame. *Nor* was uſed without reduplication. So in *Meaſure for Meaſure*,

More nor *leſs to others paying,*
Than by ſelf-offences weighing.

The old text needs to be explained. He was ſo like a courtier, that there was in *his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous*, and *in his keenneſs of wit nothing bitter.* If *bitterneſs* or *contemptuouſneſs* ever *appeared*, they had been *awakened* by ſome injury, not of a man below him, but of his *Equal.* This is the complete image of a well-bred man, and ſomewhat like this *Voltaire* has exhibited his hero *Lewis* XIV.

to itſelf, knew the true minute when
tions bid him ſpeak; and at that time
ongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
is'd as creatures of another place,
ow'd his eminent top to their low ranks;
ing them proud of his humility,
r poor praiſe he humbled: Such a man
be a copy to theſe younger times;
, follow'd well, would now demonſtrate them
ers backward.
His good remembrance, Sir,
cher in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
approof lives not his epitaph,
your royal ſpeech.

tongue obeyed his *hand.*] ld read,
ngue obeyed the *hand.*
the *hand* of *his honour's* ewing *the true minute* eptions *had him ſpeak.*
s'd as creatures of ano- place.] *i. e.* He made es for their conduct, and n them what he would one of his own rank. ord Editor, not under- the ſenſe, has altered *lace*, to a *Brother-race.* WARBURTON.
ing them proud OF *his hu- ty,*
ir poor praiſe, he hum- '——] But why were nd of his Humility? It e read and pointed thus. *king them proud*; AND *Humility,*
ir poor praiſe, he hum-

condeſcending to ſtoop ſeriors, he exalted them le them *proud*; and, in the gracious receiving their *poor praiſe*, he *humbled* even his *humility*. The Sentiment is fine. WARBURTON.

Every man has ſeen the *mean* too often *proud of* the *humility* of the great, and perhaps the great may ſometimes be *humbled in the praiſes* of the mean, of thoſe who commend them without conviction or diſcernment: this, however, is not ſo common; the *mean* are found more frequently than the *great*.

[1] *So in approof lives not his Epitaph,*
As in your royal ſpeech.] *Epitaph* for character. WARB.
I ſhould wiſh to read,
Approof ſo lives not *in his* Epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.
Approof is *approbation.* If I ſhould allow Dr. *Warburton's* interpretation of *Epitaph*, which is more than can be reaſonably expected, I can yet find no ſenſe in the preſent reading.

King. Would, I were with him! he would always ſay,
Methinks, I hear him now; his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear—Let me not live, —
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out—let me not live (quoth he)
After my flame lacks oil; to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are
[2] Meer fathers of their garments; whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions: —— this he wiſh'd.
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You're loved, Sir;
They, that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.

King. I fill a place, I know't—How long is't, count,
Since the phyſician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix months ſince, my Lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;——the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications—nature and ſickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure—Welcome, count,
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majeſty. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

[2] —— *Whoſe judgments are Mere fathers of their garments.*] Who have no other uſe of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dreſs.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Counteſs's at Rouſillon.

Enter Counteſs, Steward and Clown [3]:

I Will now hear; what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

w. Madam, the care I have had to [4] even your nt, I wiſh might be found in the calendar of my ndeavours; for then we wound our modeſty, nake foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when rſelves we publiſh them.

nt. What does this knave here? get you gone, ; the complaints, I have heard of you, I do not lieve; 'tis my ſlowneſs that I do not, for, I , you [5] lack not folly to commit them, and ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.

Clo.

eward and Clown.] A in *Shakeſpeare* is common- n for a *licenſed jeſter*, or ick *fool*. We are not to that we find this charac- n in his plays, ſince fools at that time, maintained reat families, to keep up ient in the houſe. In the of Sir *Thomas More's* fa- y *Hans Holbein*, the only repreſented is *Patiſon* the This is a proof of the fa- ty to which they were ad- not by the great only, wiſe.

me plays, a ſervant, or of remarkable petulance edom of ſpeech, is like- lled a *Clown*.

even your content.] To to your deſires.

[5] *you lack not folly to* commit *them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries* YOURS; Well, but if he had folly to *commit* them, he neither wanted knavery, nor any thing elſe, ſure, to *make* them *his own*. This nonſenſe ſhould be read, *To make ſuch knaveries* YARE; nimble, dextrous, *i. e.* Tho' you be fool enough to commit knaveries, yet you have quickneſs enough to commit them dextrouſly: for this obſervation was to let us into his character. But now, tho' this be ſet right, and, I dare ſay, in *Shakeſpeare's* own words, yet the former part of the ſentence will ſtill be inaccurate—*you lack not folly to commit* THEM. Them, what? the ſenſe requires *knaveries*, but the ante-

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam, 'tis not ſo well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damn'd; but, if I have your ladyſhip's good will to go to the world, *Iſbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this caſe.

Count. In what caſe?

Clo. In *Iſbel's* caſe, and my own; ſervice is no heritage, and, I think, I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, till I have iſſue of my body; for they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me the reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it. I am driven on by the fleſh; and he muſt needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are; and; indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

cedent referr'd to, is *complaints*. But this was certainly a negligence of *Shakeſpeare's*, and therefore to be left as we find it. And the reader, who cannot ſee that this is an inaccuracy which the Author might well commit, and the other what he never could, has either read *Shakeſpeare* very little, or greatly miſpent his pains. The principal office of a critic is to diſtinguiſh between theſe two things. But 'tis that branch of criticiſm which no precepts can teach the w[illegible] diſcharge, or the reader [illegible] judge of. WARBURTON.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of; he, that eares my land, ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop; If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he, that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he, that cheriſheth my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he, that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyſam* the papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. [6] A prophet, I, Madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way;——

" For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true
" ſhall find;
" Your marriage comes by deſtiny, your cuckow
" ſings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

[6] *A prophet, I, Madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way.*] It is a ſuperſtition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have ſomething in them of divinity. On which account they were eſteemed ſacred: Travellers tell us in what eſteem the *Turks* now hold them; nor had they leſs honour paid them heretofore in *France*, as appears from the old word *Benêt*, for a *natural fool*. Hence it was that *Pantagruel*, in *Rablais*, adviſed *Panurge* to go and conſult the fool *Triboulet* as an oracle; which gives occaſion to a ſatirical Stroke upon the privy council of *Francis* the Firſt——*Par l'avis, conſeil*, prediction *des ſots vos ſcavez quants princes, &c. ont eſté conſervez*, &c.——The phraſe—*ſpeak the truth the next way*, means *directly*; as they do who are only the inſtruments or *canals* of others; ſuch as inſpired perſons were ſuppoſed to be. WARBURTON.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, Madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeak with her; *Helen* I mean.

Clo. [7] "Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe, [*Singing.*

"Why the *Grecians* ſacked *Troy?*
"Fond done, fond done;—for *Paris*, he,
"Was this King *Priam's* joy.
"With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
"And gave this ſentence then;
"Among nine bad if one be good,
"There's yet one good in ten [8].

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the ſong, Sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o' th' ſong: 'would, God would ſerve the world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the Parſon; one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing ſtar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lot-

[7] *Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,*
Why the Grecians *ſacked* Troy?
Fond done, fond done;
Was this King Priam's *joy.*]
This is a Stanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally neceſſary to make the ſenſe and the alternate rhime. For it was not *Helen*, who was King *Priam's* joy, but *Paris*. The third line therefore ſhould be read thus,
Fond done, fond done, FOR PARIS, HE. WARB.

[8] *Among nine bad if one be good,*
There's yet one good in ten.]
This ſecond ſtanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confeſſion, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Counteſs obſerved, that he corrupted the ſong; which ſhews the ſong ſaid, *Nine good in ten.*
If one be bad among ſt nine good,
There's but one bad in ten.
This relates to the ten ſons of *Priam*, who all behaved themſelves well but *Paris*. For tho' he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; *Agathon*, *Antiphus*, *Deiphobus*, *Dius*, *Hector*, *Helenus*, *Hippothous*, *Pemmon*, *Paris*, and *Polites*. WARBURTON.

tery

well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he
t one.

unt. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I com-
you?

. [9] That man ſhould be at woman's command,
et no hurt done!—tho' honeſty be no puritan,
will do no hurt; it will wear the ſurplice of
lity over the black gown of a big heart—I am
, forſooth. The buſineſs is for *Helen* to come
. [*Exit.*

unt. Well, now.

w. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman
ly.

unt. Faith, I do; her father bequeath'd her to me;
he herſelf, without other advantages, may law-
make title to as much love as ſhe finds; there is
owing her, than is paid; and more ſhall be paid
than ſhe'll demand.

w. Madam, I was very late more near her, than,
k, ſhe wiſh'd me; alone ſhe was, and did com-
cate to herſelf her own words to her own ears;
ought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any
er ſenſe. Her matter was, ſhe lov'd your ſon;

9. *That man*, &c.] The
s anſwer is obſcure. His
ds him do as he is *com-*
. He anſwers with the
us petulance of his cha-
that *if a man does as a*
commands, it is likely he
amiſs; that he does not
being at the command of
an, he makes the effect,
his Lady's goodneſs, but
wn *honeſty*, which, though
y nice or *puritanical*, will
urt; and will not only do
t, but, unlike the *Puri-*
vill comply with the in-
junctions of ſuperiours, and wear
the *ſurplice of humility over the*
black gown of a big heart; will
obey commands, though not
much pleaſed with a ſtate of ſub-
jection.

Here is an alluſion, violently
enough forced in, to ſatiriſe the
obſtinacy with which the *Puri-*
tans refuſed the uſe of the eccle-
ſiaſtical habits, which was, at that
time, one principal cauſe of the
breach of union, and, perhaps,
to inſinuate, that the modeſt pu-
rity of the ſurplice was ſome-
times a cover for pride.

Fortune,

Fortune [1], ſhe ſaid, was no Goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; *Diana*, no Queen of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight to be ſurpriz'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault, or ranſom afterward. This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held it my duty ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence, in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Count. You have diſcharg'd this honeſtly, keep it to yourſelf; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor miſdoubt; pray you, leave me; ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care; I will ſpeak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*

[1] *Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no Goddeſs*, &c. *Love, no God*, &c. complained againſt the *Queen of Virgins*, &c.] This paſſage ſtands thus in the old Copies:

Love, no God, that would not extend his Might only where Qualities were level, Queen of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight, &c.

'Tis evident to every ſenſible Reader that ſomething muſt have ſlipt out here, by which the Meaning of the Context is rendered defective. The Steward is ſpeaking in the very words he overheard of the young Lady; Fortune was no Goddeſs, ſhe ſaid, for one Reaſon; Love, no God, for another;—what could ſhe then more naturally ſubjoin, than as I have amended in the Text?

Diana, *no Queen of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight to be ſurprized without Reſcue*, &c.

For in Poetical Hiſtory *Diana* was as well known to preſide over *Chaſtity*, as *Cupid* over *Love*, or *Fortune* over the *Change* or *Regulation* of our *Circumſtances*.

THEOBALD.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Helena.

Count. Ev'n ſo it was with me, when I was young;
If we are nature's, theſe are ours: this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;
It is the ſhow and ſeal of nature's truth,
Where love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth;
[1] By our remembrances of days foregone,
[2] Such were our faults, O! then we thought them none.
Her eye is ſick on't; I obſerve her now.——

Hel. What is your pleaſure, Madam?

Count. Helen, you know, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable miſtreſs.

Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? when I ſaid a mother,
Methought, you ſaw a ſerpent; what's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I'm your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of thoſe,
That were enwombed mine; 'tis often ſeen,
Adoption ſtrives with nature; and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds.
You ne'er oppreſt me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care:
God's mercy! maiden, do's it curd thy blood,
To ſay, I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many-colour'd *Iris*, rounds thine eyes?
Why,——that you are my daughter?

[1] *By our remembrances.*] That is, *according to* our recollection. So we ſay, he is old *by* my reckoning.

[2] *Such were our faults*, OR *then we thought them none.*] We ſhould read,

—*O! then we thought them none.*

A motive for pity and pardon; agreeable to fact, and in the indulgent character of the ſpeaker. This was ſent to the *Oxford* Editor, and he altered *O*, to *tho'*. WARBURTON.

Hel.

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I ſay, I am you mother.

Hel. Pardon, Madam.

The count *Roufillon* cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honour'd, name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My maſter, my dear lord he is; and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother.——

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, Madam, would you were.
(So that my lord, your ſon, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother!—[4] or were you both our mothers
I care no more for, than I do for heav'n.
So I were not his ſiſter [5]: can't no other,
But I your daughter, he muſt be my brother?

Count. Yes, *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law;

[4] ——*or were you both our mothers*
I CARE *no more* FOR, *than I do* FOR *heav'n,*
So I were not his ſiſter:] The ſecond line has not the leaſt glimmering of ſenſe. *Helen*, by the indulgence and invitation of her miſtreſs, is encouraged to diſcover the hidden cauſe of her grief; which is the love of her miſtreſs's ſon; and taking hold of her miſtreſs's words, where ſhe bids her call her *mother*, ſhe unfolds the *myſtery:* and as ſhe is diſcovering it, emboldens herſelf by this reflexion, in the line in queſtion, as it ought to be read in a parentheſis.

(I CAN *no more* FEAR, *than I do* FEAR *heav'n,)*

i. e. I can no more fear to truſt ſo indulgent a miſtreſs with the ſecret, than I can fear heav'n who has my vows for its happy iſſue. This break, in her diſcovery, is exceeding pertinent and fine, Here again the *Oxford* Editor does his part. WARBURTON.

I do not much yield to this emendation; yet I have not been able to pleaſe myſelf with any thing to which even my own partiality can give the preference.

Sir *Thomas Hanmer* reads,

Or were you both our mothers,
I cannot aſk for more than that
of heaven.
So I were not his ſiſter; can be
no other
Way *I your daughter*, but *he muſt be my brother?*

[5] *Can't no other,*
But, I your daughter, he muſt be my brother.] The meaning is obſcur'd by the elliptical diction. *Can it* be *no other* way, *but* if *I* be *your daughter he muſt be my brother?*

God

od ſhield, you mean it not, daughter and mother
o ſtrive upon your pulſe! what pale again?
ly fear hath catch'd your fondneſs.—[6] Now I ſee
he myſt'ry of your loneline ſs, and find
Your ſalt tears' head; now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
ou love my ſon; invention is aſham'd,
gainſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,
o ſay, thou doſt not; therefore tell me true;
ut tell me then, 'tis ſo. For, look, thy cheeks
onfeſs it one to th' other; and thine eyes
ee it ſo groſly ſhewn in thy behaviour,
hat in their kind they ſpeak it: only ſin
nd helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
hat truth ſhould be ſuſpected; ſpeak, is't ſo?
it be ſo, you've wound a goodly clew:
it be not, forſwear't; howe'er, I charge thee,
s heav'n ſhall work in me for thine avail,
o tell me truly.

Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my ſon?

Hel. Your pardon, noble miſtreſs.

Count. Love you my ſon?

Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
hereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe

[6] ——— *Now I ſee*
The myſt'ry of your lovelineſs, *and find*
Your ſalt tears' head: ———] he Myſtery of her *Lovelineſs* beyond my comprehenſion: he old Counteſs is ſaying nothing ironical, nothing taunting, in Reproach, that this Word ould find a place here; which could not, unleſs ſarcaſtically nployed, and with ſome ſpleen. dare warrant, the Poet meant, s old Lady ſhould ſay no more than this: "I now find the Myſtery of your creeping into "Corners, and weeping, and "pining in ſecret." For this Reaſon I have amended the Text, *Loneline ſs*. The Steward, in the foregoing Scene, where he gives the Counteſs Intelligence of *Helen's* Behaviour, ſays;

Alone ſhe *was, and did communicate to herſelf her own Words to her own Ears.*

THEOBALD.

[7] *Your ſalt tears' head;*] The ſource, the fountain of your tears, the cauſe of your grief.

The

The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then, I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you;
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your ſon:
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love;
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deſerve him;
Yet never know, how that deſert ſhall be.
I know, I love in vain: ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet, in this [s] captious and intenible ſieve,
I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill; thus, *Indian* like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt Madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but if yourſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in ſo true a flame of liking
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both herſelf and Love; O then, give pity
To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chuſe
But lend, and give, where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that, which ſearch implies;
But, riddle-like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.
Count. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to *Paris?*
Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore? tell true.

[s] *Captious and intenible ſieve.*] The word *captious* I never found in this ſenſe; yet I cannot tell what to ſubſtitute, unleſs *carious* for *rotten*, which yet is a word more likely to have been miſtaken by the copyers than uſed by the authour.

Hel.

Hel. I will tell truth; by Grace itſelf, I ſwear.
You know, my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects; ſuch as his reading
And manifeſt experience had collected
For general ſov'reignty; and that he will'd me,
In heedfull'ſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As [9] notes, whoſe faculties incluſive were,
More than they were in note: amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings, whereof
The King is render'd loſt.

Count. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, ſpeak?

Hel. My lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the converſation of my thoughts,
Haply, been abſent then.

Count. But think you, *Helen*,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aid,
He would receive it? he and his phyſicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot help. How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the ſchools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itſelf?

Hel. [1] There's ſomething hints
More than my father's ſkill (which was the great'ſt
Of his Profeſſion) that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be ſanctified

[9] *Notes, whoſe faculties incluſive.*] Receipts in which greater *virtues* were *incloſed* than appeared to obſervation.

[1] *There's ſomething* IN'T
More than my father's ſkill ——
——that *his good receipt*, &c,] Here is an inference [*that*] without any thing preceding, to which it refers, which makes the ſentence vicious, and ſhews that we ſhould read,

There's ſomething HINTS
More than my father's ſkill,——
——*that his good receipt* ——

i. e. I have a ſecret premonition or preſage.

WARBURTON.

By

By th' luckieſt ſtars in heav'n; and, would your honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his Grace's Cure,
By ſuch a day and hour.

Count. Doſt thou believ't?

Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, *Helen*, thou ſhalt have my leave and love:
Means and attendants; and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in Court. I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's bleſſing into thy attempt:
Begone, to-morrow; and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of France.

Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine *war.* Bertram *and* Parolles. *Flouriſh Cornets.*

KING.

[2] FArewel, young Lords. Theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you. You, my Lords, farewel;

Share

[2] In all the latter copies theſe lines ſtood thus:

Farewel, young Lords; theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you. You, my Lords, farewel;
Share the advice betwixt you; if both again,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd.] The third line in that ſtate was unintelligible. Sir *Thomas Hanmer* reads thus:

Farewel young Lord, *theſe warlike principles*

Do

hare the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
he gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis received,
nd is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, Sir,
fter well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
nd find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Vill not confeſs, it owns the malady
hat doth my life beſiege; farewel, young Lords:
Vhether I live or die, be you the ſons
f worthy *Frenchmen*[1]; let higher *Italy*

Thoſe

Do not throw from you; you, my Lord, *farewel*;
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.]

The firſt edition, from which e paſſage is reſtored, was ſuf-iently clear; yet it is plain, that e latter Editors preferred a ading which they did not un-rſtand.

[1] ——— *let higher* Italy *Thoſe* ^*bated, that inherit but the Fall*
Of the laſt Monarchy;) ſee, &c.]

his is obſcure. *Italy*, at the me of this ſcene, was under ree very different tenures. The mperor, as ſucceſſor of the *Ro-an* emperors, had one part; e pope, by a pretended dona-on from *Conſtantine*, another; nd the third was compoſed of ee ſtates. Now by the *laſt mo-narchy* is meant the *Roman*, the ſt of the four general monar-hies. Upon the fall of this onarchy, in the ſcramble, ſe-eral cities ſet up for themſelves, nd became free ſtates: now theſe might be ſaid properly to *inherit* the *fall* of the monarchy. This being premiſed, let us now con-ſider ſenſe. The king ſays, *higher* Italy; —— giving it the rank of preference to *France*; but he corrects himſelf and ſays, I except thoſe from that prece-dency, who only inherit the fall of the laſt monarchy; as all the little petty ſtates; for inſtance, *Florence* to whom theſe volun-tiers were going. As if he had ſaid, I give the place of honour to the emperor and the pope, but not to the free ſtates.

WARBURTON.

The ancient geographers have divided *Italy* into the higher and the lower, the *Appenine* Hills be-ing a kind of natural line of par-tition; the ſide next the *Adria-tick* was denominated the higher *Italy*, and the other ſide the lower: and the two Seas fol-lowed the ſame terms of diſtinc-tion, the *Adriatick* being called the upper Sea, and the *Tyrrhene* or *Tuſcan* the lower. Now the *Sennones* or *Senois*, with whom the *Florentines* are here ſuppoſed to be at war, inhabited the higher

Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the Fall
Of the laſt Monarchy; ſee, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The brave St. Queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewel.

2 *Lord.* Health at your bidding ſerve your Majeſty!

King. Thoſe girls of *Italy*, —— take heed of them;
They ſay, our *French* lack language to deny,
If they demand [4]. Beware of being captives,
Before you ſerve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me. [*To* Bertram.

[*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* Oh, my ſweet Lord, that you will ſtay behind us! ——

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark ——

Italy, their chief town being *Ariminum*, now called *Rimini*, upon the *Adriatick* HANMER.

Sir *T. Hanmer* reads,

Thoſe baſtards *that inherit*, &c. with this note.

Reflecting upon the abject and degenerate condition of the Cities and States which aroſe out of the ruins of the *Roman* Empire, the laſt of the four great Monarchies of the World.

HANMER.

Dr. *Warburton's* obſervation is learned, but rather too ſubtle; Sir *Tho. Hanmer's* alteration is merely arbitrary. The paſſage is confeſſedly obſcure, and therefore I may offer another explanation. I am of opinion that the epithet *higher* is to be underſtood of ſituation rather than of dignity. The ſenſe may then be this, *Let upper* Italy, where you are to exerciſe your valour, *ſee that you come to gain Honour, to the* abatement, *that is, to the diſgrace and depreſſion of thoſe* that have now loſt their ancient military fame, and *inherit but the fall of the laſt monarchy.* To *abate* is uſed by *Shakeſpeare* in the original ſenſe of *abatre*, to *depreſs*, to *ſink*, to *deject*, to *ſubdue*. So in *Coriolanus*,

—— *'till ignorance deliver you,*
As moſt abated *captives to ſome nation*
That won you without blows.

And *bated* is uſed in a kindred ſenſe in the *Jew* of *Venice*,

—— *in a bondman's key*
With bated *breath and whiſp'ring humbleneſs.*

The word has ſtill the ſame meaning in the language of the law.

[4] —— *Beware of being captives,*
Before you ſerve.] The word *ſerve* is equivocal; the ſenſe is, *Be not captives before* you ſerve in the war. *Be not captives before you are ſoldiers.*

2 *Lord.* Oh, 'tis brave wars.

Par. Moſt admirable; I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with, *'oo young*, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.* ——

Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. Shall I ſtay here a fore horſe to a ſmock,
Creeking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
Till Honour be bought up, and no ſword worn
But one to dance with? by heav'n, I'll ſteal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 *Lord.* I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewel.

Ber. [5] I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1 *Lord.* Farewel, Captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monſieur *Parolles!* ——

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin; good ſparks and luſtrous. A word, good metals. You [6] ſhall find in the regiment of the *Spinii*, one captain *Spurio* with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it; ſay to him, I live, and obſerve his reports of me.

2 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what will ye do?

[5] *I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.*] I read thus, *Our parting is* the parting of *a tortured body*. Our parting is as the diſruption of limbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the cauſe of miſtakes; the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the ſentence is omitted.

[6] *You ſhall find in the Regiment of the* Spinii, *one Captain* Spurio, *his Cicatrice*, with *an Emblem of War here on his ſiniſter Cheek*:] It is ſurpriſing, none of the Editors could ſee that a ſlight Tranſpoſition was abſolutely neceſſary here, when there is not common Senſe in the Paſſage, as it ſtands without ſuch Tranſpoſition. *Parolles* only means, "You ſhall "find one Captain *Spurio* in the "Camp with a Scar on his left "Cheek, a Mark of War that "my Sword gave him."

THEOBALD.

Ber. Stay; the King ———

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble Lords, you have reſtrain'd yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu; be more expreſſive to them, for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time[7], there, do muſter true gait, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtar; and tho' the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewel.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the King, and Lafeu. [Lafeu *kneels.*

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man ſtands, that hath bought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my Lord, to aſk me mercy;
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand up.

King. I would, I had; ſo I had broke thy pate,
And aſk'd thee mercy for't.

[7] *they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there,* DO *muſter true gait,* &c.] The main obſcurity of this paſſage ariſes from the miſtake of a ſingle letter. We ſhould read, inſtead of, *do muſter*. TO *muſter*. ——*To wear themſelves in the cap of the time,* ſignifies to be the foremoſt in the faſhion: the figurative alluſion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their miſtreſs's favours in their caps.

——— *there to muſter true gait,* ſignifies to aſſemble together in the high road of the faſhion. All the reſt is intelligible and eaſy.

WARBURTON.

I think this emendation cannot be ſaid to give much light to the obſcurity of the paſſage. Perhaps it might be read thus, They *do muſter* with the *true gaite*, that is, they have the true military ſtep. Every man has obſerved ſomething peculiar in the ſtrut of a ſoldier.

Laf.

Laf. Goodfaith, [8] acroſs :——but, my good Lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?
King. No.
Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
[9] Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have ſeen a *medicine*,
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance Canary
With ſprightly fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to araiſe King *Pepin*, nay,
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.
King. What her is this?
Laf. Why, doctor-ſhe: my Lord, there's one ariv'd,
If you will ſee her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that in her ſex [1], her years, profeſſion,
Wiſdom and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs: will you ſee her,
For that is her Demand, and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now, good *Lafeu*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.

[8] — *acroſs*:—] This word, as has been already obſerved, is uſed when any paſs of wit miſcarries.

[9] *Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an' if.*] Theſe words, *my noble grapes*, ſeem to Dr. *Warburton* and Sir *T. Hanmer*, to ſtand ſo much in the way, that they have ſilently omitted them. They may be indeed rejected without great loſs but I believe they are *Shakeſpeare's* words. *You will eat*, ſays *Lafeu*, *no grapes. Yes, but you will eat ſuch noble grapes* as I bring you, *if you could reach them.*

[1] —— *her years, profeſſion,*] By *profeſſion* is meant her declaration of the end and purpoſe of her coming. WARBURTON.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* Laf.
King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.
Laf. [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.
[*Bringing in* Helena.
King. This haſte hath wings, indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his majeſty, ſay your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors
His Majeſty ſeldom fears: I'm *Creſſid's* uncle [a],
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

King. Now, fair One, do's your buſineſs follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeſs, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſe toward him;
Knowing him, is enough: on's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which, as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have ſo;
And hearing your high Majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour [1]
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,

[a] —— Creſſid's *uncle,*] See *Troilus* and *Creſſida.*

[1] —— *wherein the honour*
Of my dear father's gift ſtands
chief in power,] Perhaps we may better read,
—— *wherein the* power
Of my dear father's gift ſtands
chief in honour.

When

our moſt learned doctors leave us; and
ongregated college have concluded,
abouring art can never ranſome nature
ıer unaidable eſtate: we muſt not
n our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
ɔſtitute our paſt-cure malady
pericks; or to diſſever ſo
eat ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
leſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.
My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains;
o more enforce mine office on you;
ly intreating from your royal thoughts
leſt one to bear me back again.
. I cannot give thee leſs, to be call'd grateful;
hought'ſt to help me, and ſuch thanks I give,
near death to thoſe that wiſh him live;
ıat at full I know, thou know'ſt no part;
ring all my peril, thou no art.
What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
ou ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy.
t of greateſt works is finiſher,
es them by the weakeſt miniſter:
r writ in babes hath judgment ſhown,
udges have been babes; great floods have flown
imple ſources; and great ſeas have dry'd,
mir'cles have by th' greateſt been deny'd *.
ɔectation fails, and moſt oft there
moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits
hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt fits.
. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind
Maid;
ins, not us'd, muſt by thyſelf be paid:

* *miracles have by th' teſt been deny'd*] I do ıe import or connection ne. As the next line ſtands without a correſpondent rhyme, I ſuſpect that ſomething has been loſt.

Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barr'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give conſent,
Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
[5] Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.

King. Art thou ſo confident? within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?

Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and accidental damp
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs;
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame [6]
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Seal'd

[5] *Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim;*] *i. e.* pretend to greater things than befits the mediocrity of my condition. WARBUTON.

I rather think that ſhe means to ſay, *I am not an impoſtor that proclaim* one thing and deſign another, *that proclaim* a cure and *aim* at a fraud; I think what I ſpeak.

[6] ——— *a divulged ſhame*
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe, no worſe of worſt extended;
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.] This paſſage is apparently

otherwiſe, no worſe of worſt extended;
vileſt torture let my life be ended.

[7] Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed Spirit doth ſpeak
his powerful ſound, within an organ weak;

And

corrupt, and how ſhall
tified? I have no great
ſucceſs, but ſomething
tried. I read the whole

What dareſt thou venture?
Tax of impudence,
et's boldneſs; a divulged ſhame,
by odious ballads my maiden name;
herwiſe, to worſt *of worſt extended;*
leſt torture let my life be nded.

his alteration firſt came
mind, I ſuppoſed *Helen* to
us, *Firſt*, I venture what is
o me, my maiden repu-
but if your diſtruſt *ex-*
character *to the worſt worſt*, and ſuppoſes me
gainſt the ſenſe of in-
will add to the ſtake of
n, the ſtake of life. This
is ſenſe, and the lan-
s grammatical as many
ſſages of *Shakeſpeare*. Yet
try another experiment.
herwiſe to worſt of *worſt extended;*
leſt torture let my life be nded.
, let me act under the
terrors poſſible.
nce again we will try to
right way by the glim-
Hanmer's emendation,
ls thus,

——— *my maiden name*
Sear'd; otherwiſe the worſt of *worſt extended*, &c.

Perhaps it were better thus,

——— *my maiden name*
Sear'd; otherwiſe the worſt to *worſt extended;*
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.

[7] *Methinks in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak*
His powerful ſound, *within an organ weak:*] *To ſpeak a ſound* is a barbariſm: For *to ſpeak* ſignifies to utter an *articulate* ſound, *i. e.* a voice. So *Shakeſpeare*, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, ſays with propriety, *And when love* ſpeaks *the* voice *of all the Gods.* To *ſpeak* a *ſound* therefore is improper, tho' to *utter* a *ſound* is not; becauſe the word *utter* may be applied either to an articulate or inarticulate. Beſides, the conſtruction is vicious with the two ablatives, *in thee*, and, *within an organ weak.* The lines therefore ſhould be thus read and pointed.

Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak:
His power full *ſounds within an organ* weak.

But the *Oxford* Editor would be only ſo far beholden to this emendation, as to enable him to make ſenſe of the lines another way, whatever become of the rules of criticiſm or ingenuous dealing.

It

And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate[1]:
[9] Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, all
That happineſs and [1] prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet Practiſer, thy phyſick I will try;
That miniſters thine own death, if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deſerv'd! Not helping, death's my fee:
But if I help, what do you promiſe me?
King. [2] Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my ſcepter, and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What Huſband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuſe from forth the royal blood of *France*;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate[4]:

But

It *powerful ſounds within an organ weak.* WARBURT.

[1] —— *in thee hath eſtimate:*] May be *counted* among the gifts enjoyed by thee.

[9] *Youth, Beauty, wiſdom, courage all*] The verſe wants a foot. VIRTUE, by miſchance, has dropt out of the line. WARBURTON.

[1] —— *prime*] Youth; the ſpring or morning of life.

[2] King. *Make thy demand.*
Hel. *But will you make it even?*
King. *Ay, by my Scepter and my hopes of* help.] The King could have but a very ſlight Hope of *Help* from her, ſcarce enough to ſwear by: and therefore *Helen* might ſuſpect he meant to equivocate with her Beſides, obſerve, the greateſt Part of the Scene is ſtrictly in Rhime: and there is no Shadow of Reaſon why it ſhould be interrupted here. I rather imagine the Poet wrote,
Ay, by my Sceptre, and my Hopes of Heaven. THIRLBY.

[4] *With any* branch *or* IMAGE *of thy ſtate:*] *Shakeſpeare* unqueſtionably wrote IMPAGE, grafting. IMPE a graff, or ſlip, or

But ſuch a one thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to aſk, thee to beſtow.

King. Here is my hand, the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So, make the choice of thine own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
(Tho' more to know, could not be more to truſt:)
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on,—but reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome help here, hoa! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Rouſillon.

Enter Counteſs and Clown.

Count. COME on, Sir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will ſhew myſelf highly fed, and lowly taught; I know, my buſineſs is but to the court.

Count. But to the court? why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks;

or ſucker: by which ſhe means one of the ſons of *France*. So *Caxton* calls our Prince *Arthur*, *that noble* IMP *of fame*. WARB.

the

the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your taffaty punk, as *Tib's* ruſh for *Tom's* fore-finger, as a pancake for *Shrove-Tueſday*, a morris for *May-day*, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his ſkin.

Count Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo From below your duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Aſk me, if I am a courtier;—it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. [3] To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in a queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. [4] O Lord, Sir ——— there's a ſimple putting off—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, Sir —— thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, Sir, ——— nay put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whip'd, Sir, as I think.

[3] *To be young again,* ———] The lady cenſures her own levity in triſling with her jeſter, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth.

[4] *O Lord, Sir,* ——] A ridicule on that fooliſh expletive of ſpeech then in vogue at court. WARBURTON.

Clo.

Clo. O Lord, Sir,——ſpare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, Sir, at your whipping, and ſpare not me? indeed, your O Lord, Sir, is very ſequent to your whipping: you would anſwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my—— O Lord, Sir; I ſee, things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble houſwife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, Sir——why, there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, Sir; to your buſineſs: give *Helen* this, And urge her to a preſent anſwer back.
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much imployment for you, you underſtand me.

Clo. Moſt fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Court of France.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. THEY ſay, miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons to make modern, and familiar, things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enſconſing ourſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit ourſelves to an unknown fear [5].

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder that hath ſhot out in our later times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

[5] —— *unknown fear.*] *Fear* is here the object of fear.

Laf.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts ———

Par. So I ſay, both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus* [6].

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick Fellows —

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable, ———

Par. Why, there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd, ———

Par. Right, as 'twere a man aſſur'd of an ——

Laf. Uncertain life, and ſure death. ———

Par. Juſt, you ſay well: ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed, if you will have it in ſhewing, you ſhall read it in, what do you call there ———

Laf. A ſhewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor [7].

Par. That's it, I would have ſaid the very ſame.

[6] Par. *So I ſay, both of* Galen and Paracelſus.

Laf. *Of all the* learned *and* authentick *fellows* ——— | *Shakeſpeare*, as I have often obſerved, never throws out his words at random. *Paracelſus*, tho' no better than an ignorant and knaviſh enthuſiaſt was at this time in ſuch vogue, even amongſt the learned, that he had almoſt juſtled *Galen* and the ancients out of credit. On this account *learned* is applied to *Galen*; and *authentick* or faſhionable to *Paracelſus*. *Sarcy*, in his *Confeſſion Catholique*, p. 301. *Ed. Col* 1720, is made to ſay, *Je trouve la Riviere premier Medecin, de meilleure humeur que ces gens la. Il eſt bon* Galeniſte, *& tres bon* Paracelſiſte. *Il dit que la doctrine de* Galien *eſt honorable, & non meſpriſable pour la pathologie, & profitable pour les Boutiques. L'autre, pourveu que ce ſoit de vrais preceptes de* Paracelſe, *eſt* bonne à ſuivre pour la verité, pour la ſubtilité, pour l'eſpargne; en ſomme pour la Therapeutique. WARBURTON.

As the whole merriment of this ſcene conſiſts in the pretenſions of *Parolles* to knowledge and ſentiments which he has not, I believe here are two paſſages in which the words and ſenſe are beſtowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to *Lofeu*. I read this paſſage thus,

Laf. *To be relinquiſhed of the artiſts* ——

Par. *So I ſay.*

Laf. *Both of* Galen *and* Paracelſus, *of all the learned and authentick fellows* ——

Par. *Right, ſo I ſay.*

[7] *A ſhewing of a heav'nly effect*, &c.] The title of ſome pamphlet here ridiculed. WARBURTON.

Laf.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not luſtier: for me, I ſpeak in reſpect———

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a moſt facinerious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heav'n.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak ——

Par. And debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence *; which ſhould, indeed, give us a farther uſe to be made than alone the recov'ry of the King; as to be———

Laf. Generally thankful.

SCENE VI.

Enter King, Helena, *and attendants.*

Par. I would have ſaid it, you ſaid well. Here comes the King.

Laf. Luſtick, as the *Dutchman* ſays. I'll like a Maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a Corranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! is not this *Helena?*

Laf. 'Fore God, I think ſo.

King. Go, call before me all the Lords in court.

* —— *which ſhould, indeed, give us farther uſe to be made*, &c.] Between the words *us* and *a farther*, there ſeems to have been two or three words dropt, which appear to have been to this purpoſe—*ſhould, indeed, give us* [notice, that there is of this,] *a farther uſe to be made* —— ſo that the paſſage ſhould be read with aſteriſks for the future.

WARBURTON.

I cannot ſee that there is any *hiatus*, or other irregularity of language than ſuch as is very common in theſe plays. I believe *Parolles* has again uſurped words and ſenſe to which he has no right; and I read this paſſage thus,

Laf. *In a moſt weak and debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence; which ſhould, indeed, give us a farther uſe to be made than the mere recovery of the king.*

Par. *As to be——*

Laf. *Generally thankful.*

Sir,

Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſov'reign power and father's voice
I have to uſe; thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chuſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe! marry, to each but one.——

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken [9] than theſe boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a noble father.

[*She addreſſes herſelf to a Lord,*

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath, through me, reſtor'd
The King to health.

All. We underſtand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a ſimple maid, and therein wealthieſt,
That, I proteſt, I ſimply am a maid.——
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
"We bluſh that thou ſhould chuſe, but be refus'd;
"Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever [1],
"We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice, and ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.

[9] A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has loſt part of its teeth.

[1] *Let the white* DEATH *ſit on thy cheek for ever,*] *Shakeſpeare,* I think, wrote DEARTH; *i. e.* want of blood, or more figuratively barrenneſs, want of fruit or iſſue. WARBURTON. The *white death* is the *chlorosis.*

Hel.

. Now, *Dian*, from thy altar do I fly,
› imperial[2] *Love*, that God moſt high,
/ ſighs ſtream: Sir, will you hear my ſuit?
ord And grant it.
Thanks, Sir:——all the reſt is mute.
: I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-
r for my life.
The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
I ſpeak, too threatningly replies:
nake your fortunes twenty times above
ıat ſo wiſhes, and her humble love!
ord. No better, if you pleaſe.
My wiſh receive,
ı great Love grant! and ſo I take my leave.
: Do all they deny her[3]? if they were ſons of
I'd have them whipt, or I would ſend them to
rk to make eunuchs of.
Be not afraid that I your hand ſhould take,
ver do you wrong for your own ſake:
g upon your vows, and in your bed
'airer fortune, if you ever wed!
. Theſe boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her;
:hey are baſtards to the *Engliſh*, the *French* ne'er
ſt.
. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
ıke yourſelf a ſon out of my blood.
ord. Fair one, I think not ſo.

to IMPERIAL Love,—] l editions read IMPAR- hich is right. Love who regard to difference of n, but yokes together ıd low, which was her WARBURTON. e is no edition of this ler than that of 1623, t is that of 1632, of ioth read *imperial*: the ſecond reads *imperial* Jove.

[3] Laf. *Do they all deny her?*] None of them have yet denied her, or deny her afterwards but *Bertram*. The ſcene muſt be ſo regulated that *Lafeu* and *Parolles* talk at a diſtance, where they may ſee what paſſes between *Helena* and the lords, but not hear it, ſo that they know not by whom the refuſal is made.

Laf. [4] There's one grape yet,—I am ſure, thy father drunk wine.—But if thou be'ſt not an aſs, I am a youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay, I take you; but I give
Me and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guided power: this is the man. [*To* Bertram.

King. Why then, young *Bertram*, take her, ſhe's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my Liege? I ſhall beſeech your Highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, *Bertram*,
What ſhe hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good Lord,
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt, ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife!—Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which
I can build up: ſtrange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences, ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter,) thou diſlik'ſt

[4] *There's one grape yet,* ——] This ſpeech the three laſt editors have perplexed themſelves by dividing between *Lafeu* and *Parolles*, without any authority of copies, or any improvement of ſenſe. I have reſtored the old reading, and ſhou'd have thought no explanation neceſſary, but that Mr. *Theobald* apparently miſunderſtood it.

Old *Lafeu* having, upon the ſuppoſition that the lady was refuſed, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on *Bertram* who remained, cries out, *There is one yet into whom his father put good blood,——but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an aſs.*

Of

ue for the name: but do not ſo.
loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
ace is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
lropſied honour [6]; good alone
, without a name vileneſs is ſo:
operty by what it is ſhould go,
the title. She is young, wiſe, fair [7];
:, to nature ſhe's immediate heir; And

*ce from loweſt place vir-
things proceed,*] This
rection was preſcribed
brilby. THEOBALD.

——————— *good alone,
without a name. Vile-
is ſo:*] The text is here
into nonſenſe. We
ad,

——————— *good alone*

and, with *a name, vile-
is ſo.*

is good, tho' there be
on of title; and vile-
ileneſs, tho' there be.
rd Editor, underſtand-
ng of this, ſtrikes out
nd puts in its place,
WARBURTON.

eſent reading is certain-
, and, to confeſs the
lo not think Dr. *War-*
emendation right; yet
thing that I can propoſe
h confidence. Of all the
es that I can make, that
ſt diſpleaſes me is this:
— *virtue alone,*
without a name; Helen
;
follows eaſily by this

e is YOUNG, *wiſe, fair;
e, to nature ſhe's imme-
e heir;
ſo breed honour;* ———]
eſtion was, that *Helen*
had neither riches nor title: To this the King replies, ſhe's *the* immediate heir of nature, from whom ſhe inherits youth, wiſdom, and beauty. The thought is fine. For by the *immediate* heir to nature, we muſt underſtand one who inherits wiſdom and beauty in a ſupreme degree. From hence it appears that *young* is a faulty reading, for that does not, like wiſdom and beauty, admit of different degrees of excellence; therefore ſhe could not, with regard to *that*, be ſaid to be the *immediate* heir of nature; for in *that* ſhe was only joint-heir with all the reſt of her ſpecies. Beſides, tho' *wiſdom* and *beauty* may *breed honour*, yet *youth* cannot be ſaid to do ſo. On the contrary, it is *age* which has this advantage. It ſeems probable that ſome fooliſh player, when he tranſcribed this part, not apprehending the thought, and wondring to find *youth* not reckoned amongſt the good qualities of a woman when ſhe was propoſed to a lord, and not conſidering that it was compriſed in the word *fair*, foiſted in *young*, to the excluſion of a word much more to the purpoſe. For I make no queſtion but *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

—— *She is* GOOD, *wiſe, fair.*

And theſe breed honour: That is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire. Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a ſlave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy [8]; and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed. What ſhould be ſaid?
If thou can'ſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue and ſhe,
Is her own dow'ry; honour and wealth from me,

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thyſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chuſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my lord, I'm glad:
Let the reſt go.———

King. [9] My honour's at the ſtake; which to defend,

For the greateſt part of her encomium turned upon her virtue. To omit this therefore in the recapitulation of her qualities, had been againſt all the rules of good ſpeaking. Nor let it be objected that this is requiring an exactneſs in our author which we ſhould not expect. For he who could reaſon with the force our author doth here (and we ought always to diſtinguiſh between *Shakeſpeare* on his guard and in his rambles), and illuſtrate that reaſoning with ſuch beauty of thought and propriety of expreſſion, could never make uſe of a word which quite deſtroyed the exactneſs of his reaſoning, the propriety of his thought, and the elegance of his expreſſion.

WARBURTON.

Here is a long note, which I wiſh had been ſhorter. *Good* is better than *young*, as it refers to *honour*. But ſhe is more the *immediate heir* of *nature* with reſpect to *youth* than *goodneſs*. To be *immediate heir* is to inherit without any intervening tranſmitter: thus ſhe inherits beauty *immediately* from *nature*, but honour is tranſmitted by anceſtors; youth is received *immediately* from *nature*, but *goodneſs* may be conceived in part the gift of parents, or the effect of education. The alteration therefore loſes on one ſide what it gains on the other.

[9] *My honour's at the Stake; which to* defeat
I muſt produce my Power.——] The poor King of *France* is again made a Man of *Gotham*, by our unmerciful Editors. For he is not to make uſe of his Authority to *defeat*, but to *defend* his Honour. THEOBALD.

I muſt produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift!
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good;
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the ſtaggers [1], and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak, thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes. When I conſider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid; I find that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The praiſed of the King; * who, ſo enobled,
Is, as 'twere, born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize; if not in thy eſtate,
A balance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile upon this contract; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the new-born brief [2],
And

[1] *Into the ſtaggers,* ———] One ſpecies of the *ſtaggers*, or the *horſes apoplexy*, is a raging impatience, which makes the animal daſh himſelf with deſtructive violence againſt poſts or walls.

To this the alluſion, I ſuppoſe, is made.

[2] ——— *whoſe ceremony*
Shall ſeem expedient on the new-born brief,
And be perform'd to night; ——]

And be perform'd to-night; the ſolemn feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe does err. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Parolles *and* Lafeu.

Laf. Do you hear, Monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, Sir?

Laf. Your Lord and Maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? — my Lord? my Maſter?

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count *Rouſillon?*

Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's maſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it ſatisfy you, you are too old. ———

Laf. I muſt tell thee, Sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries [3], to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs; yet the ſcarfs and the ban-

This, if it be at all intelligible, is at leaſt obſcure and inaccurate. Perhaps it was written thus,

——— what *ceremony*
Shall ſeem expedient on the new-born brief,
Shall *be perform'd to-night; the ſolemn feaſt*
Shall more attend ———]

The *brief* is the *contract of eſpouſal*, or the *licence* of the church. The king means, What *ceremony* is neceſſary to make this *contract* a *marriage*, ſhall be immediately *performed*; the reſt may be delayed.

[3] ——— *for two ordinaries*,] While I ſat twice with thee at table.

nerets

nerets about thee did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up [4], and that thou'rt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee ——

Laf. Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy trial; which if,——Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! ſo, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, I look thro' thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not 'bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer ——

Laf. Ev'n as ſoon as thou canſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o'th' contrary. If ever thou be'ſt bound in thy ſcarf and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default [5], he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would, it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave [6]. [*Exit.*

Par.

[4] ——*taking up,*] To take up, is to *contradict,* to *call to account,* as well as to *pick off the ground.*

[5] —*in the default,*] That is, *at a need.*

[6] ——*for doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me [7]; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy Lord! — well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of —— I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your Lord and Maſter's married, there's news for you: you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your Lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I ſerve above, is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o' this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think, thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

age will give me leave.] Here is a line loſt after *paſt*; ſo that it ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by a break with aſteriſks. The very words of the loſt line it is impoſſible to retrieve; but the ſenſe is obvious enough. *For doing I am paſt*; age has deprived me of much of my force and vigour, yet I have ſtill enough to ſhew the world I can do myſelf right *as I will by thee, in what motion* [or in the beſt manner] *age will give me leave.* WARBURTON.

This ſuſpicion of a chaſm is groundleſs. The conceit, which is ſo thin that it might well eſcape a haſty reader, is in the word *paſt*; *I am* paſt, *as I will be* paſt *by thee.*

[7] *Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me:*] This the poet makes *Paroles* ſpeak alone; and this is nature. A coward would try to hide his poltroonry even from himſelf.— An ordinary writer would have been glad of ſuch an opportunity to bring him to confeſſion. WARBURTON.

Par.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſawcy with lords and honourable perſonages, than [5] the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commiſſion. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then.—Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn Prieſt I've ſworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, ſweet heart?

Ber. O my *Parolles*, they have married me:
I'll to the *Tuſcan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to th' wars, my boy, to th' wars.
He wears his honour in a box, unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of *Mars's* fiery ſteed: to other regions
France is a ſtable, we that dwell in't jades,
Therefore to th' war.

Ber. It ſhall be ſo, I'll ſend her to my houſe,

[5] In former copies:
— *than the commiſſion of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.*] Sir *Tho. Hanmer* reſtored it.

Acquaint

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeak. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe *Italian* fields,
Where noble fellows ſtrike. War is no ſtrife
To the dark houſe [9], and the deteſted wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why, theſe balls bound, there's noiſe in it.—
'Tis hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King has done you wrong: but, huſh! 'tis ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Helena *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her health; ſhe's verry merry, but yet ſhe is not well: but, thanks be given, ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'th' world; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly, ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in heav'n, whither God ſend her quickly; the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly!

[9] *To the dark houſe,*—] The *dark houſe* is a houſe made gloomy by diſcontent. *Milton* ſays of *death* and the *king* of Hell preparing to combat,

So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown.

Enter

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate Lady!

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her mony, I would, ſhe did, as you ſay.

Par. Why, I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing: to ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid, Sir, before a knave th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourſelf, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the ſearch, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the increaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to-night,
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowlege;
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, [1] is ſtrew'd with ſweets
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,

[1] *Whoſe want, and whoſe delay,* &c.] The *ſweets* with which this *want* are *ſtrewed*, I ſuppoſe, are compliments and profeſſions of kindneſs.

And

And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o'th' King,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding;
Strengthen'd with what apology you think,
May make it probable need [2].

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo. [*Exit* Parolles.

Hel. I pray you—Come, Sirrah. *To* Clown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your Lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his valour; and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?

[2] —— *probable need.*] A ſpecious appearance of neceſſity.

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well; I, Sir, he, Sir's, a good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the King? *Aſide to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, caſketed my treaſure, given order for our horſes; and to-night, when I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride——and ere I do begin——

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten——God ſave you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my Lord and you, Monſieur?

Par. I know not, how I have deſerved to run into my Lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. [3] You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leapt into the cuſtard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be, you have miſtaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the ſoul of this man is his clothes. Truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monſieur, I have

[3] *You have made ſhift to run into't,* Boots *and* Spurs *and all, like him that* leapt *into the* Cuſtard?] This odd Alluſion is not introduc'd without a View to Satire. It was a Foolery practis'd at City Entertainments, whilſt the *Jeſter* or *Zany* was in Vogue, for him to jump into a large deep Cuſtard: ſet for the Purpoſe, *to ſet on a Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh*; as our Poet ſays in his *Hamlet*.

THEOBALD.

ſpoken

ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve at my hand, but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I ſwear.———

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well, and common ſpeech Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

SCENE XI.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave For preſent parting; only, he deſires Some private ſpeech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, *Helen*, at my courſe, Which holds not colour with the time; nor does The miniſtration and required office On my particular. Prepar'd I was not For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found So much unſettled: this drives me to intreat you, That preſently you take your way for home, And rather muſe, than aſk, why I intreat you, For my reſpects are better than they ſeem, And my appointments have in them a need Greater than ſhews itſelf at the firſt view, To you that know them not. This to my mother. [*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo I leave you to your wiſdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out That, Wherein tow'rd me my homely ſtars have fail'd

To

To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:

My haſte is very great. Farewel; hie home.

Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you ſay?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;

Nor dare I ſay, 'tis mine, and yet it is;

But, like a tim'rous thief, moſt fain would ſteal

What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and ſcarce ſo much —— nothing, indeed ———

I would not tell you what I would, my Lord — 'faith, yes; ———

Strangers and foes do ſunder and not kiſs.

Ber. I pray you, ſtay not: but in haſte to horſe.

Hel. [*] I ſhall not break your bidding, good my Lord. [*Exit* Helena.

Ber. Where are my other men, Monſieur? — farewel.

Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,

Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:

Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Couragio! [*Exeunt.*

[*] In former copies:

Hel. *I ſhall not break your Bidding, good my Lord:*

Where are my other men? *Monſieur, farewel.*

Ber. *Go thou toward home, where I will never come.*]

What other Men is *Helen* here enquiring after? Or who is ſhe ſuppos'd to aſk for them? The old Counteſs, 'tis certain, did not ſend her to the Court without ſome Attendants: but neither the *Clown*, nor any of her Retinue, are now upon the Stage: *Bertram*, obſerving *Helen* to linger fondly, and wanting to ſhift her off, puts on a Shew of Haſte, aſks *Parolles* for his Servants, and then gives his Wife an abrupt Diſmiſſion. THEOBALD.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke's Court in Florence.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, *two* French *Lords, with Soldiers.*

DUKE.

SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reaſons of this war,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; but black and fearful
On the oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our couſin *France*
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield [5],
But like a common and an outward man [6],
That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf unable motion [7]; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, ſince I have found
Myſelf in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſt.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

2 *Lord.* But I am ſure, the younger of our nation,
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will day by day

[5] ——— *I cannot yield,*] I cannot inform you of the reaſons.

[6] ——— *an outward man,*] *i.e.* one not in the ſecret of affairs. WARBURTON.

So *inward* is familiar, admitted to ſecrets. *I was an* inward *of his.* Meaſure *for* Meaſure.

[7] *By ſelf-unable* MOTION; —] We ſhould read NOTION. WARBURTON.

Come

Come here for phyſick.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be:
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well.
When better fall, for your avails they fell;
To-morrow to the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Rouſillon, *in* France.

Enter Counteſs, *and* Clown.

Count. IT hath happen'd, all as I would have had it; ſave, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you.

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend his ruff, and ſing; aſk queſtions, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong.

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Reads the Letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to *Iſbel*, ſince I was at court. Our old ling, and our *Iſbels* o'th' country, are nothing like your old ling, and your *Iſbels* o'th' court: the brain of my *Cupid*'s knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves mony, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Counteſs *reads a letter.*

I have ſent you a daughter in-law: ſhe hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the not *eternal. You ſhall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come.*

If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate Son,
Bertram.

This is not well; raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head;
By the miſprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more. For my part, I only hear, your ſon was run away.

SCENE III.

Enter Helena, *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.—

2 *Gen.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon patience—'Pray you, gentlemen,
I've felt ſo many quirks of joy and grief,
That the firſt face of neither, on the ſtart,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my ſon?

2 *Gen.*

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the Duke of *Florence.*

We met him thitherward, for thence we came;
And, after ſome diſpatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, Madam; here's my paſsport.

[a] *When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger, which never ſhall come off; and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me huſband: but in ſuch a* Then *I write a* Never.

This is a dreadful ſentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, and, for the contents' ſake are ſorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer.
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs as thine,
Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety; he was my ſon,
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 *Gent.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a ſoldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpoſe; and, believe't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France.
'Tis bitter. [*Reading.*

Count. Find you that there?

[a] *When thou can'ſt get the ring, upon my finger,*] *i. e.* When thou canſt get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy poſſeſſion. The *Oxford* Editor, who took it the other way, to ſignify, when thou canſt get it on upon my finger, very ſagaciouſly alters it to, *when thou canſt get the ring* from *my finger.* WARBURTON.

I think Dr. *Warburton's* explanation ſufficient, but I once read it thus, *When thou canſt get the ring upon* thy *finger, which never ſhall come off* mine.

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand, haply, which his heart was not conſenting to.

Count. Nothing in *France*, until he have no wife? There's nothing here, that is too good for him, But only ſhe; and ſhe deſerves a lord, That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly miſtreſs. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman Which I have ſome time known.

Count. *Parolles*, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſs: My ſon corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have [9].

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you ſee my ſon, to tell him, that his ſword can never win the honour that he loſes: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We ſerve you, Madam, in that and all your worthieſt affairs [1].

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies. Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Counteſs and Gentlemen.*

[9] —— *a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.*] That is, his vices ſtand him in ſtead. *Helen* had before deliver'd this thought in all the beauty of expreſſion.

—— *I know him a notorious lyar;*
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fixt evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, while virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind ——

But the *Oxford* Editor reads, *Which 'hoves him not much to have.* WARBURTON.

[1] The gentlemen declare that they are ſervants to the *Counteſs*; ſhe replies, No otherwiſe than as ſhe returns the ſame offices of civility.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France.
Nothing in *France*, until he has no wife!
Thou ſhalt have none, *Rouſillon*, none in *France*;
Then haſt thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I,
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoaky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,]
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; move the ſtill-piercing air[a],
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my lord:
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there.
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better 'twere,
I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miſeries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Rouſillon*;
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar;
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all; I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

[a] —— move *the* ſtill-piercing *air*,
That ſings with piercing,——] The words are here odly ſhuffled into nonſenſe. We ſhould read, —— pierce *the* ſtill-moving air, *That ſings with piercing*, —— *i. e.* pierce the air, which is in perpetual motion, and ſuffers no injury by piercing. WARB.

To conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Duke's Court at Florence.

Flouriſh. *Enter the Duke of* Florence, Bertram, *Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers,* Parolles.

Duke. THE General of our Horſe thou art, and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence
Upon thy promiſing fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To th' extream edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go forth,
And fortune play upon thy proſp'rous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!
Ber. This very day,
Great *Mars*, I put myſelf into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum; hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs *and* Steward.

Count. ALas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

LET-

LETTER.

I am * *St.* Jaques' *pilgrim, thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody curſe of war
My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon, may hie;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far
His name with zealous fervour ſanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his deſpightful † Juno, *ſent him forth*
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live;
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice [3] ſo much,
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon, Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet ſhe writes,
Purſuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy huſband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt juſtice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy huſband of his wife;

* —— *St.* Jaques' *pilgrim,*—] do not remember any place famous for pilgrimages conſecrated in *Italy* to St. *James*, but it is common to viſit St. *James* of *Compoſtella*, in *Spain*. Another ſaint might eaſily have been found, *Florence* being ſomewhat out of the road from *Rouſſillon* to *Compoſtella*.

† Juno,] Alluding to the ſtory of *Hercules*.

[3] *Advice*, is *diſcretion* or *thought*.

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greateſt grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger;
When, haply, he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return, and hope I may, that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is deareſt to me, I've no ſkill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction; provide this meſſenger;
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to a publick Place in Florence.

A Tucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, *and* Mariana, *with other Citizens.*

Wid. NAY, come. For if they do approach the city, we ſhall loſe all the ſight.

Dia. They ſay, the *French* Count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

Wid. It is reported, that he has ta'en their greateſt commander; and that with his own hand he ſlew the Duke's brother. We have loſt our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French* Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been ſolicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, (hang him!) one *Parolles*; a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young Earl; beware of them, *Diana*; their promiſes, entice-

enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt [4], are not the things they go under; many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to adviſe you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, *diſguiſed like a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo.——Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know, ſhe will lie at my houſe; thither they ſend one another; I'll queſtion her; God ſave you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To St. *Jaques le Grand.* Where do the palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the St. *Francis*, beſide the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you, they come this way.

[4] *are* not *the things they go under*;] Mr. *Theobald* explains theſe words by, *They are not really ſo true and ſincere as in appearance they ſeem to be.* He found ſomething like this ſenſe would fit the paſſage, but whether the words would fit the ſenſe he ſeems not to have conſidered. The truth is, the negative particle ſhould be ſtruck out, and the words read thus, *are the things they go under*; *i. e.* they make uſe of oaths, promiſes, *&c* to facilitate their deſign upon us. The alluſion is to the military uſe of cover'd ways, to facilitate an approach or attack; and the Scene, which is a beſieged city, and the perſons ſpoken of, who are ſoldiers, make the phraſe very proper and natural. The *Oxford* Editor has adopted this correction, tho' in his uſual way, with a *but*; and reads, *are but the things they go under.* WARBURTON.

I think *Theobald's* interpretation right; *to go under* the name of any thing is a known expreſſion. The meaning is, they are not the things for which their names would make them paſs.

If

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but 'till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hoſteſs
As ample as myſelf.

Hel. Is it yourſelf?

Wid If you ſhall pleaſe ſo, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leiſure.

Wid You came, I think, from *France.*

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid. Here you ſhall ſee a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy ſervice.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rouſſillon:* know you ſuch a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears moſt nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatſoe'er he is.
He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from *France,*
As 'tis reported; for the King had married him
Againſt his liking. Think you, it is ſo?

Hel, Ay, ſurely, meer the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that ſerves the Count,
Reports but coarſely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monſieur *Parolles.*

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that
I have not heard examin'd [5].

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a deteſting lord.

Wid. Ah! right; good creature! whereſoe'er ſhe is,

5 —— *examined.*] That is, *queſtion'd, doubted.*

Her

heart weighs ſadly; this young maid might do her
rewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.
l. How do you mean?
be, the am'rous Count ſolicits her
e unlawful purpoſe.
id. He does, indeed;
brokes [6] with all, that can in ſuch a ſuit
ipt the tender honour of a maid;
he is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
neſteſt defence.

SCENE VIII.

and Colours. Enter Bertram, Parolles, *Officers and Soldiers attending.*

r. The Gods forbid elſe!
d. So, now they come:
is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldeſt ſon;
Eſcalus.
!. Which is the *Frenchman?*
r. He;
with the plume; 'tis a moſt gallant fellow;
ld, he lov'd his wife! if he were honeſter,
ere much goodlier. Is't not a handſome gentleman?
. I like him well.
. 'Tis pity, he is not honeſt; yond's that ſame knave [7],
leads him to theſe places; were I his lady,
iſon that vile raſcal.

[6] *brokes* —] Deals as a Broker or Pimp.

[7] —— *yond's that ſame knave,*
leads him to theſe Places;] *Places?* Have they been of Brothels; or, indeed, any particular Locality? I make no Queſtion but our Author wrote,
That leads him to theſe Paces.
i. e. ſuch irregular Steps, to Courſes of Debauchery, to not loving his Wife. THEOBALD.

Hel.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with ſcarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance, he's hurt i' th' battel.

Par. Loſe our drum! well.——

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething. Look, he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

[*Exeunt* Bertram, Parolles, *&c.*

Mar. And your courteſy, for a ring-carrier!——

Wid. The troop is paſt: come, pilgrim, I will bring you,
Where you ſhall hoſt: Of injoyn'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. *Jaques* bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Bertram, *and the two* French *Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my Lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordſhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am ſo far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman; he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner

owner of no one good quality worthy your lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, leſt, repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſty buſineſs in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; ſuch I will have, whom, I am ſure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our own tents; be but your lordſhip preſent at his examination, if he do not for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays, he has a ſtratagem for't; when[s] your

[s] *When your Lordſhip ſees the bottom of his Succeſs in't, and to what Metal this counterfeit Lump of* Ours *will be melted, if you give him not* John Drum's *Entertainment, your Inclining cannot be remov'd.*] Lump of *Ours* has been the Reading of all the Editions. *Ore*, according to my Emendation, bears a Conſonancy with the other Terms accompanying (viz. *Metal*, *Lump* and *melted*) and helps the Propriety of the Poet's Thought: For ſo one Metaphor is kept up, and all the Words are proper and ſuitable to it. But, what is the Meaning of *John Drum's* Entertainment? *Laſeu* ſeveral times afterwards calls *Parolles*, *Tom Drum*. But the Difference of the Chriſtian Name will make none in the Explanation. There is an old motly Interlude (printed in 1601) call'd *Jack Drum's* Entertainment: Or, the *Comedy* of *Paſquil* and *Katharine*. In This, *Jack Drum* is a Servant of Intrigue, who is ever aiming at Projects, and always foil'd, and given

Lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and to what metal his counterfeit lump of Ore will be melted, if you give him not *John Drum's* entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

SCENE X.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum ſo loſt! there was an excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

given the Drop. And there is another old Piece (publiſh'd in 1627) call'd, Apollo *ſhroving*, in which I find theſe Expreſſions.

Thuriger. *Thou Lozel, hath* Slug *infected you?*
Why do you give ſuch kind Entertainment to that Cobweb?
Scopas. *It ſhall have* Tom Drum's *Entertainment; a Flap with a Fox tail.*

But both theſe Pieces are, perhaps, too late in Time, to come to the Aſſiſtance of our Author: ſo we muſt look a little higher. What is ſaid here to *Bertram* is to this Effect. "My Lord, as you "have taken this Fellow [*Parolles*] into ſo near a Confidence, if, upon his being found "a Counterfeit, you don't ſhear him from your Favour, "then your Attachment is not "not to be remov'd"—I'll now ſubjoin a Quotation from *Holingſhed* (of whoſe Books *Shakeſpeare* was a moſt diligent Reader) which will pretty well aſcertain *Drum's* Hiſtory. This Chronologer, in his Deſcription of *Ireland*, ſpeaking of *Patrick Scarfield* (Mayor of *Dublin* in the Year 1551) and of his extravagant Hoſpitality, ſubjoins, that no Gueſt had ever a cold or forbidding Look from any Part of his Family: ſo that *his Porter, or any other Officer, durſt not, for both his Ears, give the ſimpleſt Man, that reſorted to his Houſe,* Tom Drum's Entertainment, *which is,* to hale a Man in by the Head, and thruſt him out by both the Shoulders. THEOBALD.

Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command
ıe ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that *Cæſar*
elf coúld not have prevented, if he had been
to command.

r. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs:
diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum, but
ıot to be recover'd.

r. It might have been recover'd.

r. It might, but it is not now.

r. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of
e is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact per-
er, I would have that drum or another, or *hic*

---

r. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, Monſieur;
ı think your myſtery in ſtratagem can bring this
ment of honour again into his native quarter, be
ıanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace
:tempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in
e Duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you
further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt
ıle of your worthineſs.

r. By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

r. I'll about it this evening; and [9] I will preſently
own my dilemma's, encourage myſelf in my cer-
, put myſelf into my mortal preparation; and,
idnight, look to hear further from me.

. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace, you are
about it?

r. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my
; but the attempt I vow.

r. I know, th'art valiant; and to the [1] poſſibility

will preſently pen down my For a *Dilemma* is an argument
nas,] By this word, *Pa-* that concludes both ways. WARB.
made to inſinuate that he [1] *Poſſibility of* thy *ſoldierſhip.*]
eral ways, all equally cer- dele *thy*: the ſenſe requires it.
f recovering this Drum. WARBURTON.

of

of thy ſoldierſhip, will ſubſcribe for thee; farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fiſh loves water.—Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my Lord, that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this Buſineſs, which he knows is not to be done; damns himſelf to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my Lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a man's favour, and for a week eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almoſt [2] imboſs'd him, you ſhall ſee his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordſhip's reſpect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him. He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old lord *Lafeu*; when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him; which you ſhall ſee, this very night.

2 *Lord.* I muſt go and look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he ſhall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't pleaſe your lordſhip. I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

[2] *We have almoſt imboſſed him.*] To imboſs a deer, is to incloſe him in a wood. *Milton* uſes the ſame word.

Like that ſelf-begotten bird
In th' Arabian *woods emboſt,*
Which no ſecond knows or third.

Ber.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhew
r the laſs I ſpoke of.
t *Lord.* But you ſay, ſhe's honeſt.
Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
d found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her,
this ſame coxcomb that we have i'th'wind,
kens and letters, which ſhe did re-ſend;
d this is all I've done; ſhe's a fair creature,
ll you go ſee her?
Lord. With all my heart, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Changes to the Widow's Houſe.

Enter Helena, *and Widow.*

'. IF you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not, how I ſhall aſſure you further;
at I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.
Wid. Tho' my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
thing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes;
d would not put my reputation now
any ſtaining act.
Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
ſt, give me truſt, the Count he is my huſband;
d what * to your ſworn counſel I have ſpoken,
o, from word to word; and then you cannot,
the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,
r in beſtowing it.
Wid. I ſhould believe you,
r you have ſhew'd me that, which well approves
are great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purſe of gold,
d let me buy your friendly help thus far,

' *But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.*] *i. e.* By diſcoring herſelf to the Count. WARBURTON.

* *To your ſworn counſel.* To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of ſecrecy.

Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her conſent,
As we'll direct her how, 'tis beſt to bear it.
[4] Now his important blood will nought deny,
That ſhe'll demand: a ring the Count does wear,
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents,
Since the firſt father wore it. This ring he holds
In moſt rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I ſee the bottom of your purpoſe.

Hel. You ſee it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herſelf moſt chaſtly abſent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſevere,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With muſick of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to night
Let us aſſay our plot; which if it ſpeed,
[5] Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;

And

[4] *Important* here, and elſewhere, is *importunate.*

[5] *Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;* *And lawful meaning in a* LAWFUL *act;*] To make this gingling riddle complete in all its parts, we ſhould read the ſecond

And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact.
But let's about it.——— [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Part of the French *Camp in* Florence.

Enter one of the French *Lords, with five or ſix Soldiers in ambuſh.*

LORD.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge-corner; when you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; though you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter; for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him, unleſs ſome one amongſt us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be th' interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linſy-woolſy haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

cond line thus,

And lawful meaning in a WICKED *act*;

The ſenſe of the two lines is this, It is a *wicked meaning* becauſe the woman's intent is to deceive; but a *lawful deed* becauſe the man enjoys his own wife. Again, it is a *lawful meaning* becauſe done by her to gain her huſband's eſtranged affection, but it is a *wicked act* becauſe he goes intentionally to commit adultery. The riddle concludes thus, *Where both not ſin and yet a ſinful fact.* i. e. Where neither of them ſin, and yet it is a ſinful fact on both ſides; which concluſion, we ſee, requires the emendation here made. WARBURTON.

Sir *Thomas Hanmer* reads in the ſame ſenſe,

Unlawful *meaning in a lawful act.*

Lord. He muſt think us [6] ſome band of ſtrangers i'th' adverſary's entertainment. Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we ſpeak one to another, ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politick, but couch, hoa! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock; within theſe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay, I have done? it muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it. They begin to ſmoak me, and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aſide.*

Par. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give myſelf ſome hurts, and ſay, I got them in exploit; yet ſlight ones will not carry it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the [7] inſtance? Tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of [8] *Bajazet's* mule, if you prattle me into theſe perils.

Lord.

[6] *Some band of ſtrangers in the adverſaries entertainment.*] That is, *foreign troops in the enemy's pay.*

[7] *The Inſtance.*] The *proof.*

[8] *and buy myſelf another of* Bajazet's MULE.] We ſhould read, *Bajazet's* MUTE, *i. e.* a *ſer-*

Lord. Is it poſſible, he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aſide.*

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spaniſh* ſword.

Lord. We cannot afford you ſo. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to ſay, it was in ſtratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or to drown my cloaths, and ſay, I was ſtript.

Lord. Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

Par. Though I ſwore, I leap'd from the window of the citadel———

Lord. How deep? [*Aſide.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*Aſide.*

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies; I would ſwear, I recover'd it.

Lord. You ſhall hear one anon. [*Aſide.*

Par. A drum now of the enemies! [*Alarum within.*

Lord. *Throco movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

Par. Oh! ranſom, ranſom:—do not hide mine eyes. [*They ſeize him and blindfold him.*

Inter. Boſkos thromuldo boſkos.

Par. I know, you are the *Muſkos* regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language.
If there be here *German*, or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian, or *French*, let him ſpeak to me,
I'll diſcover That which ſhall undo the *Florentine.*

Inter. Boſkos vauvado; I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue; *Kerelybonto*,——— Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards are at thy boſom.

Turkiſh mute. So in *Henry* V.

Either our hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or elſe our grave,
Like Turkiſh mute, *ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth.*
WARBURTON.

Par. Oh!

Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray.
Mancha ravancha dulche.

Lord. Oſceoribi dulchos voliworco.

Inter. The General is content to ſpare thee yet,
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our Camp I'll ſhew;
Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak that
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou art granted ſpace. [*Exit.*

[*A ſhort alarum within.*

Lord. Go, tell the Count *Rouſillon* and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourſelves,
Inform 'em That.

Sol. So I will, Sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark and ſafely lockt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Widow's Houſe.

Enter Bertram, *and* Diana.

Ber. THEY told me, that your name was *Fontibel.*

Dia. No, my good Lord, *Diana.*

Ber. Titled Goddeſs,
And worth it with addition! but, fair ſoul,

In

In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind
You are no Maiden, but a Monument:
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;
And now you ſhould be as your Mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.
Dia. She then was honeſt.
Ber. So ſhould you be.
Dian. No.
My Mother did but duty: ſuch, my Lord,
As you owe to your Wife.
Ber. [9] No more o' that!
I pr'ythee do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.
Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us,

[9] *No more o' that!*
I pr'ythee do not ſtrive againſt
my vows:
I was compell'd to her.] I know not well what *Bertram* can mean by entreating *Diana* not *to ſtrive againſt his vows*. *Diana* has juſt mentioned his *wife*, ſo that the *vows* ſeem to relate to his marriage. In this ſenſe, not *Diana*, but Himſelf, *ſtrives againſt his vows*. His *vows* indeed may mean *vows* made to *Diana*; but, in that caſe, to *ſtrive againſt* is not properly uſed for to reject, nor does his ſenſe cohere well with his firſt exclamation of impatience at the mention of his wife. *No more of that!* Perhaps we might read,

I pr'ythee, do not drive *againſt*
my vows.
Do not run *upon that topick; talk*
of any thing elſe that I can bear
to hear.

I have another conceit upon this paſſage, which I would be thought to offer without much confidence.

No more of that!
I pr'ythee do not ſhrive —— *againſt my* voice
I was compell'd to her.

Diana tells him unexpectedly of his wife. He anſwers with perturbation, *No more of that! I pr'ythee do not* play the confeſſor —— *againſt my own* conſent *I was compelled to her.*

When a young profligate finds his courtſhip ſo gravely repreſſed by an admonition of his duty, he very naturally deſires the girl not to take upon her the office of a confeſſor.

'Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.

Ber. How have I ſworn!

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true;
' What is not holy, that we ſwear, not 'bides,
But take the High'ſt to witneſs: then, pray tell me,

[1] *What is not holy, that we ſwear not* BY,] Yes, nothing is more common than ſuch kind of oaths. But *Diana* is not here accuſing *Bertram* for ſwearing by a Being not holy, but for ſwearing to an unholy purpoſe; as is evident from the preceding lines.

'Tis not the many oaths, that make the Truth:
But the plain ſimple vow, that is vow'd true.

The line in queſtion, therefore, is evidently corrupt, and ſhould be read thus,

What is not holy, that we ſwear,
not 'BIDES,

i. e. If we ſwear to an unholy purpoſe the oath abides not, but is diſſolved in the making. This is an anſwer to the purpoſe. She ſubjoins the reaſon two or three lines after,

——— *this* has no holding,
To ſwear by him, whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him. ———

i. e. That oath can never hold whoſe ſubject is to offend and diſpleaſe that Being, whom, I profeſs, in the act of ſwearing by him, to love and reverence, — What may have miſled the editors into the common reading was, perhaps, miſtaking *Bertram's* words above,

By love's own ſweet conſtraint,

to be an oath; whereas it only ſignifies, *being conſtrained by love.* WARBURTON.

This is an acute and excellent conjecture, and I have done it the due honour of exalting it to the text; yet, methinks, there is ſomething yet wanting. The following words, *but take the High'ſt to witneſs*, even though it be underſtood as an anticipation or aſſumption in this ſenſe, — *but* now ſuppoſe that you *take the* Higheſt *to witneſs*, — has not ſufficient relation to the antecedent ſentence. I will propoſe a reading nearer to the ſurface, and let it take its chance.

Bert. *How have I ſworn!*
Diana. *'Tis not the many oaths,*
that make the truth;
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true.
Bert. *What is not holy, that we ſwear not by,*
But take the High'ſt to witneſs.
Diana. *Then, pray tell me,*
If I ſhould ſwear, &c.

Bertram means to enforce his ſuit, by telling her, that ſhe has bound himſelf to her, not by the petty proteſtations uſual among lovers, but by vows of greater ſolemnity. She then makes a proper and rational reply.

If

f I ſhould ſwear by *Jove's* great Attributes
lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
Vhen I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unſeal'd;
At leaſt in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy-cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: ſtand no more off,
But give thyſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Which then recover. Say, thou art mine; and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſever.

Dia. I ſee, that men make hopes in ſuch affairs
That we'll forſake ourſelves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my Dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?

Ber. It is an Honour 'longing to our Houſe,
Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i' th' world
In me to loſe.

Dia. Mine Honour's ſuch a ring;
My chaſtity's the jewel of our Houſe;
Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i' th' world
In me to loſe. Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.

Ber. Here, take my ring.
My Houſe, my Honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

* *To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,*
That I will work againſt him] This paſſage likewiſe appears to me corrupt. She ſwears not *by* him whom ſhe *loves*, but by *Jupiter*. I believe we may read, *to ſwear* to *him*. There is, ſays ſhe, no *holding*, no conſiſtency, in ſwearing to one that *I love him*, when I ſwear it only to *injure* him.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my Mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them,
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu, 'till then, fail not: you have won
A Wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me.
You may ſo in the end.——
My Mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſate in's heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me,
When his Wife's dead: therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried [2]. Since *Frenchmen* are ſo braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid;
Only, in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him, that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

[2] —— *Since* Frenchmen *are ſo braid,*
Marry that will, I'll live and die a Maid;] What! becauſe *Frenchmen* were falſe, ſhe, that was an *Italian*, would marry nobody. The text is corrupted; and we ſhould read,
—— *Since* Frenchmen *are ſo braid,*
Marry 'em that will, I'll live and die a maid.
i. e. ſince *Frenchmen* prove ſo crooked and perverſe in their manners, let who will marry them, I had rather live and die a maid, than venture upon them. This ſhe ſays with a view to *Helen*, who appeared ſo fond of her huſband, and went thro' ſo many difficulties to obtain him.
WARBURTON.

The paſſage is very unimportant, and the old reading reaſonable enough. Nothing is more common than for girls, on ſuch occaſions, to ſay in a pett what they do not think, or to think for a time what they do not finally reſolve.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Changes to the French *Camp in* Florence.

the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

d. YOU have not given him his Mother's letter?

Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour ſince; there is thing in't, that ſtings his nature; for, on the ng it, he chang'd almoſt into another man.

Lord. [1] He has much worthy blame laid upon him, haking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a lady.

Lord. Eſpecially he hath incurred the everlaſting eaſure of the King, who had even tun'd his ity to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a g, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

Lord. When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I he grave of it.

Lord. He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman in *Florence*, of a moſt chaſte renown; and this it he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour; ath given her his monumental ring, and thinks ſelf made in the unchaſte compoſition.

Lord. Now God delay our rebellion; as we are elves, what things are we!

Lord. Meerly our own traitors; and, as in the mmon courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal nſelves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; ſo

[1] *Lord*] The later Editors ſeem to act, and the timorous manner in which they converſe, determines them to be only captains. Yet as the later readers of *Shakeſpeare* have been uſed to find them lords, I have not thought it worth while to degrade them in the margin.

he

he, that in this action contrives againſt his own Nobility, [4] in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we ſhall not then have his company to night?

2 *Lord.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a meaſure of his own Judgment [5], wherein ſo curiouſly he hath ſet this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of theſe Wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of Peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you, a Peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count *Rouſillon* do then? will he travel higher, or return againin to *France?*

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his Council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his Wife ſome two months ſince fled from his Houſe, her pretence is Pilgrimage to St. *Jaques le Grand*; which holy Undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſhed; and there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1 *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters,

[4] *In his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.*] That is, *betrays his own ſecrets in his own talk.* The reply ſhews that this is the meaning.

[5] *He might take a meaſure of his own judgment.*] This is a very juſt and moral reaſon. *Bertram*, by finding how erroneouſly he has judged, will be leſs confident, and more eaſily moved by admonition.

which

makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her
; her Death itſelf (which could not be her
to ſay, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the
of the place.
ord. Hath the Count all this intelligence?
ord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point
point, to the full arming of the verity.
ord. I am heartily ſorry, that he'll be glad of

ord. How mightily ſometimes we make us com-
of our loſſes!
ord. And how mightily ſome other times we
our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his
hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be
nter'd with a ſhame as ample.
ord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn,
and ill together: our virtues would be proud,
faults whipt them not; and our crimes would
r, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant:

now? where's your maſter?
v. He met the Duke in the ſtreet, Sir, of whom
h taken a ſolemn leave: his Lordſhip will next
ng for *France*. The Duke hath offered him let-
f commendations to the King.
ord. They ſhall be no more than needful there,
y were more than they can commend.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bertram.

ord. They cannot be too ſweet for the King's
ſs; here's his Lordſhip now. How now, my
, is't not after midnight?
. I have to-night diſpatch'd ſixten buſineſſes; a
month's

month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between theſe main parcels of diſpatch, effected many nicer needs: the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier? come [6], bring forth this counterfeit module; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning propheſier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; h'as ſate in the Stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerv'd it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your Lordſhip already: the Stocks carry him. But to anſwer you as you would be underſtood, he weeps like a wench that had ſhed her milk; he hath confeſs'd himſelf to *Morgan*, whom he ſuppoſes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'th' Stocks; and what, think you, he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face; if your Lordſhip be in't, as, I believe, you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

[6] *bring forth this counterfeit* MODULE;] This epithet is improper to a *module*, which profeſſes to be the counterfeit of another thing. We ſhould read MEDAL. And this the *Oxford* Editor follows. WARBURTON.

Module being the *patern* of any thing, may be here uſed in that ſenſe. Bring forth this fellow, who, by *counterfeit* virtue pretended to make himſelf a *patern*.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Parolles, *with his Interpreter.*

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh! huſh!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotarоſſa.*

Inter. He calls for the tortures; what, will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if you pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

Interp. Boſko Chimurcho.

2 *Lord. Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

Inter. You are a merciful General. Our General bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Inter. Firſt demand of him, how many Horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand, but very weak and unſerviceable; the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the Commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Inter. Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, I'll take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this!

1 *Lord.* Y'are deceiv'd; my Lord, this is Monſieur *Parolles*, the gallant militariſt, that was his own phraſe, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again for keeping his ſword clean; nor believe, he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

Inter. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe I ſaid, (I will ſay true) or thereabouts, ſet down; for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

Inter. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Inter. Demand of him, of what ſtrength they are a-foot. What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this preſent hour, I will tell true. Let me ſee; *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebaſtian* ſo many, *Corambus* ſo many, *Jaques* ſo many; *Guiltian*, *Coſmo*, *Lodowick*, and *Gratii*, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each; ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thouſand Poll; half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks, leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Inter. Well, that's ſet down. You ſhall demand of him, whether one Captain *Dumain* be i'th' camp, a *Frenchman:* what his reputation is with the Duke; what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs in war; or whether he thinks, it were not poſſible with well-weighing ſums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What ſay you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you, let me anſwer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them ſingly.

Inter. Do you know this Captain *Dumain?*

Par. I know him; he was a botcher's 'prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the ſheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him *nay*. [Dumain *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Inter. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of *Florence's* Camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowſy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not ſo upon me, we ſhall hear of your Lordſhip anon.

Inter. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out o' th' band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Inter. Marry, we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſs, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Inter. Here 'tis, here's a paper, ſhall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

Inter. [7] Dian, *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurement of one Count *Rouſillon*, a fooliſh idle boy; but for all that, very ruttiſh. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Inter. Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both ſides rogue.

[7] Dian. *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*] After this line there is apparently a line loſt, there being no rhyme that correſponds to gold.

Interpreter *reads the letter.*

When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
[a] *Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:*
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before,
And ſay, a ſoldier (Dian) *told thee this:*
[*] *Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiſs.*
For, count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it;
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He ſhall be whipt thro' the army with this rhime in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguiſt, and the armi-potent ſoldier.

[a] *Half won is match well made; match, and well make it.*] This line has no meaning that I can find. I read, with a very ſlight alteration, *Half won is match well made*; watch, *and well make it.* That is, *a match well made is half won*; *watch, and make it well.*

This is, in my opinion, not all the errour. The lines are miſplaced, and ſhould be read thus:

Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it;
When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
He never pays after-debts, take it before,
And ſay——

That is, take his money and leave him to himſelf. When the players had loſt the ſecond line, they tried to make a connexion out of the reſt. Part is apparently in couplets, and the reſt was probably uniform.

[*] *Men are to mell with, boys are* not *to kiſs.*] All the Editors have obtruded a new Maxim upon us here, that *Boys are not to kiſs.*] —— *Livia*, in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Tamer tam'd*, is of a quite oppoſite Opinion.

For Boys were made for Nothing but *to Kiſſes.*

And our Poet's Thought, I am perſuaded, went to the ſame Tune. To *mell*, is derived from the *French* word, *meler*, to mingle.

THEOBALD.

Ber.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Inter. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any caſe; not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a Dungeon, i' th' Stocks, any where, ſo I may live.

Inter. We'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore, once more, to this Captain *Dumain:* you have anſwer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, Sir, [9] an egg out of a cloiſter; for rapes and raviſhments he parallels *Neſſus.* He profeſſes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is ſtronger than *Hercules.* He will lye, Sir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think, truth were a fool; drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue, for he will be ſwine-drunk, and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, Sir, of his honeſty; he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Inter. What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the *Engliſh* Tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not; except, in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there

[9] *An egg out of a cloiſter.*] I know not that *cloiſter*, though it may etymologically ſignify *any thing ſhut*, is uſed by our authour, otherwiſe than for a *monaſtery*, and therefore I cannot gueſs whence this hyperbole could take its original: perhaps it means only this: *He will ſteal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.*

call'd *Mile-end*, to inſtruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villany ſo far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, [1] he's a cat ſtill.

Inter. His Qualities being at this poor price, I need not to aſk you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *Quart d'ecu* he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' intail from all remainders, and a perpetual ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

Inter. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain?*

2 *Lord.* [2] Why does he aſk him of me?

Inter. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' th' ſame neſt; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his Brother for a Coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a Retreat he outruns any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Inter. If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine?*

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his horſe, Count *Rouſillon.*

Inter. I'll whiſper with the General, and know his pleaſure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to ſeem to deſerve well, and [3] to beguile the ſuppoſition of that laſcivious young boy the Count, have

[1] *He's a cat ſtill.*] That is, throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs.

[2] *Why does he aſk him of me?*] This is nature. Every man is on ſuch occaſions more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own.

[3] *To beguile the ſuppoſition.*] That is, *to deceive the opinion*, to make the Count think me a man that *deſerves well.*

I run

I run into this danger; yet who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken? [*Aſide.*

Inter. There is no remedy, Sir, but you muſt die; the General ſays, you, that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headſman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, Sir, let me live, or let me ſee my death.

Inter. That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*

So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* God bleſs you, Captain *Parolles*.

1 *Lord.* God ſave you, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what Greeting will you to my Lord *Lafeu?* I am for *France.*

1 *Lord.* Good Captain, will you give me a copy of that ſame ſonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Rouſſillon?* if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Inter. You are undone, Captain, all but your ſcarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a Plot?

Inter. If you can find out a Country where but women were that had receiv'd ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for *France* too, we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Par. Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft,
As Captain ſhall; ſimply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himſelf a braggart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, *Parolles*, live
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Widow's Houſe, at Florence.

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana.

Hel. THAT you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the Greateſt in the Chriſtian world
Shall be my Surety; 'fore whoſe Throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a deſired office
Dear almoſt as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty *Tartar's* boſom would peep forth,
And anſwer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at *Marſeilles*, to which place
We have convenient Convoy; you muſt know,
I am ſuppoſed dead; the Army breaking,
My huſband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a ſervant, to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, Miſtreſs,
Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompenſe your love: doubt not, but heav'n
Hath brought me up to be your Daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be [4] my motive

[4] *my motive*] *motive* for aſſiſtant. WARBURTON.

And helper to a huſband. But, O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
[5] When ſaucy truſting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night; ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away,
But more of this hereafter. You, *Diana*,
Under my poor inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
[6] But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp: we muſt away,
[7] Our Waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;

All's

[5] *When* SAUCY *truſting of the cozen'd thoughts*
Defiles the pitchy night;] *i. e.* makes the perſon guilty of intentional adultery. But truſting a miſtake cannot make any one guilty. We ſhould read, and point, the lines thus,

When FANCY, *truſting of the cozen'd thoughts,*
Defiles the pitchy night.

i. e. the *fancy*, or imagination, that he lay with his miſtreſs, tho' it was, indeed, his Wife, made him incur the guilt of adultery. *Night*, by the ancients, was reckoned odious, obſcene, and abominable. The Poet, alluding to this, ſays, with great beauty, *Defiles the pitchy night*; *i. e.* makes the night, more than ordinary, abominable.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture is truly ingenious; but, I believe, the author of it will himſelf think it unneceſſary, when he recollects that *ſaucy* may very properly ſignify *luxurious*, and by conſequence *laſcivious*.

[6] *But* with the word, *the time will bring on ſummer.*] *With the word, i. e.* in an inſtant of time. The *Oxford* Editor reads (but what he means by it I know not) *Bear with the word.*

WARBURTON.

The meaning of this obſervation is, that as *briars* have *ſweetneſs* with their *prickles*, ſo ſhall theſe *troubles* be recompenſed with *joy*.

[7] *Our waggon is prepar'd, and time* revives *us*;] The word *Revives* conveys ſo little ſenſe, that it ſeems very liable to ſuſpicion.

—— *and time* revyes *us*;
i e. looks us in the face, calls upon us to haſten. WARB.

All's well, that ends well; ſtill the *Fine's* the crown;
Whate'er the courſe the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs, Lafeu, *and* Clown.

Laf. NO, no, no, your Son was miſ-led with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there[8], whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth

The preſent reading is corrupt, and I am afraid the emendation none of the ſoundeſt. I never remember to have ſeen the word *rewye*. One may as well leave blunders as make them. Why may we not read for a ſhift, without much effort, *the time* invites *us?*

[8] *whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour.*] *Parolles* is repreſented as an affected follower of the faſhion, and an encourager of his maſter to run into all the follies of it; where he ſays, *Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble Lords — they wear themſelves in the cap of time — and tho' the Devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be followed.* Here ſome particularities of faſhionable dreſs are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous ſaffron* is more obſcure. This alludes to a fantaſtic faſhion, then much followed, of uſing *yellow ſtarch* for their bands and ruffs. So *Fletcher*, in his *Queen of* Corinth,

— Has he familiarly
Diſlik'd your yellow ſtarch; *or*
ſaid your doublet
Was not exactly frenchified.—

And *Johnſon's Devil's an Aſs*,

Carmen and chimney-ſweepers are
got into the yellow ſtarch.

This was invented by one *Turner*, a tire-woman, a court-bawd; and, in all reſpects, of ſo infamous a character, that her invention deſerved the name of *villainous ſaffron*. This woman was, afterwards, amongſt the miſcreants concerned in the murder of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, for which ſhe was hanged at *Tyburn*, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention: which made yellow ſtarch ſo odious, that it immediately went out of faſhion. 'Tis this, then, to which *Shakeſpeare* alludes: but uſing the word *ſaffron* for *yellow*, a new idea preſented itſelf, and he purſues his thought under a quite different alluſion — *Whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and dowy youths of a nation in his colour, i. e.* of his temper

youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your ſon here at home, more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble bee I ſpeak of.

Count. [9] I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the moſt virtuous Gentlewoman that ever Nature had Praiſe for creating: if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a Mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thouſand ſallets ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, ſhe was the ſweet-marjoram of the ſallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallet herbs, you knave, they are noſe herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much ſkill in graſs.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thyſelf, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's ſervice; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, Sir, to do her ſervice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

temper and diſpoſition. Here the general cuſtom of that time, of colouring *paſte* with ſaffron, is alluded to. So in the *Winter's Tale*:

I muſt have ſaffron to colour the warden pyes.

WARBURTON.

[9] *I would, I had not known him.*] This dialogue ſerves to connect the incidents of *Parolles* with the main plan of the play.

Clo.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a Prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a *Frenchman?*

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an *Engliſh* name; but his [1] phiſnomy is more hotter in *France* than there.

Laf. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of Darkneſs, *alias* the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe; I give thee not this to ſeduce thee from thy Maſter thou talk'ſt of, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. [2] I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the Maſter I ſpeak of ever keeps a good fire; but, ſure, he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the Houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter: ſome, that humble themſelves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horſes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they ſhall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature. [*Exit.*

[1] *his phiſnomy is more* HOTTER *in* France *than there.*] This is intolerable nonſenſe. The ſtupid Editors, becauſe the Devil was talked of, thought no quality would ſuit him but *hotter*. We ſhould read,—*more* HONOUR'D. A joke upon the *French* people, as if they held a dark complexion, which is natural to them, in more eſtimation than the *Engliſh* do, who are generally white and fair.

WARBURTON.

[2] *I'm a woodland fellow, Sir,* &c.] *Shakeſpear* is but rarely guilty of ſuch impious trash. And it is obſervable, that where he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools*, which is now grown the characteriſtic of the *fine gentleman*.

WARBURTON.

Laf.

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an [3] unhappy.

Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſawcineſs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſs; and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good Lady's death, and that my Lord your Son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my Maſter to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe; his Highneſs has promis'd me to do it; and to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceiv'd againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyſhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneſs comes poſt from *Marſeilles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that, I hope, I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters, that my ſon will be here to night: I ſhall beſeech your Lordſhip to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder's my Lord your ſon with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a ſcar

[3] *Unhappy.*] That is, *miſchievouſly haggiſh; unlucky.*

under't,

under't, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your [*] carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of France, *at* Marſeilles.

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana, *with two Attendants.*

HELENA.

BUT this exceeding poſting day and night
Muſt wear your ſpirits low; we cannot help it.
But ſince you've made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs;
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,——

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majeſty's ear,

[*] *But it is your carbonado'd face.*] Mr. *Pope* reads it *carbinado'd*, which is right. The joke, ſuch as it is, conſiſts in the alluſion to a wound made with a carabine; arms, which *Henry* IV. had made famous, by bringing into uſe amongſt his horſe. WARBURTON.

If

would ſpend his power. God ſave you, Sir,
. And you.
Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of *France.*
I have been ſometimes there.
I do preſume, Sir, that you are not fallen
the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
herefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions,
lay nice manners by, I put you to
ſe of your own virtues, for the which
continue thankful.
. What's your will?
That it will pleaſe you
e this poor petition to the King;
d me with that ſtore of power you have,
ne into his preſence.
. The King's not here.
Not here, Sir?
t. Not, indeed.
nce remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
is his uſe.
. Lord, how we loſe our pains!
. *All's well, that ends well* yet,
ime ſeems ſo adverſe, and means unfit:
eſeech you, whither is he gone?
. Marry, as I take it, to *Rouſillon,*
er I am going.
I beſeech you, Sir,
ou are like to ſee the King before me,
end this paper to his gracious hand;
, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
ther make you thank your pains for it.
come after you with what good ſpeed
means will make us means.

* *means will make us means.*] *Shakeſpeare* deuch in this kind of reion, ſometimes ſo as to obſcure his meaning. *Helena* ſays, *they will follow with ſuch ſpeed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert.*

Gent.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you ſhall find yourſelf to be well thank'd,
What-e'er falls more. We muſt to horſe again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Rouſillon.

Enter Clown, *and* Parolles.

Par. GOOD Mr. *Levatch*, give my Lord *Laſeu* this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher cloaths [6]; but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, Sir; I ſpeak but by a metaphor.

[6] In former editions,
—— *but I am now, Sir, muddied in ſortune's* Mood, *and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.*] I believe the poet wrote, *in fortune's* moat; becauſe the Clown in the very next ſpeech replies, *I will henceforth eat no* fiſh *of fortune's butt'ring*; and again, when he comes to repeat *Parolle's* petition to *Laſeu*, *that hath fall'n into the unclean* fiſhpond *of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is* muddied *withal.* And again, *Pray you, Sir, uſe the* carp *as you may*, &c. In all which places, 'tis obvious a moat or pond is the alluſion. Beſides, *Parolles* ſmelling ſtrong, as he ſays, of fortune's ſtrong diſpleaſure, carries on the ſame image; for as the *moats* round old ſeats were always repleniſh'd with fiſh, ſo the Clown's joke of holding his noſe, we may preſume, proceeded from this, that the privy was always over the moat; and therefore the Clown humourouſly ſays, when *Parolles* is preſſing him to deliver his letter to Lord *Laſeu*, *Fob! pr'ythee, ſtand away; a paper from fortune's* cloſeſtool, *to give to a Nobleman!* WARB.

Laſ.

Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will noſe againſt any man's [7] metaphor. Pr'ythee, further.

Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away; a paper from forloſe-ſtool, to give to a Nobleman! look, here 's himſelf.

Enter Lafeu.

is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or fortune's cat, (but uſk-cat;) that hath fall'n into the unclean fiſh-her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddied Pray you, Sir, uſe the carp as you may; for like a poor, decayed, ingenious, fooliſh-raſ-ave [8]. I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſimilies of , and leave him to your Lordſhip.

My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cratch'd.

And what would you have me to do? 'tis too are her nails now. Wherein have you play'd

, *Sir, if your metaphor ll ſtop my noſe againſt metaphor.*] Nothing conceived with greater or juſtneſs of ſatire, ſpeech. The uſe of *g metaphor* is an odious ch grave writers often It is not uncommon oral declaimers againſt ribe her as *Heſiod* did *Triſtitiæ*:

ἐκ ξύλου μύξαι χέρα.

ch *Longinus* juſtly ob-at, inſtead of giving a nage, he has given a one. *Cicero* cautions nſt it, in his book *de Oratore*, ſays he, *vel ſumma laus eſt in verbis tranſferendis ut ſenſum feriat id, quod tranſlatum ſit, fugienda eſt omnis turpitudo earum rerum, ad quas eorum animos qui audiunt trahat ſimilitudo. Nolo morte dici Africani* caſtratam *eſſe rempublicam. Nolo* ſtercus *curiæ dici Glauciam.* Our poet himſelf is extremely delicate in this reſpect; who, throughout his large writings, if you except a paſſage in *Hamlet*, has ſcarce a metaphor that can offend the moſt ſqueamiſh reader.

WARBURTON.

[8] *I pity his diſtreſs in my* SMILES *of comfort,*] We ſhould read, SIMILIES *of comfort*, ſuch as the calling him *fortune's cat, carp*, &c. WARBURTON.

the

the knave with fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of herſelf is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'ecu* for you: let the juſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your honour, to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more. Come, you ſhall ha't, ſave your word.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is *Parolles*.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I, in ſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you, my Lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the Devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound Trumpets.*] The King's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you laſt night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat [9]; go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

[9] —— *you ſhall eat*;] *Parolles* has many of the lineaments of *Falſtaff*, and ſeems to be the character which *Shakeſpeare* delighted to draw, a fellow that had no more wit than virtue. Though juſtice required that he ſhould be detected and expoſed, yet his *vices ſit ſo fit in him* that he is not at laſt ſuffered to ſtarve.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Counteſs, Lafeu, *the two* French *Lords, with attendants.*

King. We loſt a jewel of her, our [1] eſteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your ſon,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home [2].
Count. 'Tis paſt, my Liege;
And I beſeech your Majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'th' blade of youth [3],
When Oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.
King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.
Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I beg my pardon, the young Lord
Did to his Majeſty, his Mother, and his Lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes; whoſe words all ears took captive;
Whoſe dear perfection, hearts, that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.
King. Praiſing what is loſt,

[1] —— *eſteem*] Dr. *Warburton* in *Theobald's* edition altered this word to *eſtate*, in his own he lets it ſtand and explains it by *worth* or *eſtate*. But *eſteem* is here *reckoning* or *eſtimate*. Since the loſs of *Helen* with her *virtues* and *qualifications*, our *account* is *ſunk*; what we have to *reckon* ourſelves king of, is much *poorer* than before.

[2] —— *home.*] That is *completely, in its full extent.*

[3] —*blade of youth,*] In the *ſpring* of *early life*, when the man is yet *green*. *Oil* and *fire* ſuit but ill with *blaze*, and therefore Dr. *Warburton* reads, *blaze* of youth.

Makes the remembrance dear. Well——call him hither;
We're reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition: let him not aſk our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incenſing relicks of it. Let him approach,
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall, my Liege.

King. What ſays he to your daughter? Have you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highneſs.

King. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters ſent me,
That ſet him high in fame.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I'm not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou may'ſt ſee a ſun-ſhine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth.

[4] —— *the firſt view ſhall kill*
All repetition: ——] *The firſt interview ſhall put an end to all recollection of the paſt. Shakeſpeare* is now haſtening to the end of the play, finds his matter ſufficient to fill up his remaining ſcenes, and therefore, as on other ſuch occaſions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that *Bertram's* double crime of cruelty and diſobedience, joined likewiſe with ſome hypocriſy, ſhould raiſe more reſentment; and that though his mother might eaſily forgive him, his king ſhould more pertinaciouſly vindicate his own authority and *Helen's* merit: of all this *Shakeſpeare* could not be ignorant, but *Shakeſpeare* wanted to conclude his play.

The

The time is fair again.
Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole.
Not one word more of the conſumed time,
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?
Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtoll'n [5];
Extended or contracted all proportions

To

[5] SCORN'D *a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtol'n*;] *Firſt*, it is to be obſerved, that this young man's caſe was not indifference to the ſex in general, but a very ſtrong attachment to one; therefore he could not *ſcorn* a fair colour, for it was that which had captivated him. But he might very naturally be ſaid to do what men, ſtrongly attach'd to one, commonly do, not allow beauty in any face but his miſtreſs's. And that this was the thought here, is evident,

1. From the latter part of the verſe.

——*or expreſs'd it ſtoll'n*;

2. From the preceding verſe,

Which warp'd the line of every other favour;

3. From the following verſes,

Extended or contracted all proportions To a moſt hideous object: ——

Secondly, It is to be obſerved, that he deſcribes his indifference for others in highly figurative expreſſions. Contempt is brought in lending him her perſpective-glaſs, which does its office properly by *warping* the lines of all other faces; by *extending* or *contracting* into a *hideous object*; or by *expreſſing* or ſhewing native red and white as paint. But with what propriety of ſpeech can this glaſs be ſaid to *ſcorn*, which is an affection of the mind? Here then the metaphor becomes miſerably mangled; but the foregoing obſervation will lend us to the genuine reading, which is,

SCORCH'D *a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtol'n*;

i. e. this glaſs repreſented the owner as brown or tanned: or, if not ſo, cauſed the native co-

To a moſt hideous object: thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd———
That thou do'ſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great 'compt; but love, that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender turns a ſour offence,
Crying, that's good that is gone: our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our diſpleaſures, to ourſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and, after, weep their duſt:
[5] Our own love, waking, cries to ſee what's done [6]
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.
Be this ſweet *Helen's* knell; and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main conſents are had, and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage-day.

Count. [7] Which better than the firſt, O dear heav'n bleſs. Or,

lour to appear artificial. Thus he ſpeaks in character, and conſiſtently with the reſt of his ſpeech. The emendation reſtores integrity to the figure, and, by a beautiful thought, makes the *ſcornful perſpective of contempt* do the office of a *turning-glaſs*. WARBURTON.

It was but juſt to inſert this note, long as it is, becauſe the commentator ſeems to think it of importance. Let the reader judge.

[6] *Our own love, waking, &c.*] Theſe two lines I ſhould be glad to call *an interpolation of a player*, They are ill connected with the former, and not very clear or proper in themſelves. I believe the author made two couplets to the ſame purpoſe, wrote them both down that he might take his choice, and ſo they happened to be both preſerved.

For *ſleep* I think we ſhould read *ſlept*. *Love cries* to ſee what was done while hatred *ſlept*, and ſuffered miſchief to be done. Or the meaning may be, that *hatred* ſtill *continues* to *ſleep* at eaſe, while *love* is weeping; and ſo the preſent reading may ſtand.

[7] *Which better than the firſt,*
O dear Heav'n, bleſs,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O Nature, ceaſe!] I have ventured, againſt the authority of the printed Copies, to prefix the

Count.'s

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe!
Laf. Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted: give a favour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Helen*, that's dead,
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that e'er ſhe took her leave at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.
Ber. Her's it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me ſee it: For mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it *Helen*,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?
Ber. My gracious ſovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never her's.
Count. Son, on my life,
I've ſeen her wear it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Laf. I'm ſure, I ſaw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, ſhe never ſaw it;
In *Florence* was it from a caſement thrown me[s],
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name

Counteſs's Name to theſe two Lines. The King appears, indeed, to be a Favourer of *Bertram*: but if *Bertram* ſhould make a bad Huſband the ſecond Time, why ſhould it give the King ſuch mortal Pangs? A fond and diſappointed Mother might reaſonably not deſire to live to ſee ſuch a Day: and from her the Wiſh of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with Propriety. THEOBALD.

[s] *In* Florence *was it from a caſement*——] *Bertram* ſtill continues to have too little virtue to deſerve *Helen*. He did not know indeed that it was *Helen's* ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window.

Of her that threw it: [9] Noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood engag'd; but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceaſt
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. *Plutus* himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine [1],
Hath not in nature's myſtery more ſcience,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen's*,
Whoever gave it you: then if you know [2],
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to yourſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come) or ſent it us

[9] ——— *Noble ſhe was, and thought*
I ſtood engag'd; ——] I don't underſtand this Reading; if we are to underſtand that ſhe thought *Bertram* engaged to her in Affection, inſnared by her Charms, this Meaning is too obſcurely expreſs'd. The Context rather makes me believe, that the Poet wrote,
——— *noble ſhe was, and thought*
I ſtood ungag'd; ———
i. e. unengag'd: neither my Heart, nor Perſon, diſpos'd of.
THEOBALD.
The plain meaning is, when ſhe ſaw me receive the ring, ſhe thought me *engaged* to her.

[1] King. Plutus *himſelf*,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,] *Plutus* the grand alchimiſt, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon baſe metals, and the *matter* by which *gold* is *multiplied*, by which a ſmall quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large maſs of metal.
In the reign of *Henry* the fourth a law was made to forbid *all men thenceforth to* multiply *gold*, *or uſe any craft of* multiplication. Of which law Mr. *Boyle*, when he was warm with the hope of tranſmutation, procured a repeal.

[2] ——— *then if you know*,
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,] *i. e.* then if you be wiſe. A ſtrange way of expreſſing ſo trivial a thought!
WARBURTON.
The true meaning of this *ſtrange* expreſſion is, *If you know that* your faculties are ſo ſound, as *that you have the proper conſciouſneſs of your own actions*, and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, *tell me*, &c.

Upon

Upon her great diſaſter.

Ber. She never ſaw it.

King. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conject'ral fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out; if it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman—'twill not prove ſo—
And yet I know not—thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to cloſe
Her eyes myſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring. Take him away.
[*Guards ſeize* Bertram.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall [3],
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall prove,
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſy
Prove that I huſbanded her bed in *Florence*,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* Bertram *guarded.*

SCENE V.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I'm wrap'd in diſmal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a *Florentine*,
Who hath ſome four or five removes come ſhort [4]
To

[3] *My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,*
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly feared too little.] The *proofs which I have already had*, are ſufficient to ſhow that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more eaſy than I ought, and have *unreaſonably* had *too little fear.*

[4] *Who hath* FOR *four or five removes come ſhort.*] We ſhould read, *Who hath* SOME *four or five removes come ſhort.* So in King *Lear*,

For that I am SOME *twelve or*

To tender it herſelf. I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage; and ſhe told me,
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highneſs with herſelf.

The King reads a letter.

Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the Count Rouſillon *a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He ſtole from* Florence, *taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for juſtice: grant it me, O King, in you it beſt lies; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone.* Diana Capulet.

Laf. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll for him. For this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*,
To bring forth this diſcov'ry. Seek theſe ſuitors:
Go ſpeedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid, the life of *Helen* (lady)
Was fouly ſnatch'd.

Count. Now juſtice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are ſo monſtrous to you,
And that you fly them as you ſwear to them;
Yet you deſire to wed. What woman's that?

Enter Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine.*

fourteen meaſures — *Removes* are *journies* or *poſt-Lags of a trocket.* ——— *ſtages.*
WARBURTON.

Derived

Derived from the antient *Capulet*;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe without your remedy.
King. Come hither, Count; do you know theſe women?
Ber. My Lord, I neither can, nor will, deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?
Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.
Dia. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe, which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both or none.
Laf. Your reputation comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no huſband for her. [*To* Bertram.
Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſp'rate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your Highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
'Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!
Dia. Good my Lord,
Aſk him upon his oath, if he does not think
He had not my virginity.
King. What ſay'ſt thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my Lord;
And was a common gameſter to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price.

Do

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a Gentleman loves a Woman.

King. How it that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majeſty's Command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty Orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty. I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he loved her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what? yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to ſpeak of; therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou canſt ſay they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore ſtand aſide. This ring, you ſay, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf.

Laf. This woman's an eaſy glove, my Lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To priſon with her: and away with him
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou hadſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.

Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't;
I'll ſwear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I'm either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* Lafeu.

King. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir,
[*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller, that owns the ring, is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this Lord, [*To* Bert.
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
[7] He knows himſelf, my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child;
Dead, tho' ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle; one, that's dead, is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

[7] *He knows himſelf*, &c.——] This dialogue is too long, ſince the audience already knew the whole tranſaction; nor is there any reaſon for puzzling the king and playing with his paſſions; but it was much eaſier than to make a pathetical interview between *Helen* and her huſband, her mother, and the king.

Enter

And look you, here's your letter: this it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If ſhe, my Liege, can make me know
clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untru
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!
O, my dear mother, do I ſee you living?
[*To the Co*
Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep an
Good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief, [*To Pa*
So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make
with thee: let thy courteſies alone, they are
ones.
King. Let us from point to point this ſtory kn
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh uncropped flower, [*To I*
Chuſe thou thy huſband, and I'll pay thy dowe
For I can gueſs, that, by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the KING.

THE King's a beggar now the play is done:
All is well ended, *if this ſuit be won,*
That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day;
* *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;*
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

* *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts.*] The meaning is: Grant *us then your patience*; hear us without interruption. *And* take *our parts*; that is, ſupport and defend us.

This play has many delightful ſcenes, though not ſufficiently probable, and ſome happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. *Parolles* is a boaſter and a coward, ſuch as has always been the ſport of the ſtage, but perhaps never raiſed more laughter or contempt than in the hands of *Shakeſpeare*.

I cannot reconcile my heart to *Bertram*; a man noble without generoſity, and young without truth; who marries *Helen* as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when ſhe is dead by his unkindneſs, ſneaks home to a ſecond marriage, is accuſed by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himſelf by falſhood, and is diſmiſſed to happineſs.

The ſtory of *Bertram* and *Diana* had been told before of *Mariana* and *Angelo*, and, to confeſs the truth, ſcarcely merited to be heard a ſecond time.

The ſtory is copied from a novel of *Boccace*, which may be read in *Shakeſpeare Illuſtrated*, with remarks not more favourable to *Bertram* than my own.

THE

THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

KING JOHN.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING John.
Prince Henry, *Son to the King.*
Arthur, *Duke of* Bretagne, *and Nephew to the Ki*
Pembroke, }
Eſſex, }
Saliſbury, } Engliſh *Lords.*
Hubert, }
Bigot, }
Faulconbridge, *Baſtard-Son to* Richard *the Firſt.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſuppos'd Brother to the Baſ*
James Gurney, *Servant to the Lady* Faulconbridge
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of* France.
Lewis, *the* Dauphin.
Arch-Duke of Auſtria.
Card. Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*
Melun, *a* French *Lord.*
Chatillon, *Ambaſſador from* France *to King* John

Elinor, *Queen-Mother of* England.
Conſtance, *Mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *Daughter to* Alphonſo *King of* Caſtile
Niece to King John.
Lady Faulcondridge, *Mother to the Baſtard, and*
bert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, *Heralds, Executioners, Meſſ*
Soldiers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, *ſometimes in* England; *and*
times in France,

Of this Play there are three editions in *Quarto* preceding the firſt folio.
I. 1591, for *Sampſon Clarke.*
II. 1611, *Valentine Sim*
John Helme.
III. 1622, *Aug. Matth*
Thomas Dewe.

T

[1] The LIFE and DEATH of KING *JOHN*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, *Queen* Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, *and* Saliſbury, *with* Chatillon.

King JOHN.

NOW, ſay, *Chatillon*, what would *France* with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the king of *France*,
In my behaviour, [2] to the Majeſty,

The

[1] *The troubleſome Reign of King John* was written in two parts, by *W. Shakeſpeare* and *W. Rowley*, and printed 1611. But the preſent Play is intirely different, and infinitely ſuperior to it. POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of *Rowley*, nor in the account of *Rowley's* works is any mention made of his conjunction with *Shakeſpeare* in any play. King *John* was reprinted in two parts in 1622. The firſt edition that I have found of this play in its preſent form, is that of 1623 in fol. The edition of 1591 I have not ſeen.

The Life and Death——] Though this Play have this Title, yet the Action of it begins at the thirty-fourth Year of his Life; and takes in only ſome Tranſactions of his Reign to the Time of his Demiſe, being an Interval of about ſeventeen Years. THEOBALD.

[2] *In my behaviour.*——] The word *behaviour* ſeems here to

The borrow'd Majeſty of *England* here.
Eli. A ſtrange beginning. Borrow'd Majeſty!
K. *John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embaſſy.
Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother *Geffrey's* ſon,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair iſland, and the territories,
To *Ireland*, *Poictiers*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*;
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword,
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral titles;
And put the ſame into young *Arthur's* hand,
Thy nephew, and right-royal Sovereign.
K. *John.* What follows, if we diſallow of this?
Chat. The proud [3] controul of fierce and bloody war,
T' inforce theſe rights ſo forcibly with-held.
K. *John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controulment for controulment; ſo anſwer *France*.
Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my embaſſy.
K. *John.* Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in peace.
[4] Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*,
For ere thou canſt report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon ſhall be heard.
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

have a ſignification that I have never found in any other authour. *The king of* France, ſays the Envoy, *thus ſpeaks in my* behaviour *to the Majeſty of* England: That is, the king of *France* ſpeaks in the *character* which I here aſſume. I once thought that theſe two lines, *in my behaviour*, &c. had been uttered by the ambaſſador as part of his maſter's meſſage, and that *behaviour* had meant the *conduct* of the king of *France* towards the king of *England*, but the ambaſſador's ſpeech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning.

[3] *Controul.*] *Oppoſition*, from *controller*.

[4] *Be thou as lightning.*] The ſimile does not ſuit well: the lightning indeed appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is deſtructive, and the thunder innocent.

And

And [5] ſullen preſage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke, look to't; farewel, *Chatillon*.
[*Exeunt* Chat. *and* Pem.

Eli. What now, my ſon? Have I not ever ſaid,
How that ambitious *Conſtance* would not ceaſe,
Till ſhe had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her ſon?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very eaſy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms muſt
With fearful, bloody, iſſue arbitrate.

K. *John.* Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right for us ——

Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion much more than your right,
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me;
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your ear,
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I ſhall hear.

Enter Eſſex.

Eſſex. My Liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſie,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?
[*Exit* Eſſex.

K. *John.* Let them approach.
Our abbies and our priories ſhall pay
This expedition's charge——

SCENE II.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his Brother.*

What men are you?

Phil. Your faithful ſubject, I, a gentleman

[5] *Sullen preſage.*] By the epithet *ſullen*, which cannot be applied to a trumpet, it is plain, that our authour's imagination had now ſuggeſted a new idea. It is as if he had ſaid, be a *trumpet* to alarm with our invaſion, be a *bird* of *ill omen* to croak out the prognoſtick of your own ruin.

Born in *Northamptonſhire*, and eldeſt ſon,
As I ſuppoſe, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of *Cœur-de-lion* knighted in the field.

K. *John*. What art thou?

Robert. The ſon and heir to that ſame *Faulconbridge*.

K. *John*. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it ſeems?

Phil. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father;
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens' children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, Madam? no, I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. *John*. A good blunt fellow; why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land;
But, once, he ſlander'd me with baſtardy;
But whether I be true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones, that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourſelf.
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him;
O old Sir *Robert*, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. *John*. Why, what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent us here?

Eli. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion's* face,

The

cent of his tongue affecteth him.
ı not read ſome tokens of my ſon
large compoſition of this man?
ohn. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
ıds them perfect *Richard.* Sirrah, ſpeak,
loth move you to claim your brother's land?
Becauſe he hath a half-face, like my father,
that half-face would he have all my land?
fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year!
My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
ırother did imploy my father much; ——
Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
ıle muſt be, how he imploy'd my mother.
And once diſpatch'd him in an embaſſie
many; there with the Emperor
ıt of high affairs touching that time.
vantage of his abſence took the King,
the mean time ſojourn'd at my father's;
, how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak,

; half that *Face.*] But ı *half* that Face? There ıſtion but the Poet wrote, reſtored the Text, *With* -face ——— Mr. *Pope*, will be angry with me ıvering an *Anachroniſm* ıet's, in the next Line; alludes to a Coin not l the Year 1504, in the f King *Henry* VII. *viz.* which, as well as the ıat, bare but half Faces l. *Vide* Stow's *Survey* ɔn, *p.* 47. Hollingſhed, n's *Remains*, *&c.* The ers at the meagre ſharp ıf the elder Brother, by ıg him to a Silver Groat, the King's Face in Pro- ıew'd but half the Face: oats of all our Kings of *England*, and, indeed, all their other Coins of Silver, one or two only excepted, had a full Face crown'd; till *Henry* VII. at the Time above-mentioned; coined Groats and half Groats, as alſo ſome Shillings, with half Faces, that is, Faces in *Profile*, as all our Coin has now. The firſt Groats of King *Henry* VIII. were like theſe of his Father; though afterwards he returned to the broad Faces again. Theſe Groats, with the Impreſſion in Profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to: though, as I ſaid, the Poet is knowingly guilty of an Anachroniſm in it: for, in the Time of King *John* there were no Groats at all: they being firſt, as far as appears, coined in the Reign of King *Edward* III. THEOBALD.

But truth is truth; large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's ſon, was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time.
Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. *John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all huſbands,
That marry wives. Tell me, how, if my brother,
Who, as you ſay, took pains to get this ſon,
Had of your father claim'd this ſon for his?
In ſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world,
In ſooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuſe him; [7] this concludes.
My mother's ſon did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir muſt have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To diſpoſſeſs that child, which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed ſon of *Cœur-de-lion*,
[8] Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide?

Phil. Madam, and if my brother had my ſhape,

[7] *This concludes.*] This is a *deciſive argument.* As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to reſign him, ſo, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him.

[8] *Lord of* THY *preſence, and no land beſide?*] *Lord of*

And

I had his, Sir *Robert* his, like him;
f my legs were two ſuch riding rods,
rms ſuch eel-ſkins ſtuft; my face ſo thin,
it in my ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
nen ſhould ſay, Look, where three farthings goes!

ſence can ſignify only, *of thyſelf*; and it is a expreſſion to ſignify even however *that* he might hout parting with his We ſhould read,

of THE *preſence*,——
ice of the Blood.

WARBURTON.

of thy preſence may ſignihing more diſtinct than *thyſelf*. It means maſat dignity, and grandeur rance, that may ſufficientguiſh thee from the vulout the help of fortune.

f his preſence apparently *great in his own perſon*, ed in this ſenſe by King one of the following

I had his, Sir Robert *like him.*] This is obd ill expreſſed. The is: *If I had his ſhape*— rt's—*as he has.*

bert his, for Sir *Robert's* ible to the practice of , when the *'s* added to native was believed, I oneouſly, to be a conf *his*. So *Donne*.

'ho now lives to age.
be call'd Methuſalem *age?*
— my Face ſo thin,
e mine Ear I durſt not a Roſe,
ſhould ſay, Look, where three farthings *goes!*] In this very obſcure paſſage our Poet is anticipating the Date of another kind; humorouſly to rally a thin face, eclipſed, as it were, by a full-blown *Roſe*. We muſt obſerve, to explain this Alluſion, that Queen *Elizabeth* was the firſt, and indeed the only, Prince, who coined in *England* three-half-pence, and three-farthing Pieces. She at one and the ſame Time, coined Shillings, Six pences, Groats, Three-pences, Two-pences, Three-half-pence, Pence, Three-farthings, and Half-pence. And theſe Pieces all had her Head, and were alternately with the *Roſe* behind, and without the *Roſe*. The Shilling, Groat, Two-pence, Penny, and Half-penny had it not: The other intermediate Coins, *viz.* the Six-pence, Three-pence, Three-half-pence, and Three-farthings had the *Roſe*.

THEOBALD.

* *That in mine* ear *I durſt not ſtick a* roſe] The ſticking *Roſes* about them was then all the court-faſhion, as appears from this paſſage of the *Confeſſion Catholique du S. de Sancy*, l. 2. c. 1. Je luy ay appris à mettre des ROSES *par tous les coins*, i. e. *in every place about him*, ſays the Speaker, of one to whom he had taught all the court faſhions.

WARBURTON.

And

And to his ſhape were heir to all this land;
'Would, I might never ſtir from off this place,
I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face,
I would not be Sir *Nobbe* in any caſe.

Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſoldier, and now bound to *France.*

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet ſell your face for five pence; and 'tis dear.
—Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. *John.* What is thy name?

Phil. Philip, my Liege, ſo is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir *Robert's* wife's eldeſt ſon.

K. *John.* From henceforth bear his name, whoſe form thou bear'ſt.
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but riſe up more great;
Ariſe Sir *Richard* and *Plantagenet.*

Phil. Brother by th' mother's ſide, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, your's gave land.
Now bleſſed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away!

Eli. The very ſpirit of *Plantagenet!*
I am thy grandam; *Richard* call me ſo.

Phil. [2] Madam; by chance, but not by truth; what tho'?

Some-

[2] *Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what tho'?*] I am your grandſon, Madam, by chance, but not by *honeſty*—what *then?*

Something about, a little from, &c.] This ſpeech compoſed of alluſive and proverbial ſentences, is obſcure. *I am,* ſays the ſpritely knight, *your grandſon,* a little *irregularly,* but every man cannot get what he wiſhes the legal way. He that *dares not go* about his deſigns *by day* muſt *make his motions* in the *night*; *he,* to whom the door is ſhut, muſt

Something about, a little from the right;
In at the window, or elſe o'er the hatch,
Who dares not ſtir by day, muſt walk by night,
And have his have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well ſhot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. *John.* Go, *Faulconbridge*, now haſt thou thy deſire;
A landleſs Knight makes thee a landed 'Squire.
Come, Madam, and come, *Richard*; we muſt ſpeed
For *France*, for *France*; for it is more than need.

Phil. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee,
For thou was got i'th' way of honeſty.

[*Exeunt all but* Philip.

SCENE III.

[3] A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worſe!
Well, now can I make any *Joan* a lady.
Good den, Sir *Robert*,——Godamercy, fellow;
And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too reſpective and unſociable
For your converſing. [4] Now your traveller,
[5] He and his tooth-pick at my worſhip's meſs;

muſt climb *the window*, or leap *the hatch*. This, however, ſhall not depreſs me; for the world never enquires how any man got what he is known to poſſeſs, but allows that *to have* is *to have*, however it was *caught*, and that he *who wins ſhot well*, whatever was his ſkill, whether the arrow fell *near* the mark, or *far off it*.

[3] *A foot of honour.*] A *ſtep*, *un pas*.

[4] *Now your traveller.*] It is ſaid in *All's well, that ends well*, that *a traveller is a good thing after dinner*. In that age of newly-excited curioſity, one of the entertainments at great tables ſeems to have been the diſcourſe of a traveller.

[5] *He and his tooth-pick.*] It has been already remarked, that *to pick the tooth*, and wear a *piqued beard*, were, in that time, marks of a man affecting foreign faſhions.

And

And when my knightly ſtomach is ſuffic'd,
Why then I ſuck my teeth, and catechiſe
My piked man of countries;—My dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
I ſhall beſeech you ———that is queſtion now:
And then comes anſwer [6] like an ABC-book:
O Sir, ſays anſwer, at your beſt command,
At your employment, at your ſervice, Sir:———
No, Sir, ſays queſtion, I, ſweet Sir, at yours,——
[7] And ſo e'er anſwer knows what queſtion would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the *Alps* and *Apennines*,

[6] *Like an a, b, c book.*] An a, b, c book, or, as they ſpoke and wrote it, an *abſey* book, is a *catechiſm.*

[7] *And ſo e'er anſwer knows what queſtion would,*
SAVING *in dialogue of compliment;*] In this fine ſpeech, *Faulconbridge* would ſhew the advantages and prerogatives of *men of worſhip.* He obſerves, particularly, that *he* has the traveller at command (people at that time, when a new world was diſcovering, in the higheſt eſtimation). At the firſt intimation of his deſire, to hear ſtrange ſtories, the traveller complies, and will ſcarce give him leave to make his queſtion, but *e'er anſwer knows what queſtion would* —What then, why, according to the preſent reading, it grows towards ſupper-time: And is *not this worſhipful ſociety?* To ſpend all the time between dinner and ſupper before either of them knows what the other would be at. Read SERVING inſtead of *ſaving*, and all this nonſenſe is avoided; and the account ſtands thus, "E'er anſwer knows what "queſtion would be at, my tra-"veller *ſerves in his dialogue of* "*compliment*, which is his ſtand-"ing diſh at all tables; then he "comes to talk of the *Alps and A-*"*pennines*, &c. and, by the time this "diſcourſe concludes, it draws "towards ſupper." All this is ſenſible and humorous; and the phraſe of *ſerving in* is a very pleaſant one to denote that this was his worſhip's *ſecond courſe.* What follows ſhews the romantic turn of the voyagers of that time; how greedily their relations were ſwallowed, which he calls *ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth*; and how acceptable it made men at court—*For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.* And yet the *Oxford* Editor ſays, by this *ſweet poiſon* is meant *flattery.* WARBURTON.

This paſſage is obſcure; but ſuch an irregularity and perplexity runs thro' the whole ſpeech, that I think this emendation not neceſſary.

The

The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*;
It draws towards ſupper in concluſion, ſo.
But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit like myſelf:
For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation;
[And ſo am I, whether I ſmack or no:]
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth;
[8] Which tho' I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.
[9] But who comes in ſuch haſte, in riding robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no huſband,
That will take pains [1] to blow a horn before her?
O me! it is my mother; now, good lady,
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?

SCENE IV.

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, *and* James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that ſlave, thy brother, where is he,
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?
Phil. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert's* ſon,
[2] *Colbrand* the giant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir *Robert's* ſon, that you ſeek ſo?
Lady. Sir *Robert's* ſon? ay, thou unrev'rend boy,

[8] *Which though*, &c.] The conſtruction will be mended, if inſtead of *which though*, we read, *this though*.

[9] *But who comes here.*] *Milton*, in his tragedy, introduces *Dalilah* with ſuch an interrogatory exclamation.

[1] *To blow a horn.*] He means, that a woman who travelled about like a *poſt* was likely to *horn* her huſband.

[2] *Colbrand* was a *Daniſh* giant, whom *Guy* of *Warwick* diſcomfited in the preſence of king *Athelſtan*. The combat is very pompouſly deſcribed by *Drayton* in his *Polyolbion*.

Sir *Robert's* ſon; why ſcorn'ſt thou at Sir *Robert?*
He is Sir *Robert's* ſon, and ſo art thou.
Philip. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?
Gur. Good leave, good *Philip.*
Phil. [3] *Philip!*——ſparrow——*James*;
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* James
Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert's* ſon,
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me
Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his faſt:
Sir *Robert* could do well; marry, confeſs!
Could he get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it;
We knew his handy-work; therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?
Sir *Robert* never holpe to make this leg.
Lady. Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
That, for thine own gain, ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?
Phil. [4] Knight, Knight, good mother—— *Baſiliſco* like.
What!

[3] *Philip*, ſparrow, *James.*] I think the Poet wrote,
Philip! ſpare me, James.
i. e. don't affront me with an appellation that comes from a Family which I diſclaim. WARB.
The old reading is far more agreeable to the character of the ſpeaker.
Dr. *Gray* obſerves, that *Skelton* has a poem to the memory of *Philip Sparrow*; and Mr. *Pope* in a ſhort note remarks, that a *Sparrow* is called *Philip.*

[4] Knight, Knight,—— *good Mother*, Baſiliſco *like.*] Thus muſt this Paſſage be pointed; and, to come at the Humour of it, I muſt clear up an old Circumſtance of Stage-Hiſtory. *Faulconbridge's* Words here carry a concealed Piece of Satire on a ſtupid *Drama* of that Age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman* and *Perſeda.* In this Piece there is the Character of a bragging cowardly Knight, called *Baſiliſco.* His Pretenſion to Valour is ſo blown and ſeen through, that *Piſton*, a Buffoon-ſervant in the Play, jumps upon his Back, and will not diſengage him, till he makes *Baſiliſco* ſwear upon his dudgeon dagger to the Contents, and in the Terms, he dictates to him: as, for inſtance,
Baſ. *O, I ſwear, I ſwear,*
Piſt. *By the Contents of this Blade,*
Baſ.

I am dub'd; I have it on my ſhoulder:
her, I am not Sir *Robert's* ſon;
iſclaim'd Sir *Robert*, and my land;
ation, name, and all is gone:
ood my mother, let me know my father;
oper man, I hope; who was it, mother?
Haſt thou deny'd thyſelf a *Faulconbridge?*
As faithfully, as I deny the devil.
King *Richard Cœur-de-lion* was thy father;
, and vehement ſuit, I was ſeduc'd
e room for in my huſband's bed.
lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!
't the iſſue of my dear offence,
was ſo ſtrongly urg'd paſt my defence.
Now, by this light, were I to get again,
, I would not wiſh a better father.
ins do bear their privilege on earth,
doth yours; your fault was not your folly.
muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
ed tribute to commanding love,

y *the Contents of this Blade,*
the aforeſaid Baſiliſco,
the aforeſaid Baſiliſco,
good fellow, knight,
ght,——
nave, *goodfellow*, knave,
ve,——
it 'tis clear, our Poet is at this Play; and makes when his Mother calls *ave*, throw off that Re- by humorouſly laying o his new Dignity of *od*; as *Baſiliſco* arro- infiſts on his Title of n the Paſſage above quot- ie old Play is an execra- l one; and, I ſuppoſe, iciently exploded in the ntation: which might make this Circumſtance ſo well known, as to become the Butt for a Stage ſarcaſm. THEOBALD.

Knight, Knight, good mother—
Baſiliſco *like*] The words allude to an expreſſion in an old fooliſh play, then the common butt of ridicule, but the beauty of the paſſage conſiſts in his alluding, at the ſame time, to his high original. His father, *Richard the firſt*, was ſurnamed *Cœur de-lion*. And the *Cor Leonis*, a fixed ſtar of the firſt magnitude, in the ſign *Leo*, is called *Baſiliſco*. WARBURTON.

Could one have thought it!

[5] *Some ſins*] There are *ſins*, that, whatever be determined of them above, are not much cenſured *on earth*.

Againſt whoſe fury, and unmatched force,
The awleſs lion could not wage the fight;
Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard's* hands.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May eaſily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart, I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.
Come, lady, I will ſhew thee to my kin,
And they ſhall ſay, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him *nay*, it had been ſin;
Who ſays, it was, he lyes; I ſay, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Angiers *in* France.

Enter Philip *King of* France, Lewis *the* Dauphin, *the Archduke of* Auſtria, Conſtance, *and* Arthur.

LEWIS.

BEFORE *Angiers* well met, brave *Auſtria*.
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood
[6] *Richard*, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in *Paleſtine*,
[7] By this brave Duke came early to his grave:

And

[6] Richard, *that robb'd*, &c.] So *Raſtal* in his *Chronicle*. It is ſayd that a Lyon was put to kynge *Richard*, beynge in priſon, to have devoured him, and when the lyon was gapynge he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the lyon by the harte ſo hard that he ſlewe the lyon, and therefore ſome ſay he is called *Rychards Cure de lyon*; but ſome ſay he is called *Cœur de lyon*, becauſe of his boldneſs and hardy ſtomake.

DR. GRAY.

[7] *By this brave Duke*, &c.] This is not true. *Richard* was made

for amends to his poſterity.
our importance hither is he come,
pread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
to rebuke the uſurpation
y unnatural uncle, *Engliſh John.*
race him, love him, give him welcome hither.
thur. God ſhall forgive you *Cœur-de lion's* death
ather, that you give his off-ſpring life;
owing their right under your wings of war.
you welcome with a pow'rleſs hand,
vith a heart full of unſtained love:
ome before the gates of *Angiers*, Duke.
wis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?
ſt. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
l to this indenture of my love;
to my home I will no more return,
Angiers and the right thou haſt in *France*,
ether with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
ſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
coops from other lands her iſlanders;
till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,
water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
confident from foreign purpoſes,
till that outmoſt corner of the weſt,
e thee for her King. Till then, fair boy,
I not think of home, but follow arms.
yſt. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
ake a more requital to your love.
ſt. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who lift their ſwords
h a juſt and charitable war.

priſoner by the Duke of
, but was releaſed for an
tant ranſome, and was af-
ds killed with a croſs-bow,
the caſtle of *Chalous*.
Dr. GRAY.

[8] *At my importance.*] At my *importunity.*

[9] *That pale, that white fac'd ſhore.*] *England* is ſuppoſed to be called *Albion* from the *white rocks* facing *France.*

ll th' unſettled humours of the land;
inconſid'rate, fiery voluntaries,
ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' ſpleens,
ſold their fortunes at their native homes,
ing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
ake a hazard of new fortunes here.
f, a braver choice of dauntleſs ſpirits,
now the *Engliſh* bottoms have waft o'er,
ever float upon the ſwelling tide,
offence and [3] ſcathe in chriſtendom.
terruption of their churliſh drums [*Drums beat.*
ff more circumſtance; they are at hand.
rly, or to fight, therefore prepare.
Philip. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!
. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
uſt awake endeavour for defence;
urage mounteth with occaſion:
em be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

SCENE II.

er King of England, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, *and others.*

John. Peace be to *France*, if *France* in peace permit
ſt and lineal entrance to our own;
bleed *France*, and peace aſcend to heav'n.
t we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
proud contempt that beats his peace to heav'n.
Philip. Peace be to *England*, if that war return
France to *England*, there to live in peace.
d we love; and for that *England's* ſake
burthen of our armour here we ſweat;
oil of ours ſhould be a work of thine.
ou from loving *England* art ſo far,

aring their birth-rights, *With bearing manors on them.*
So in *Henry* VIII. [3] *Scathe.*] Deſtruction; waſte.
y broke their backs

That thou haſt under-wrought its lawful King;
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity;
Out-faced infant ſtate; and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother *Geffery's* face.
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abſtract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in *Geffrey*; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,
And this his ſon; *England* was *Geffrey's* right,
And this is *Geffrey's*; in the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in theſe temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'er-maſtereſt?

K. *John*. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion, *France*,
To draw my anſwer to thy articles?

K. *Philip*. From that ſupernal judge, that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
[4] To look into the blots and ſtains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whoſe help I mean to chaſtiſe it.

K. *John*. Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.

K. *Philip*. Excuſe it, 'tis to beat uſurping down.

Eli. Who is't, that thou doſt call uſurper, *France*?

Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy uſurping ſon.——

Eli. Out, inſolent! thy baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou may'ſt be a Queen, and check the world!

[4] *To look into the blots and ſtains of right.*] Mr. *Theobald* reads, with the firſt folio, *blots*, which being ſo early authoriſed, and ſo much better underſtood, needed not to have been changed by Dr. *Warburton* to *bolts*, tho' *bolts* might be uſed in that time for *ſpots*: ſo *Shakeſpeare* calls *Banquo ſpotted with blood*, the *blood-bolter'd* Banquo. The verb to *blot* is uſed figuratively for to *diſgrace*, a few lines lower. And, perhaps, after all, *bolts* was only a typographical miſtake.

Conſt.

Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,
ıs thine was to thy huſband; and this boy,
ıiker in feature to his father *Geffery*,
'han thou and *John*, in manners being as like
ıs rain to water, or devil to his dam.
Iy boy a baſtard! by my ſoul, I think,
Iis father never was ſo true begot;
: cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Conſt. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Auſt. Peace.———

Faulc. Here the crier.

Auſt. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
ın a' may catch your hide and you alone.
'ou are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Vhoſe valour plucks dead Lions by the beard;
'll ſmoak your ſkin-coat, an I catch you right;
irrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that Lion's robe,
'hat did diſrobe the Lion of that robe.

Faulc. It lies as ſightly on the back of him [5],

[5] *It lies as lightly on the back of him,*
As great Alcides' Shoes *upon an Aſs.*] But why his *Shoes*, ı the Name of Propriety? For t *Hercules* and his *Shoes* have een really as big as they were ever ıppoſed to be, yet they (I mean ıe *Shoes*) would not have been a Overload for an Aſs. I am erſuaded, I have retrieved the ne Reading; and let us obſerve he Juſtneſs of the Compariſon ow. *Faulconbridge* in his Reentment would ſay this to *Auſria*, "That Lion's Skin, which "my great Father King *Richard* "once wore, looks as uncoothly "on thy Back, as that other no"ble Hide, which was borne by "*Hercules*, would look on the "Back of an Aſs." A double Alluſion was intended; firſt, to the *Fable* of the Aſs in the Lion's Skin; then *Richard* I. is finely ſet in Competition with *Alcides*; as *Auſtria* is ſatirically coupled with the Aſs.

THEOBALD.

Mr. *Theobald* had the art of making the moſt of his diſcoveries.

As great *Alcides'* ſhews upon an aſs;
But, aſs, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that, ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.
Auſt. What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King *Philip*, determine what we ſhall do ſtrait.
K. *Philip.* Women and fools, break off your conference.———
King *John*, this is the very ſum of all.
England, and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* I do claim of thee.
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. *John.* My life as ſoon—I do defy thee, *France*.
—*Arthur* of *Britain*, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward-hand of *France* can win.
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Conſt. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child.
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;
There's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace;
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.
Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.
Conſt. Now ſhame upon you, whether ſhe does or no!
His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draws thoſe heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heav'n ſhall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads heav'n ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heav'n and earth!
Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heav'n and earth!
Call me not ſlanderer; thou, and thine, uſurp
The domination, royalties and rights
Of this oppreſſed boy. This is thy eldeſt ſon's ſon,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;

Thy

Thy ſins are viſited on this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Conſt. [6] I have but this to ſay,
That he's not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her.—Plague her ſin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadviſed ſcold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy ſon.

Conſt. Ay, who doubts that? a will!——a wicked will;

[6] *I have but this to ſay,*
That he's not only plagued for her ſin,
But, &c. ———] This paſſage appears to me very obſcure. The chief difficulty ariſes from this, that *Conſtance* having told *Elinor* of her *ſin-conceiving womb*, purſues the thought, and uſes *ſin* through the next lines in an ambiguous ſenſe, ſometimes for *crime*, and ſometimes for *offſpring*.

He's not only plagued for her ſin, &c. He is not only made miſerable by vengeance for her *ſin* or *crime*, but her *ſin*, her *offſpring*, and ſhe, are made the inſtruments of that vengeance, on this deſcendant, who, though of the ſecond generation, is *plagued for her and with her*; to whom ſhe is not only the cauſe but the inſtrument of evil.

The next clauſe is more perplexed. All the editions read,

———*Plagu'd for her,*
And with her plague her ſin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child.

I point thus:

———*Plagu'd for her*
And with her.——Plague her ſin! his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin.

That is; inſtead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote deſcendant, *puniſh her ſin*, her immediate offſpring: then the affliction will fall where it is deſerved; *his injury* will be *her injury*, and the miſery of her *ſin*; her ſon will be a *beadle*, or chaſtiſer, to her *crimes*, which are now *all puniſhed in the perſon of this child*.

A woman's will, a cankred grandam's will.

K. *Phil.* Peace, Lady; pauſe, or be more temperate:

[7] It ill beſeems this preſence to cry Aim
To theſe ill tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet ſummon hither to the walls
Theſe men of *Angiers*; let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, *Arthur's* or *John's*.

Trumpets ſound.

SCENE III.

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. *Phil.* 'Tis *France* for *England*.

K. *John.* *England* for itſelf;
You men of *Angiers* and my loving ſubjects———

K. *Phil.* You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur's* ſubjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle———

K. *John.* For our advantage--therefore hear us firſt:———
Theſe flags of *France*, that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainſt your walls:

[7] *It ill beſeems this preſence to cry Aim*
To theſe ill tuned repetitions,]

Dr. *Warburton* has well obſerved on one of the former plays that to *cry aim* is to *encourage*. I once thought it was borrowed from archery; and that *aim!* having been the word of command, as we now ſay *preſent!* to *cry aim* had been to *incite notice*, or raiſe *attention*. But I rather think, that the old word of applauſe was *J'aime, love it*, and that to applaud was to cry *J'aime*, which the *Engliſh*, not eaſily pronouncing *Je*, ſunk into *aime* or *aim*. Our exclamations of applauſe are ſtill borrowed, as *bravo*, and *encore*.

All preparations for a bloody ſiege
And mercileſs proceeding, by theſe *French*,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waſte do girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.
But on the ſight of us your lawful King,
(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)
Behold, the *French*, amaz'd, vouchſafe a parle;
And now, inſtead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a ſhaking fever in your walls,
They ſhoot but calm words folded up in ſmoak,
To make a faithleſs error in your ears;
Which truſt accordingly, kind citizens;
And let in us, your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits,
Fore-weary'd in this action of ſwift ſpeed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

K. *Philip*. When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.

Lo! in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands young *Plantagenet*;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march theſe greens before your town:
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe
To him that owns it; namely this young Prince.
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,

Save

Save in aſpect, hath all offence ſeal'd up;
Our cannon's malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt the invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
And with a bleſſed, and unvext retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that luſty blood again,
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your town;
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſs our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our meſſengers of war;
Tho' all theſe *Engliſh*, and their diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference,
Then tell us, ſhall your city call us Lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?
Cit. In brief, we are the King of *England's* ſubjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
K. *John.* Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.
K. *John.* Doth not the crown of *England* prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of *England's* breed——
Faulc. (Baſtards, and elſe!)
K. *John.* To verify our title with their lives.
K. *Phil.* As many, and as well born bloods as thoſe——
Faul. (Some baſtards too!)
K. *Phil.* Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
Cit. Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.
K. *John.* Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,

That

That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King!
K. *Philip.* *Amen, Amen.* —— Mount, chevaliers, to arms!
Faulc. Saint *George*, that ſwing'd the dragon, and e'er ſince
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, ſirrah, with your Lioneſs,
I'd ſet an ox-head to your Lion's hide,
And make a monſter of you.—— [*To* Auſtria.
Auſt. Peace, no more.
Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the Lion roar.
K. *John.* Up higher to the plain! where we'll ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our regiments.
Faulc. Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.
K. *Philip.* It ſhall be ſo—and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

After excurſions, enter the Herald of France *with trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. [a] Ye men of *Angiers*, open wide your gates,
And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne* in;
Who by the hand of *France* this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an *Engliſh* mother,
Whoſe ſons lye ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's huſband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd earth;
While victory with little loſs doth play

[a] *Ye men of* Angiers, *&c.*—] This ſpeech is very poetical and ſmooth, and, except the conceit of *the widow's huſband* embracing *the earth*, is juſt and beautiful.

Upon

Upon the dancing banner, of the *French*,
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplay'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of *Bretagne*, *England's* King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh *Herald with Trumpets.*

E. Her. [9] Rejoice, ye men of *Angiers*; ring your bells;
King *John*, your King and *England's*, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence ſo ſilver-bright,
Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmens'* blood.
There ſtuck no plume in any *Engliſh* Creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaff of *France*.
Our Colours do return in thoſe ſame hands,
That did diſplay them, when we firſt march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen, [1] come
Our luſty *Engliſh*, all with purpled hands;
Dy'd in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. [2] Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the Onſet and Retire
Of both your armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwer'd blow;
Strength match'd with ſtrength, and power confronted power.

[9] *Rejoice, ye men of* Angiers, *&c.*] The *Engliſh* herald falls ſomewhat below his antagoniſt. *Silver armour gilt with blood*, is a poor image. Yet our authour has it again in *Macbeth*.

Here lay Duncan,
His ſilver *ſkin lac'd with his* golden *blood.*

[1] *And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen,*] It was, I think, one of the ſavage practices of the chaſe, for all to ſtain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy.

[2] *Heralds, from off, &c.*——] Theſe three ſpeeches ſeem to have been laboured. The citizen's is the beſt; yet *both alike we like*, is a poor gingle.

Both

oth are alike, and both alike we like;
)ne muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
Ve hold our town for neither; yet for both.

SCENE V.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at ſeveral Doors.

K. *John.* *France*, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
ay, ſhall the current of our Right run on?
Vhoſe paſſage, vext with thy impediment,
hall leave his native channel, and o'er-ſwell
Vith courſe diſturb'd ev'n thy confining ſhores;
Jnleſs thou let his ſilver water keep
peaceful progreſs to the ocean.

K. *Philip.* *England*, thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood
n this hot tryal, more than we of *France*;
ather loſt more. And by this hand I ſwear,
'hat ſways the earth this climate overlooks,
efore we will lay by our juſt-borne arms,
Ve'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe arms we bear;
r add a royal number to the dead;
racing the ſcroul, that tells of this war's loſs,
Vith ſlaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Faulc. Ha! Majeſty,—how high thy glory towers,
Vhen the rich blood of Kings is ſet on fire!
h, now doth Death line his dead chaps with ſteel;
'he ſwords of ſoldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
nd now he feaſts, mouthing the fleſh of men
n undetermin'd diff'rences of Kings.
Vhy ſtand theſe royal Fronts amazed thus?
ry havock, [3] Kings; back to the ſtained field,

[3] *Cry havock! Kings;* ——] *He with* Atè *by his ſide,*
hat is, *command ſlaughter to pro-* *Cries, havock!*
d; ſo in another place.

You

You equal Potents, fiery-kindled ſpirits!
Then let Confuſion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!
K. *John.* Whoſe party do the townſmen yet admit?
K. *Philip.* Speak, Citizens, for *England*, who's your King?
Cit. The King of *England*, when we know the King?
K. *Philip.* Know him in us, that here hold up his Right.
K. *John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our perſon here;
Lord of our preſence, *Angiers*, and of you.
Cit. [4] A greater pow'r, than ye, denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barr'd gates.
Kings are our fears,——until our fears reſolv'd
Be by ſome certain King purg'd and depos'd.
Faulc. By heav'n, the Scroyles of *Angiers* flout you, Kings,
And ſtand ſecurely on their battlements,
As in a Theatre, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious Scenes and Acts of death.
Your royal preſences, be rul'd by me;
Do like the Mutines of *Jeruſalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this town.
By eaſt and weſt let *France* and *England* mount
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths;
Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous City.
I'd play inceſſantly upon theſe jades;
Even till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

[4] In former copies:
A greater pow'r, than WE, *denies all this;*
Kings OF *our fears,*——] We ſhould read, *than ye.* What power was this? their *fears.* It is plain therefore we ſhould read,
Kings are our fears, ——
i. e. our fears are the Kings which at preſent rule us. WARB.

That

That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled Colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy minion;
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious Victory.
How like you this wild counſel, mighty States?
Smacks it not ſomething of the Policy?

K. *John.* Now by the ſky, that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. *France*, ſhall we knit our Pow'rs,
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who ſhall be King of it?

Faulc. And if thou haſt the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeviſh town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſawcy walls;
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourſelves for heav'n or hell.

K. *Philip.* Let it be ſo; ſay, where will you aſſault?

K. *John.* We from the weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this City's boſom.

Auſt. I from the north.

K. *Philip.* Our thunder from the ſouth
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent diſcipline! from North to South;
Auſtria and *France* ſhoot in each other's mouth.
I'll ſtir them to it; come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great Kings; vouchſafe a while to ſtay,
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without ſtroke or wound;
Reſcue thoſe breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come ſacrifices for the field;
Perſever not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. *John.*

K. *John.* Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of *Spain*, the lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England*; look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer than in *Blanch?*
If * zealous love ſhould go in ſearch of virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in *Blanch?*
If love, ambitious, ſought a match of Birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than lady *Blanch?*
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat:
If not compleat [5], oh ſay, he is not ſhe;
And ſhe again wants nothing, (to name Want,)
If want it be not, that ſhe is not he.
He is the half part of a bleſſed man [6],
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch a She:
And ſhe a fair divided Excellence,
Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lies in him.
Oh! two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores, to two ſuch ſtreams made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, Kings,
To theſe two Princes, if you marry them.
This union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt-cloſed gates: for at this match [7],
With ſwifter Spleen than Powder can enforce,
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,

* *Zealous* ſeems here to ſignify *pious*, or *influenced by motives of religion.*

5 *If not complete of, ſay,* &c.] Sir *T. Hanmer* reads, *O! ſay.*

6 *He is the half Part of a bleſſed Man,*
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch as She;] Dr. *Thirlby* preſcrib'd that Reading, which I have here reſtored to the Text. THEOBALD.

7 ——— *at this match,*
With ſwifter ſpleen, &c.] Our authour uſes *ſpleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous ſpeed. So in *Midſummer Night's Dream* he applies *ſpleen* to the *lightning.* I am loath to think that *Shakeſpeare* meant to play with the double of *match* for *nuptial*, and the *match* of a *gun.*

And

And give you entrance; but without this match,
The ſea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lions ſo confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion; no, not death himſelf
In mortal fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this City.
Faulc. Here's a ſtay [8],
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſs of old Death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and mountains, rocks and ſeas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What Cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon-fire, and ſmoak and bounce,
He gives the baſtinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fiſt of *France*;
Zounds! I was never ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt call'd my brother's father dad.
Eli. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our Neice a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie
Thy now unſur'd aſſurance to the Crown,
That yon green boy ſhall have no Sun to ripe
The bloom, that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
I ſee a Yielding in the looks of *France*;
Mark, how they whiſper; urge them, while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition;

[8] *Here's a ſtay,*
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſs of old death
Out of his rags.——] I cannot but think that every reader wiſhes for ſome other word in the place of *ſtay*, which though it may ſignify an *hindrance*, or even that *hinders*, is yet very improper to introduce the next line. I read,

Here's a flaw,
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſs of old Death.

That is, here is a *guſt* of bravery, a *blaſt* of menace. This ſuits well with the ſpirit of the ſpeech. *Stay* and *flaw*, in a careleſs hand, are not eaſily diſtinguiſhed; and if the writing was obſcure, *flaw*, being a word leſs uſual, was eaſily miſſed.

Leſt zeal now melted [9] by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity and remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why anſwer not the double Majeſties
This friendly Treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. *Philip.* Speak, *England*, firſt, that hath been forward firſt
To ſpeak unto this City: what ſay you?

K. *John.* If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely ſon,
Can in this book of beauty read, *I love*;
Her dowry ſhall weigh equal with a Queen.
For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers* [1],
And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
Except this City now by us beſieg'd,
Find liable to our Crown and Dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As ſhe in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any Princeſs of the world.

K. *Philip.* What ſay'ſt thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle;
The ſhadow of myſelf form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the ſhadow of your ſon,

[9] *Leſt zeal now melted* ——] We have here a very unuſual, and, I think, not very juſt image of *zeal*, which in its higheſt degree is repreſented by others as a flame, but by *Shak-ſpeare* as a froſt. To *repreſs zeal*, in the language of others, is to *cool*, in *Shak-ſpeare's* to *melt* it; when it exerts its utmoſt power it is commonly ſaid to *flame*, but by *Shake-ſpeare* to be *congealed*.

[1] In old editions,

For ANGIERS *and fair* Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that We upon this Side the Sea,
Except this City *now by us* beſieg'd,
Find liable, &c.——] What was the City *beſieged*, but *Angiers?* King *John* agrees to give up all he held in *France*, except the City of *Angiers*, which he now beſieg'd and laid Claim to. But could he give up all except *Angiers*, and give up *That* too? *Anjou* was one of the Provinces which the *Engliſh* held in *France*.

THEOBALD.

Becomes

Becomes a Sun, and makes your ſon a ſhadow.
I do proteſt, I never lov'd myſelf,
Till now, infixed, I beheld myſelf,
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.
[*Whiſpering with* Blanch.
Faulc. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth eſpie
Himſelf love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be,
In ſuch a Love, ſo vile a lout as he.
Blanch. My uncle's will in this reſpect is mine.
If he ſee aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees, which moves his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeak more properly,
I will enforce it eaſily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I ſee in you
(Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your judge)
That I can find ſhould merit any hate.
K. *John.* What ſay theſe young Ones? what ſay you, my Niece?
Blanch. That ſhe is bound in Honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.
K. *John.* Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love this lady?
Lewis. Nay, aſk me, if I can refrain from love?
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.
K. *John.* Then do I give *Volqueſſen*, *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*, and *Anjou*, theſe five Provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand Marks of *Engliſh* coin.
Philip of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy Son and Daughter to join hands.

K. *Philip.* It likes us well; young Princes, clofe your hands.

Auſt. And your lips too; for, I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd.

K. *Philip.* Now, Citizens of *Angiers*, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made:
For at Saint *Mary's* Chapel preſently
The Rites of Marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.
Is not the lady *Conſtance* in this troop?
I know, ſhe is not; for this Match made up
Her preſence would have interrupted much.
Where is ſhe and her ſon, tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She's ſad and paſſionate at your Highneſs' Tent.

K. *Philip.* And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her ſadneſs very little Cure.
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This widow lady? in her Right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own vantage.

K. *John.* We will heal up all,
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*,
And Earl of *Richmond*; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the lady *Conſtance*;
Some ſpeedy Meſſenger bid her repair
To our Solemnity: I truſt, we ſhall,
If not fill up the meaſure of her will,
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfie her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared, Pomp.

[*Exeunt all but* Faulconbridge.

SCENE VI.

Faulc. Mad world, mad Kings, mad compoſition!

John,

ohn, to ſtop *Arthur's* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And *France*, whoſe armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the field,
As God's own ſoldier, rounded in the ear
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly devil,
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe
But the word Maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,—
Commodity, the biaſs of the world,
The world, which of itſelf is poiſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing biaſs,
This ſway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame biaſs, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.——
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail;
And ſay, there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay, there is no vice, but beggary.
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worſhip thee! [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French *King's Pavilion.*

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, *and* Saliſbury.

CONSTANCE.

GONE to be marry'd! gone to ſwear a peace!
Falſe blood to falſe blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſ-ſpoke, miſ-heard;
Be well adviſ'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay, 'tis ſo.
I truſt, I may not truſt thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears;
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, huſbandleſs, ſubject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears,
And, tho' thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vext ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſighs confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again, not all thy former tale,
But this is one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them falſe,

That

That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.
Conſt. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſp'rate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall and die.
Lewis wed *Blanch!* O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England!* what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy ſight:
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm that is by others done?
Conſt. Which harm within itſelf ſo heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.
Arth. I do beſeech you, mother, be content.
Conſt. If thou, that bidſt me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and ſland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and [2] ſightleſs ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious [3],
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content:
For then I ſhould not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lilies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe. But fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John*;
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair reſpect of ſovereignty,
And made his majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and to *John*;
That ſtrumpet fortune, that uſurping *John!*

[2] —— *ſightleſs*] The poet uſes *ſightleſs* for that which we now expreſs by *unſightly*, diſagreeable to the eye.

[3] *Prodigious*; that is, *portentous*, ſo deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil.*

Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forſworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave theſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Conſt. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee.
I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud;
For Grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtout [4].
To me, and to the State of my great Grief [5],
Let Kings aſſemble: for my Grief's ſo great,
That no Supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: Here I and Sorrow ſit:
Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it [6].

[*Sits down on the Floor.*

SCENE

[4] —— *make his owner ſtout.*] The old editions have, *makes its owner* ſtoop; the emendation is *Hanmer's.*

[5] *To me, and to the State of my great Grief,*
Let Kings aſſemble: ——] In *Much ado about nothing*, the father of *Hero*, depreſſed by her diſgrace, declares himſelf ſo ſubdued by grief that *a thread may lead him.* How is it that grief in *Leonato* and lady *Conſtance*, produces effects directly oppoſite, and yet both agreeable to nature. Sorrow ſoftens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by deſpair. Diſtreſs, while there remains any proſpect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no ſuccour remains, is fearleſs and ſtubborn; angry alike at thoſe that injure, and at thoſe that do not help; careleſs to pleaſe where nothing can be gained, and fearleſs to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the paſſions.

[6] —— *bid Kings come bow to it.*] I muſt here account for the Liberty I have taken to make a Change in the Diviſion of the 2d and 3d *Acts.* In the old Editions, the 2d *Act* was made to end here; though 'tis evident, Lady *Conſtance* here, in her Deſpair, ſeats herſelf on the Floor: and ſhe muſt be ſuppoſed, as I formerly obſerved, immediately to riſe again, only to go off and end the *Act* decently; or that *flat Scene* muſt ſhut her in from the Sight of the Audience, an Abſurdity I cannot wiſh to accuſe *Shakeſpeare* of. Mr. *Gildon* and ſome other Criticks fancied, that a conſiderable Part of the 2d *Act* was loſt; and that the Chaſm

SCENE II.

ing John, *King* Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, *and* Auſtria.

bilip. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day
France ſhall be kept feſtival:
mnize this day, the glorious ſun [7]
his courſe, and plays the alchymiſt;
g with ſplendor of his precious eye

gan here. I had joined uſpicion of a Scene or loſt; and unwittingly . *Pope* into this Error. *to be ſo*, ſays he, *and e to be wiſh'd the* Re- *meaning* Me,) *could ſup-* To deſerve this Great hanks, I'll venture at ; and hope to convince ers, that nothing is loſt; I have ſupplied the ſuſ- ıaſm, only by rectifying ion of the *Acts*. Upon a little more narrowly *Conſtitution* of the Play, isfied that the 3d *Act* begin with that Scene, hitherto been accounted of the 2d *Act*: and my for it are theſe. The ting concluded, in the fore that, betwixt the and *Blanch*, a Meſ- ſent for Lady *Conſtance* *ilip's* Tent, for her to t *Mary's* Church to the y. The Princes all go the Marriage; and the ſtaying a little behind, t on Intereſt and Com- very properly ends the ıe next Scene then, in the *French* King's Tent, brings us *Saliſbury* delivering his Meſſage to *Conſtance*, who, refuſing to go to the Solemnity, ſets herſelf down on the Floor. The whole Train returning from the Church to the *French* King's Pavilion, *Philip* expreſſes ſuch Satisfaction on Occaſion of the happy Solemnity of that Day, that *Conſtance* riſes from the Floor, and joins in the Scene by entring her Proteſt againſt their Joy, and curſing the Buſineſs of the Day. Thus, I conceive, the Scenes are fairly continued; and there is no Chaſm in the Action: but a proper Interval made both for *Saliſbury's* coming to Lady *Conſtance*, and for the Solemnization of the Marriage. Beſides, as *Faulconbridge* is evidently the Poet's favourite Character, 'twas very well judg'd to cloſe the *Act* with his Soliloquy. THEOBALD.

This whole note ſeems judicious enough; but Mr. *Theobald* forgets that there were, in *Shakeſpeare's* time, no moveable ſcenes.

[7] From this paſſage *Rowe* ſeems to have borrowed the firſt lines of his *Fair Penitent*.

The

The meagre cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
The yearly courſe, that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it, but a holy-day.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not an holy-day.—— [*Riſing.*

What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letter ſhould be ſet
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or, if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
But on this day [8], let ſeamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itſelf to hollow falſhood change!

K. *Philip.* By heaven, lady you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling Majeſty, which, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: you are forſworn, forſworn,
You came in arms to ſpill my enemies blood [9],
But now in arms, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league:
Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, againſt theſe perjur'd Kings:
A widow cries, be huſband to me, heav'n!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere ſun-ſet,

[8] *But on this day,* ——] That is, *except* on this day.

[9] *You came in* arms *to ſpill my enemies' blood,*
But now in arms, *you ſtrengthen it with yours.*] I am afraid here is a clinch intended; *You came* in war *to deſtroy my enemies, but now you ſtrengthen them* in embraces.

Set

Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd Kings [1].
Hear me, oh, hear me!

Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, peace.

Conſt. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war.
O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria!* thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil: thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide;
Thou fortune's champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humourous ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety! thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my party; thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Been ſworn my ſoldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for ſhame,
And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. O, that a man would ſpeak thoſe words to me!

Faulc. And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calve's ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. [2] Methinks, that *Richard's* pride and *Richard's* fall

Should

[1] *Shakeſpeare* makes this bitter curſe effectual.

[2] *Methinks, that* Richard's *pride*, &c.] What was the ground of this quarrel of the Baſtard to *Auſtria* is no where ſpecify'd in the preſent play: nor is there in this place, or the ſcene where it is firſt hinted at (namely the ſecond of Act 2.) the leaſt mention of any reaſon for it. But the ſtory is, that *Auſtria*, who kill'd King *Richard Cœur-de lion*, wore, as the ſpoil of that prince, a lion's hide which had belong'd to him. This circumſtance renders the anger of the Baſtard very natural, and ought not to have

Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

Faulc. What words are theſe? how do my ſinews ſhake!
My father's foe clad in my father's ſpoil!
How doth *Alecto* whiſper in my ears,
" Delay not, *Richard*, kill the villain ſtrait;
" Diſrobe him of the matchleſs monument,
" Thy father's triumph o'er the ſavages."——
Now by his ſoul I ſwear, my father's ſoul,
Twice will I not review the morning's riſe,
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back;
And ſplit thy heart, for wearing it ſo long.

K. *John.* We like not this, thou doſt forget thyſelf.

SCENE III.

Enter Pandulpho.

K. *Philip.* Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed Deputies of heav'n!
To thee, King *John*, my holy errand is;
I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milain* Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his name religiouſly demand
Why thou againſt the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton*, choſen Archbiſhop

have been omitted. In the firſt ſketch of this play (which *Shakeſpeare* is ſaid to have had a hand in, jointly with *William Rowley*) we accordingly find this inſiſted upon, and I have ventured to place a few of thoſe verſes here. POPE.

To the inſertion of theſe lines I have nothing to object. There are many other paſſages in the old play, of great value. The omiſſion of this incident in the ſecond draught, was natural. *Shakeſpeare*, having familiariſed the ſtory to his own imagination, forgot that it was obſcure to his audience; or, what is equally probable, the ſtory was then ſo popular that a hint was ſufficient at that time to bring it to mind, and theſe plays were written with very little care for the approbation of poſterity.

Of

Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See?
This in our 'foreſaid holy Father's name,
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.
K. *John*. What earthly name to interrogatories[3]
Can taſk the free breath of a ſacred King?
Thou canſt not, Cardinal, deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an anſwer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*
Add thus much more, that no *Italian* prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:
But as we under heav'n are ſupreme head,
So, under him, that great Supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold;
Without th' aſſiſtance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all rev'rence ſet apart
To him and his uſurp'd authority.
K. *Philip*. Brother of *England*, you blaſpheme in this.
K. *John*. Tho' you, and all the Kings of Chriſtendom
Are led ſo groſly by this medling Prieſt,
Dreading the curſe, that mony may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that ſale ſells pardon from himſelf:
Tho' you, and all the reſt, ſo groſly led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cheriſh;
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppoſe
Againſt the Pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curſt, and excommunicate;

[3] This muſt have been at the time when it was written, in our ſtruggles with popery, a very captivating ſcene.

So many paſſages remain in which *Shakeſpeare* evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the paſſions then in motion, that I cannot but ſuſpect that time has obſcured much of his art, and that many alluſions yet remain undiſcovered which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by ſucceeding commentators.

And bleſſed ſhall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canoniz'd and worſhipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe [4]
Thy hateful life.

Conſt. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with *Rome* to curſe a while.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou, *Amen.*
To my keen curſes; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curſe him right.

Pand. There's law, and warrant, Lady, for my curſe.

Conſt. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore, ſince law itſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curſe?

Pand. Philip of *France*, on peril of a curſe,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;
And raiſe the pow'r of *France* upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to *Rome.*

Eli. Look'ſt thou pale, *France?* do not let go thy hand.

Conſt. Look to that, devil! leſt that *France* repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell loſe a ſoul. ———

Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinal.

Faulc. And hang a calve's-ſkin on his recreant limbs.

Auſt. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe———

Faulc. Your breeches beſt may carry them.

K. *John. Philip*, what ſay'ſt thou to the Cardinal?

[4] This may allude to the bull publiſhed againſt Queen *Elizabeth.* Or we may ſuppoſe, ſince we have no proof that this play appeared in its preſent ſtate, before the reign of King *James*, that it was exhibited ſoon after the popiſh plot. I have ſeen a *Spaniſh* book in which *Garnet*, *Faux*, and their accomplices are regiſtred as ſaints.

Conſt.

Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinal?
Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heavy curſe from *Rome* [5],
Or the light loſs of *England* for a friend;
Forgo the eaſier.
Blanch. That's the curſe of *Rome.*
Conſt. Lewis, ſtand faſt; the Devil tempts thee here [6]
In likeneſs of a new and trimmed bride.
Blanch. The Lady *Conſtance* ſpeaks not from her faith:
But from her need.
Conſt. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need muſt needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. *John.* The King is mov'd, and anſwers not to this.
Conſt. O, be remov'd from him, and anſwer well.
Auſt. Do ſo, King *Philip*; hang no more in doubt.

5 It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married. Lewis* upon the wedding is for making war upon his new relations.

6 ——— *the Devil tempts thee here*
In Likeneſs of a new untrimmed *Bride.*] Tho' all the Copies concur in this Reading, yet as *untrimmed* cannot bear any Signification to ſquare with the Senſe required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted Reading. I have ventured to throw out the Negative, and read;
In Likeneſs of a new and trimmed *Bride.*
i. e. of a new Bride, and one deck'd and adorn'd as well by Art as Nature. THEOBALD.
——— *a new untrimmed bride.*] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *that as untrimmed cannot bear any ſignification to ſquare with the ſenſe required*, it muſt be corrupt; therefore he will caſhier it, and read, *and trimmed*; in which he is followed by the *Oxford* Editor; but they are both too haſty. It ſquares very well with the ſenſe, and ſignifies *unſteady*. The term is taken from Navigation. We ſay too, in a ſimilar way of ſpeaking, *not well manned.* WARB.
I think Mr. *Theobald's* correction more plauſible than Dr. *Warburton's* explanation. A commentator ſhould be grave, and therefore I can read theſe notes with the proper ſeverity of attention; but the idea of *trimming* a lady to *keep* her *ſteady*, would be too riſible for any common power of face.

Faulc.

Faulc. Hang nothing but a calve's-ſkin, moſt ſweet lout.

K. *Philip.* I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.

Pand. What can'ſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ſtand excommunicate and curſt?

K. *Philip.* Good rev'rend father, make my perſon yours;
And tell me how you would beſtow yourſelf.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows.
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal Selves.
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could waſh our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heav'n knows, they were beſmear'd and over-ſtain'd
With ſlaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful diff'rence of incenſed Kings.
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, [7] ſo ſtrong in both,
Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo, jeſt with heav'n?
Make ſuch unconſtant children of ourſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm?
Un-ſwear faith ſworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of ſmiling-peace to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle order, and we ſhall be bleſt

[7] *So ſtrong in both.*] I believe the meaning is, were *ſo ſtrong in both* parties.

To

To do your pleaſure, and continue friends.
Pand. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to *England's* love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our Church!
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe on her revolting ſon.
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A chafed lyon by the mortal paw,
A faſting tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand, which thou doſt hold.
K. *Phil.* I may diſ-join my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, ſet'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow
Firſt made to heav'n, firſt be to heav'n perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our Church.
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thyſelf;
And may not be performed by thyſelf.
For that, which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
[8] Is't not amiſs, when it is truly done?
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it.
The better act of purpoſes miſtook
Is to miſtake again; tho' indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſhood falſhood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
[9] But what thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
But what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:
And

[8] *Is* NOT *amiſs, when it is truly done*:] This is a concluſion *de travers*. We ſhould read,

Is YET *amiſs*, ———

The *Oxford* Editor, according to his uſual cuſtom, will improve it further, and reads, *moſt amiſs*.

WARBURTON.

I rather read,

Is't *not amiſs, when it is truly done?*

as the alteration is leſs, and the ſenſe which Dr. *Warburton* firſt diſcovered is preſerved.

[9] *But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion*, &c.] In this long ſpeech, the legate is made to ſhew

And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath. The truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn;

ſhew his ſkill in caſuiſtry; and the ſtrange heap of quibble and nonſenſe of which it conſiſts, was intended to ridicule that of the ſchools. For when he aſſumes the politician, at the concluſion of the third act, the author makes him talk at another rate. I mean in that beautiful paſſage where he ſpeaks of the miſchiefs following the King's loſs of his ſubjects hearts. This conduct is remarkable, and was intended, I ſuppoſe, to ſhew us how much better politicians the *Roman* courtiers are, than divines.

WARBURTON.

I am not able to diſcover here any thing inconſequent or ridiculouſly ſubtle. The propoſitions that the *voice of the church is the voice of heaven*, and that *the Pope utters the voice of the church*, neither of which *Pandulph's* auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here uſed is irreſiſtible; nor is it eaſy, notwithſtanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety.

But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
By what *thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:*
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn.] By *what*. Sir *T. Hanmer* reads, by *that*. I think it ſhould be rather by *which*. That is, *thou ſwear'ſt againſt the thing, by* which *thou ſwear'ſt*; that is, *againſt religion*.

The moſt formidable difficulty is in theſe lines.

And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, &c.

This Sir *T. Hanmer* reforms thus,

And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath; this *truth thou art unſure*
To ſwear, &c.

Dr. *Warburton* writes it thus,

Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure ——

which leaves the paſſage to me as obſcure as before.

I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omiſſion of a point. The ſenſe, after I had conſidered it, appeared to me only this: *In ſwearing by religion againſt religion, to which thou haſt already ſworn, thou makeſt an oath the ſecurity for thy faith againſt an oath already taken.* I will give, *ſays he*, a rule for conſcience in theſe caſes. Thou mayſt be in doubt about the matter of an oath; *when thou ſweareſt thou mayſt* not *be always* ſure *to ſwear rightly*, but let this be thy ſettled principle, *ſwear only not to be forſworn*; let not thy latter oaths be at variance with thy former.

Truth, through this whole ſpeech, means *rectitude* of conduct.

Elſe

Elſe what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thyſelf rebellion to thyſelf.
And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy, looſe ſuggeſtions:
Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know,
The peril of our curſes light on thee
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off;
But, in deſpair, die under their black weight.

Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Faulc. Will't not be?
Will not a calve's-ſkin ſtop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums,
Clamours of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O huſband, hear me; (ah! alack, how new
Is huſband in my mouth?) ev'n for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.

Conſt. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous *Dauphin*, alter not the doom
Forethought by heav'n.

Blanch. Now ſhall I ſee thy love; what motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the name of wife?

Conſt. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh, thine honour, *Lewis*, thine honour! ———

Lewis. I muſe, your Majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects do pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curſe upon his head.

K. *Phil.* Thou ſhalt not need. *England*, I'll fall from thee.

Conſt. O fair return of baniſh'd Majeſty!

Eli. O foul revolt of *French* inconſtancy!

K. *John.* *France*, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this hour.

Faul. Old time the clock-ſetter, that bald ſexton time,
Is it, as he will? well then, *France* ſhall rue.

Blanch. The ſun's o'ercaſt with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withal?
I am with both, each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl aſunder, and diſmember me.
Huſband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win:
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſs, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. *John.* Couſin, go draw our puiſſance together. [*Exit* Faulconbridge.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and deareſt-valu'd blood of *France*.

K. *Phil.* Thy rage ſhall burn thee up, and thou ſhalt turn
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Look to thyſelf, thou art in jeopardy.

K. *John.* No more than he that threats. To arms, let's hie. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Field of Battle.

Alarms, Excurſions: Enter Faulconbridge, *with* Auſtria's *Head.*

Faulc. NOW, by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot;
[2] Some airy devil hovers in the ſky,
And pours down miſchief. *Auſtria's* head lie there.—
Thus hath King *Richard's* ſon perform'd his vow,
And offer'd *Auſtria's* blood for ſacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living ſoul.

Enter King John, Arthur, *and* Hubert.

K. *John.* There, *Hubert*, keep this boy. *Richard*, make up;
My mother is aſſailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Faul. My Lord, I reſcu'd her:
Her highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Some* airy *devil.*——] We muſt read, *Some* fiery *devil*, if we will have the *cauſe* equal to the *effect*. WARBURTON.

There is no end of ſuch alterations; every page of a vehement and negligent writer will afford opportunities for changes of terms, if mere propriety will juſtify them. Not that of this change the propriety is out of controverſy. Dr. *Warburton* will have the devil *fiery*, becauſe he makes the day *hot*; the author makes him *airy*, becauſe *he hovers in the ſky*, and the *heat* and *miſchief* are natural conſequences of his malignity.

SCENE V.

Alarms, Excurſions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, *and Lords.*

K. *John.* So ſhall it be—your Grace ſhall ſtay behind [*To* Elinor.
So ſtrongly guarded—Couſin, look not ſad,
[*To* Arthur.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. *John.* Couſin, away for *England*; haſte before,
[*To* Faulconbridge
And, ere our coming, ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots; their impriſon'd angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace [2]
Muſt by the hungry now be fed upon.
Uſe our commiſſion in its utmoſt force.

Faulc. [3] Bell, book, and candle ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſilver beck me to come on.
I leave your highneſs—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)

[2] ——— *the fat ribs of Peace*
Muſt by the hungry now *be fed upon.*] This word *now* ſeems a very idle term here, and conveys no ſatisfactory idea. An antitheſis, and oppoſition of terms, ſo perpetual with our author, requires;
Muſt by the hungry War *be fed upon.*
War, demanding a large expence, is very poetically ſaid to be *hungry*, and to prey on the wealth and *fat* of *peace*. WARBURTON.

This emendation is better than the former, but yet not neceſſary. Sir *T. Hanmer* reads, *hungry maw* with leſs deviation from the common reading, but with not ſo much force or elegance as *war*.

[3] *Bell, book, and candle*, &c.] In an account of the *Romiſh* curſe given by Dr. *Gray*, it appears that three candles were extinguiſhed, one by one, in different parts of the execration.

For

For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.
Eli. Farewel, my gentle couſin.
K. *John.* Coz, farewel. [*Exit* Faulc.
Eli. Come, hither, little kinſman;—hark, a word.
[*Taking him to one ſide of the ſtage.*
K. *John.* [*To* Hubert *on the other ſide.*
Come hither, *Hubert.* O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay ———
But I will fit it with ſome better time.
By heaven, *Hubert*, I'm almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.
K. *John.* Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet, ———
But thou ſhalt have—and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay —— but, let it go:
The ſun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
[4] Sound one unto the drowſy race of night;
If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit Melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy thick,
Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that ideot laughter keep mens' eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment;

[4] *Sound* ON *unto the drowſie race of night*;] We ſhould read, *Sound* ONE——— WARBURTON.

(A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes)
Or if thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpight of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not——yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'ſt me well,
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heav'n, I'd do't.
K. *John.* Do not I know, thou would'ſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend;
He is a very ſerpent in my way,
And, whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Majeſty.
K. *John.* Death.
Hub. My Lord?
K. *John.* A grave.
Hub. He ſhall not live.
K. *John.* Enough.
I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee;
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember:——Madam, fare you well.
[*Returning to the Queen.*
I'll ſend thoſe pow'rs o'er to your Majeſty,
Eli. My bleſſing go with thee!
K. *John.* For *England*, couſin, go.
Hubert ſhall be your man, t'attend on you
With all true duty; on, toward *Calais*, ho!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Changes to the French *Court.*

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, *and Attendance.*

K. Philip. SO, by a roaring tempeſt on the flood,
A whole [5] Armada of collected ſail
Is ſcatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet go well.
K. *Philip.* What can go well, when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* loſt?
Arthur ta'en Priſ'ner? divers dear friends ſlain?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, ſpite of *France?*
Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a ſpeed with ſuch advice diſpos'd,
Such temp'rate order [6] in ſo fierce a courſe,
Doth want example; who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. *Philip.* Well could I bear that *England* had this praiſe,
So we could find ſome pattern of our ſhame.

[5] *A whole Armada,* &c.] This ſimilitude, as little as it makes for the purpoſe in hand, was, I do not queſtion, a very taking one when the play was firſt repreſented; which was a winter or two at moſt, after the *Spaniſh* invaſion in 1588. It was in reference likewiſe to that glorious period that *Shakeſpeare* concludes his play in that triumphant manner,

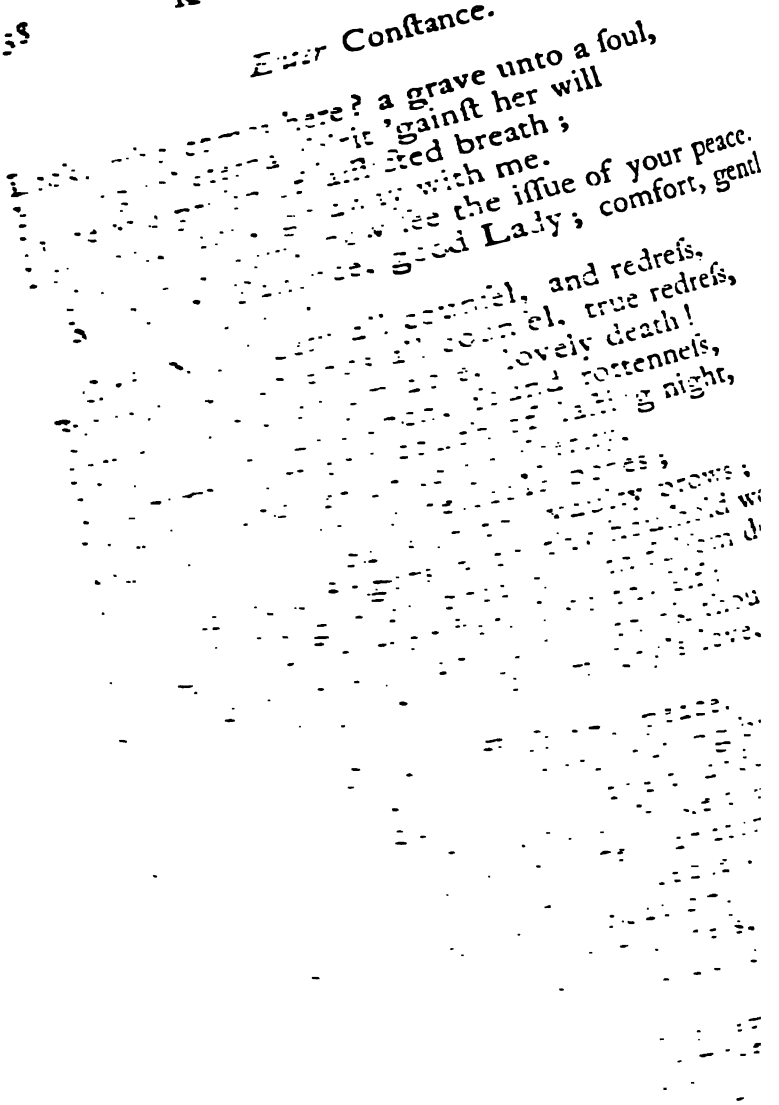
Thus England *never did, nor never ſhall,*
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror, &c.

But the whole play abounds with touches relative to the then poſture of affairs. WARBURTON. This play, ſo far as I can diſcover, was not played till a long time after the defeat of the *Armada.* The old play, I think, wants this ſimile. The commentator ſhould not have affirmed what he could only gueſs.

[6] —— *in ſo fierce a* CAUSE,] We ſhould read COURSE, *i. e.* march. The *Oxford* Editor condeſcends to this emendation. WARBURTON.

Enter

Enter Constance.



I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine:
My name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffrey's* wife:
Young *Arthur* is my ſon, and he is loſt!
I am not mad; I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like, I ſhould forget myſelf.
Oh, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal.
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myſelf.
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſon,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

K. *Philip.* [s] Bind up thoſe treſſes; O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her hairs;
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath fall'n,
Ev'n to that drop ten thouſand wiery friends
Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief;
Like true, inſeparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Conſt. To *England*, if you will.———

K. *Philip.* Bind up your hairs.

Conſt. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that theſe hands could ſo redeem my ſon,
As they have giv'n theſe hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds;
Becauſe my poor child is a priſoner,
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you ſay,

[s] It was neceſſary that *Conſtance* ſhould be interrupted, becauſe a paſſion ſo violent cannot be born long. I wiſh the following ſpeeches had been equally happy; but they only ſerve to ſhew, how difficult it is to maintain the pathetic long.

That

That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I ſhall ſee my boy again.
For ſince the birth of *Cain*, the firſt male-child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born.
But now will canker ſorrow eat my bud
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And ſo he'll die: and, riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of heav'n
I ſhall not know him; therefore never, never,
Muſt I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a reſpect of grief.

Conſt. He talks to me that never had a ſon.——

K. *Philip.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Conſt. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; [9] had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-cloaths.*
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit:
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

K. *Philip.* I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit.*

[9] —— *had you ſuch a loſs as I,*
I could give better comfort ——]
This is a ſentiment which great ſorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himſelf caſts his eyes on others for aſſiſtance, and often miſtakes their inability for coldneſs.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Lewis. [1] There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſy man.
A bitter ſhame hath ſpoilt the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields nought but ſhame and bitterneſs.
Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Ev'n in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: evils that take leave,
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew evil.
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?
Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis ſtrange to think how much King *John* hath loſt
In this, which he accounts ſo clearly won.
Are not you griev'd, that *Arthur* is his priſoner?
Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak with a prophetick ſpirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub,
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to *England's* throne: and therefore mark.
John hath ſeiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be
That whilſt warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd *John* ſhould entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of reſt.
A ſcepter, ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,

[1] *There's nothing in this, &c.*] The young Prince feels his defeat with more ſenſibility than his father. Shame operates moſt ſtrongly in the earlier years; and when can diſgrace be leſs welcome than when a man is going to his bride?

Muſt

Muſt be as boiſt'rouſly maintain'd, as gain'd.
And he, that ſtands upon a ſlipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up.
That *John* may ſtand, then *Arthur* needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.

Lewis. But what ſhall I gain by young *Arthur's* fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

Lewis. And loſe it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conſpire with you;
For he, that ſteeps his ſafety in [2] true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety and untrue.
This act, ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That no ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it.
No nat'ral exhalation in the ſky,
[3] No 'ſcape of nature, no diſtemper'd day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will pluck away it's nat'ral cauſe,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,
Abortives, and preſages, tongues of heav'n,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur's* life;
But hold himſelf ſafe in his impriſonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,

[2] *True blood.*] The blood of him that has the *juſt* claim.

[3] *No 'ſcape of nature,*—] The author very finely calls a *monſtrous birth*, an *eſcape of nature*. As if it were produced while ſhe was buſy elſewhere, or intent on ſome other thing. But the *Oxford* Editor will have it, that *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

No ſhape of nature.

WARBURTON.

And

kiſs the lips of unacquainted change;
pick ſtrong matter of revolt and wrath,
of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.
ıinks, I ſee this hurly all on foot;
O, what better matter breeds for you
ı I have nam'd!——The baſtard *Faulconbridge*
ow in *England*, ranſacking the church,
nding charity. If but twelve *French*
e there in arms, they would be as a call
rain ten thouſand *Engliſh* to their ſide;
as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
n becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin*;
vith me to the King: 'tis wonderful.
ıt may be wrought out of their diſcontent.
that their ſouls are top-full of offence,
England go; I will whet on the King.
wis. Strong reaſon makes ſtrong actions: let us go;
ou ſay *ay*, the King will not ſay *no*. [*Exeunt*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to ENGLAND.

A PRISON.

Enter Hubert *and Executioners*.

HUBERT.

HEAT me theſe irons hot, and, look, thou
ſtand
hin the arras; when I ſtrike my foot
n the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth;

r, as a little ſnow.] Ba- n his hiſtory of *Henry* VII. ing of *Perkin's* march, ob- ſerves, that *their* ſnow-ball *did not gather as it rolled.*

And

And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair. Be heedful; hence, and watch.
Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples! fear not you; look to't.—
Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, *Hubert.*
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having ſo great a title
To be more Prince) as may be.—You are ſad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body ſhould be ſad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in *France*,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my chriſtendom,
So were I out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be merry as the day is long:
And ſo I would be here, but that, I doubt,
My uncle practiſes more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffrey's* ſon?
Indeed, it is not; and I would to heav'n,
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, *Hubert.*
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*
Arth. Are you ſick, *Hubert?* you look pale to day;
In ſooth, I would, you were a little ſick;
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.
Read here, young *Arthur*——— [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, fooliſh rheum, [*Aſide.*

Turn-

[1] Turning diſpiteous torture out of door!
I muſt be brief, leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womaniſh tears.——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for ſo foul effect.
Muſt you with irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I muſt.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never aſk it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a Prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you muſt muſt uſe me ill,
Why then, you muſt——Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall,
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I've ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it.
The iron of itſelf, tho' heat red-hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,

[1] *Turning diſpiteous torture out of door!*] For *torture* Sir *T. Hanmer* reads *nature*, and is followed, I think, without neceſſity, by Dr. *Warburton*.

Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn-hard, than hammer'd iron?
Oh! if an Angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,
[6] I would not have believ'd a tongue, but *Hubert's*.

[Hubert *ſtamps, and the men enter.*

Hub. Come forth; do, as I bid you.

Arth. O ſave me, *Hubert*, ſave me! my eyes are out,
Ev'n with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous-rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heav'n's ſake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, *Hubert*—drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily;
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,

[6] *I would not have believed a tongue* BUT HUBERT's.] Thus Mr. *Pope* found the line in the old editions. According to this reading, it is ſuppoſed that *Hubert* had told him, he would *not* put out his eyes; for the angel who ſays *he would*, is brought in as contradicting *Hubert*. Mr. *Theobald*, by what authority I don't know, reads,

I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but Hubert's.

which is ſpoiling the meaſure, without much mending the ſenſe. *Shakeſpeare*, I am perſuaded, wrote,

I would not have believ'd a tongue BATE HUBERT;

i. e. abate, diſparage. The blunder ſeems to have ariſen thus, *bate* ſignifies except, ſaving; ſo the tranſcribers, taking it in this ſenſe, ſubſtituted the more uſual word *but* in its place. My alteration greatly improves the ſenſe, as implying a tenderneſs of affection for *Hubert*; the common reading, only an opinion of *Hubert's* veracity; whereas the point here was to win upon *Hubert's* paſſions, which could not be better done than by ſhewing affection towards him.

WARBURTON.

I do not ſee why the old reading may not ſtand. Mr. *Theobald's* alteration, as we find, injures the meaſure, and Dr. *Warburton's* corrupts the language, and neither can be ſaid much to mend the ſenſe.

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed.

[*Exeunt.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wandring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe;
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſtrous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not, *Hubert*;
Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes!
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. [8] No, in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extreams; ſee elſe yourſelf,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its ſpirit out,

[7] This is according to nature. We imagine no evil ſo great as that which is near us.

[8] *No, in good ſooth*, &c.] The ſenſe is: *The fire*, being *created* not to hurt but *to comfort, is dead with grief for* finding itſelf *uſed* in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have *not deſerved.*

And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert:*
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes:
And like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye,
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I ſworn; and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like *Hubert.* All this while
You were diſguiſed.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead.
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports:
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert.*

Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Court of England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Saliſbury, *and other Lords.*

K. *John.* HERE once again we ſit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb.

Pemb. [9] This once again, but that your highneſs pleas'd,
Was once ſuperfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men ne'er ſtained with revolt:
Freſh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better ſtate.

Sal. Therefore, to be poſſeſs'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before;
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garniſh,
Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs.

Pemb. But that your royal pleaſure muſt be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the laſt repeating troubleſome:
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a ſhifted wind unto a ſail,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about:
Startles and frights conſideration;
Makes ſound opinion ſick, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
They do confound their ſkill in covetouſneſs;
And oftentimes excuſing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worſe by the excuſe:

[9] *This once again——was once ſuperfluous.*] *This one time more was one time more than enough.*

[1] *To guard a title that was rich before.*] To *guard*, is to *fringe*.

[2] *They do confound their Skill in* Covetouſneſs.] *i. e.* Not by their Avarice, but in an eager Emulation, an intenſe Deſire of excelling; as in *Henry* V.

But if it be a Sin to covet Honour,
I am the moſt offending Soul alive. THEOBALD.

As patches, ſet upon a little breach,
Diſcredit more [3] in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was ſo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counſel; but it pleas'd your highneſs
To over-bear it; and we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Muſt make a ſtand at what your highneſs will.

K. *John.* [4] Some reaſons of this double coronation
I have poſſeſt you with, and think them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong (the leſſer is my fear)
I ſhall endue you with: mean time, but aſk
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well ſhall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requeſts.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of theſe,
[5] To ſound the purpoſes of all their hearts,
Both for myſelf and them, but chief of all,
Your ſafety, for the which, myſelf and they
Bend their beſt ſtudies, heartily requeſt
Th' infranchiſement of *Arthur*; whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of diſcontent
To break into this dang'rous argument;
If what in reſt you have, in right you hold,
Why ſhould your fears (which, as they ſay, attend
The ſteps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinſman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exerciſe?

[3] —— *in hiding of the* FAULT,
Than did the FAULT ——] We ſhould read FLAW in both places. WARBURTON.

[4] *Some reaſons of this double coronation*
I have poſſeſt you with, and think them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong, the leſſer is my fear,
I ſhall endue you with.] I have told you ſome reaſons, in my opinion *ſtrong*, and ſhall tell more yet *ſtronger*; for the ſtronger my reaſons are, the *leſs is my fear* of your diſapprobation. This ſeems to be the meaning.

[5] *To ſound the purpoſes.*] To *declare*, to *publiſh* the deſires of all thoſe.

That

That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occaſions, let it be our ſuit,
That you have bid us aſk, his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further aſk,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, that he have liberty.

K. *John.* Let it be ſo; I do commit his youth

Enter Hubert.

To your direction. *Hubert*, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man, ſhould do the bloody deed:
He ſhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that cloſe aſpect of his
Does ſhew the mood of a much-troubled breaſt.
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpoſe and his conſcience [6],
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles ſet [7]:
His paſſion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt break.

Pemb. And when it breaks [8], I fear will iſſue thence
The foul corruption of a ſweet child's death.

K. *John.* We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give is living,
The ſuit which you demand is gone, and dead.

[6] *Between his purpoſe and his conſcience,*] Between his *conſciouſneſs* of guilt, and his *deſign* to conceal it by fair profeſſions.

[7] *Like Heralds, 'twixt two dreadful Battles ſet;*] But Heralds are not planted, I preſume, in the midſt betwixt two Lines of Battle; tho' they, and Trumpets, are often ſent over from Party to Party, to propoſe Terms, demand a Parley, &c. I have therefore ventur'd to read, *ſent.* THEOBALD.

This Dr. *Warburton* has followed without much advantage; *ſet* is not *fixed*, but only *placed*; heralds muſt be *ſet* between battles in order to be *ſent* between them.

[8] *And when it breaks,* ——— This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken from an impoſtumated tumour.

He tells us, *Arthur* is deceas'd to-night.
Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his ſickneſs was paſt cure.
Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himſelf felt he was ſick.
This muſt be anſwer'd, either here, or hence.
K. *John.* Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis ſhame
That greatneſs ſhould ſo groſly offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and ſo farewel!
Pemb. Stay yet, Lord *Saliſbury*, I'll go with thee.
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which own'd the breadth of all this iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This muſt not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

K. *John.* They burn in indignation; I repent.
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others' death——

Enter a Meſſenger.

A fearful eye thou haſt; where is that blood,
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?
So foul a ſky clears not without a ſtorm;
Pour down thy weather. How goes all in *France?*
Mej. From *France* to *England*[9]. Never ſuch a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.

[9] *From* France *to* England.—] The king aſks *how all goes in* France, the meſſenger catches the word *goes*, and anſwers, that *whatever* is in France *goes* now *into* England.

The

The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told, they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.
K. *John*, O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? where is my mother's care?
That ſuch an army ſhould be drawn in *France*,
And ſhe not hear of it?
Meſ. My Liege, her ear
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of *April*, dy'd
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady *Conſtance* in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or falſe, I know not.
K. *John*. With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadful occaſion!
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented peers.—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in *France?*
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of *France*,
That, thou for truth giv'ſt out, are landed here?
Meſ. Under the *Dauphin*.
K. *John*. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings.

Enter Faulconbridge, *and* Peter *of* Pomfret.

Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Faulc. But if you be afraid to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt unheard fall on your head.
K. *John*. Bear with me, Couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.
Faulc. How I have ſped among the clergymen,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But as I travell'd hither thro' the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſy'd;

Poſſeſt

Poſſeſt with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear,
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he ſung in rude harſh-ſounding rhimes,
That, ere the next *Aſcenſion-day* at noon,
Your Highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown,

K. *John*. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'ſt thou ſo?

Peter. Fore-knowing, that the truth will fall out ſo.

K. *John*. *Hubert*, away with him, impriſon him.
And on that day at noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety [1], and return,
For I muſt uſe thee.——

[*Exit* Hubert, *with* Peter.

O my gentle couſin,
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Faulc. The *French*, my Lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Beſides, I met Lord *Bigot* and Lord *Saliſbury*,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of *Arthur*, who, they ſay, is kill'd to-night
On your ſuggeſtion.

K. *John*. Gentle kinſman, go
And thruſt thyſelf into their company:
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will ſeek them out.

K. *John*. Nay, but make haſte: the better foot before.
O, let me have no ſubject enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion.
Be *Mercury*, ſet feathers to thy heels,

[1] *Deliver him to ſafety.*——] That is, *Give him into ſafe cuſtody.*

And

', like thought, from them to me again.
. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed.
[*Exit.*
ohn. Spoke like a ſprightful noble gentleman.
:r him; for he, perhaps, ſhall need
neſſenger betwixt me and the Peers;
: thou he.
With all my heart, my Liege. [*Exit.*
ohn. My mother dead!

SCENE IV.

Enter Hubert.

My Lord, they ſay, five moons were ſeen to-night:
xed, and the fifth did whirl about
ıer four, in wond'rous motion.
ohn. Five moons?
Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets,
ɔheſy upon it dangerouſly:
Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
hen they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
ıiſper one another in the ear.
, that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's wriſt;
he, that hears, makes fearful action
rinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
ilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
ɔen mouth ſwallowing a taylor's news;
th his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
ʒ on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte

Had

ſlippers, which his nim-
ɔſte
ſoly thruſt upon contrary

I know not how the tors underſtand this im-portant paſſage, which, in Dr. *Warburton's* edition, is marked as eminently beautiful, and, in the whole, not without juſtice. But *Shakeſpeare* ſeems to have confound-

Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thouſand warlike *French*,
That were embatteled and rank'd in *Kent*.
Another lean, unwaſh'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur's* death.

K. *John*. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young *Arthur's* death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou had'ſt none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. *John*. It is the curſe of Kings [3], to be atttended
By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the the bloody houſe of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To underſtand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majeſty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd reſpect.

Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal, for what I did.

K. *John*. Oh, when the laſt account 'twixt heav'n and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation.
How oft the ſight of means, to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? for hadſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd to do a deed of ſhame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,

founded a man's ſhoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either ſhoe will equally admit either foot. The authour ſeems to be diſturbed by the diſorder which he deſcribes.

[3] *It is the curſe of Kings*, &c.] This plainly hints at *Daviſon's* caſe, in the affair of *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, and ſo muſt have been inſerted long after the firſt repreſentation. WARBURTON.

Apt,

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur's* death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Mad'ſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a Prince.
Hub. My Lord ———
K. *John.* Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head[4], or made a pauſe,
When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin:
Yea, without ſtop, did'ſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name—
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My Nobles leave me, and my ſtate is brav'd,
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhy land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility, and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conſcience and my couſin's death.
Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.

[4] *Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head,* &c.] There are many touches of nature in this conference of *John* with *Hubert*. A man engaged in wickedneſs would keep the profit to himſelf, and tranſfer the guilt to his accomplice. Theſe reproaches vented againſt *Hubert* are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind ſwelling with conſciouſneſs of a crime, and deſirous of diſcharging its miſery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipſis receſſibus mentis*, from an intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he ſays, that *to have bid him tell his tale* in *expreſs words*, would have *ſtruck him dumb*; nothing is more certain, than that bad men uſe all the arts of fallacy upon themſelves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themſelves from their own detection in ambiguities and ſubterfuges.

Young

Young *Arthur* is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought[5],
And you have ſlander'd nature in my form;
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. *John.* Doth *Arthur* live? O, haſte thee to the Peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind;

[5] *The dreadful motion of a* MURD'ROUS *thought,*] Nothing can be falſer than what *Hubert* here ſays in his own vindication (yet it was the poet's purpoſe that he ſhould ſpeak truth); for we find, from a preceding ſcene, *the motion of a murd'rous thought had entred into him*, and that, very deeply: and it was with difficulty that the tears, the intreaties, and the innocence of *Arthur* had diverted and ſuppreſſed it. Nor is the expreſſion, in this reading, at all exact, it not being the neceſſary quality of *a murd'rous thought* to be *dreadful*, affrighting, or terrible: For it being commonly excited by the flattering views of intereſt, pleaſure, or revenge, the mind is often too much taken up with thoſe ideas to attend, ſteadily, to the conſequences. We muſt conclude therefore that *Shakſpeare* wrote,

—— *a* MURDERER'S *thought.*

And this makes *Hubert* ſpeak truth, as the poet intended he ſhould. He had not committed the murther, and conſequently the *motion of a murtherer's thought had never enter'd his boſom.* And in this reading, the epithet *dreadful* is admirably juſt, and in nature. For after the perpretation of the fact, the appetites, that hurried their owner to it, loſe their force; and nothing ſucceeds to take poſſeſſion of the mind, but a dreadful conſciouſneſs, that torments the murderer without reſpite or intermiſſion.

WARBURTON.

I do not ſee any thing in this change worth the vehemence with which it is recommended. Read the line either way, the ſenſe is nearly the ſame; nor does *Hubert* tell truth in either reading when he charges *John* with *ſlandering his form.* He that could once intend to burn out the eyes of a captive prince, had a *mind* not too *fair* for the *rudeſt form.*

And

And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anſwer not, but to my cloſet bring
The angry Lords with all expedient haſte.
I conjure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Street before a Priſon.

Enter Arthur *on the Walls, diſguis'd.*

Arth. THE wall is high, and yet I will leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ſhip-boy's ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thouſand ſhifts to get away:
As good to die, and go; as die, and ſtay. [*Leaps down.*
Oh me! my Uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:
Heav'n take my ſoul, and *England* keep my bones! [*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Saliſbury *and* Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmondſbury*;
It is our ſafety; and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pemb. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
Sal. The Count *Melun*, a noble Lord of *France*,
Whoſe private with me of the *Dauphin's* love [6]
Is much more gen'ral than theſe lines import.
Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, Lords, or ere we meet.

[6] *Whoſe private, &c.*——] *i. e.* whoſe private account, of the *Dauphin's* affection to our cauſe, is much more ample than the letters. POPE.

Enter

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, diſtemper'd Lords;
The King by me requeſts your preſence ſtrait.
Sal. The King hath diſpoſſeſt himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin, beſtained cloak
With our pure honours: nor attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him ſo; we know the worſt.
Faulc. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were beſt.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reaſon now[7].
Faulc. But there is little reaſon in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reaſon, you had manners now.
Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath it privilege.
Faulc. 'Tis true, to hurt its maſter, no man elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon: what is he lies here?
[*Seeing* Arthur.
Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!——
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious, princely, for a grave.
Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almoſt think, altho' you ſee,
What you do ſee? could thought, without this object,
Form ſuch another? 'tis the very top,
The height, the creſt, or creſt unto the creſt,
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavag'ry, the vileſt ſtroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage,

[7] To *reaſon*, in *Shakeſpeare*, is not ſo often to *argue*, as to *talk*.

Preſented

Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.

Pemb. All murders paſt do ſtand excus'd in this;
And this ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten ſins of time;
And prove a deadly blood-ſhed but a jeſt,
Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.

Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand:
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would enſue.
It is the ſhameful work of *Hubert's* hand,
The practice and the purpoſe of the King:
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to this breathleſs excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow[8]!
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſant with eaſe and idleneſs,
Till I have ſet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worſhip of revenge[9].

Pemb.
Bigot. } Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy words.

SCENE VI.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte, in ſeeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath ſent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and bluſhes not at death.

[8] ——— *a vow,* ——
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,] This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of ſuperſtition and chivalry.

[9] — *the worſhip of revenge.*] The *worſhip* is the *dignity*, the *honour*. We ſtill ſay *worſhipful* of *magiſtrates*.

—Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Muſt I rob the law? [*Drawing his Sword.*
Faulc. Your ſword is bright, Sir, put it up again.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murd'rer's ſkin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord *Saliſbury*; ſtand back, I ſay;
By heav'n, I think, my ſword's as ſharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget yourſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence [1];
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.
Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'ſt thou brave a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.
Hub. Do not prove me ſo [2];
Yet, I am none. Whoſe tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lies.
Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Faulc. Keep the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you, *Faulconbridge.*
Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Saliſbury.*
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime,
Or I'll ſo maul you, and your toſting-iron,
That you ſhall think, the devil is come from hell.
Bigot. What will you do, renowned *Falconbridge?*
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep

[1] —— *true defence*;] *Honeſt* defence; defence in a *good cauſe.*
[2] *Do not prove me ſo;*
Yet, I am none.——] Do not make me a murderer by compelling me to kill you; I am *hitherto* not a murderer.

My

date of life out, for his ſweet life's loſs.
l Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
villainy is not without ſuch rheum;
he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
: rivers of remorſe and innocence.
y with me all you, whoſe ſouls abhor
uncleanly ſavour of a ſlaughter-houſe,
I am ſtifled with the ſmell of ſin.
got. Away tow'rd *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.
mb. There, tell the King, he may enquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*

SCENE VII.

ulc. Here's a good world. Knew you of this fair work?
nd the infinite and boundleſs reach
ercy, if thou did'ſt this deed of death
hou damn'd, *Hubert*.
b. Do but hear me, Sir.
ulc. Ha! I'll tell thee what,
i'rt damn'd ſo black——nay, nothing is ſo black;
i art more deep damn'd than prince *Lucifer*.
e is not yet ſo ugly a fiend of hell
ıou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this child.
b. Upon my ſoul——
ulc. If thou didſt but conſent
ıis moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,
if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread,
ever ſpider twiſted from her womb,
ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be a beam
ıng thee on: or wouldſt thou drown thyſelf,
ıut a little water in a ſpoon,
it ſhall be as all the ocean,
gh to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.
uſpect thee very grievouſly.
b. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
iilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath,

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How eaſy doſt thou take all *England* up!
From forth this morſel of dead Royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm
Is fled to heav'n; and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcramble, and to part by th' teeth
The un-owed intereſt of proud-ſwelling State.
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majeſty,
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt;
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now Pow'rs from home and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a Raven on a ſick, fall'n beaſt)
The imminent Decay of wreſted Pomp [3].
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the King;
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief at hand,
And heav'n itſelf doth frown upon the Land. [*Exeunt*

[3] *The imminent decay of wreſted pomp.*] *Wreſted pomp* is *greatneſs obtained by violence.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of ENGLAND.

Enter King John, Pandulpho, *and Attendants.*

K. JOHN.

THUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my Glory. [*Giving the Crown.*
and. Take again
n this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
ır ſovereign Greatneſs and Authority.
.. *John.* Now keep your holy word; go meet the
French,
l from his Holineſs uſe all your power
ſtop their Marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
diſcontented Counties do revolt;
people quarrel with obedience;
aring allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
ſtranger blood, to foreign Royalty;
s inundation of miſtemper'd humour
:s by you only to be qualify'd.
:n pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
ıt preſent medicine muſt be miniſtred,
Overthrow incurable inſues.
'*and.* It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
ɔn your ſtubborn uſage of the Pope:
ſince you are a gentle convertite,
tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war;
ı make fair weather in your bluſt'ring Land,
this *Aſcenſion-Day*, remember well,
on your oath of ſervice to the Pope,
I to make the *French* lay down their arms. [*Exit.*
K. *John.* Is this *Aſcenſion-day?* did not the Prophet
', that before *Aſcenſion-day* at noon

My Crown I ſhould give off? even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe, it ſhould be on conſtraint:
But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But *Dover-Caſtle: London* hath receiv'd,
Like a kind hoſt, the *Dauphin* and his Powers.
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. *John.* Would not my Lords return to me again,
After they heard, young *Arthur* was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty caſket, where the jewel, life,
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. *John.* That villain *Hubert* told me, he did live.

Faulc. So on my ſoul he did, for aught he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world ſee fear and ſad diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the Great,
Grow great by your example; and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the God of war,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldneſs and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the Lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be ſaid! Forage, and run [4]

[4] ——— *Forage, and run*] To *forage* is here uſed in its original ſenſe, for to *range abroad.*

To

To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come ſo nigh.

K. *John.* The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the Powers
Led by the *Dauphin*.

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair play-orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce,
To arms invaſive? ſhall a beardleſs boy,
A cocker'd, ſilken, Wanton brave our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,
Mocking the air with Colours idly ſpread [5],
And find no check? let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance, the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid,
They ſaw, we had a purpoſe of defence.

K. *John.* Have thou the ord'ring of this preſent time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know [6],
Our Party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

[5] *Mocking the air with colours*] He has the ſame image in *Macbeth.*

Where the Norwegian *colours flout the ſky,*
And fan our people cold.

[6] *Away then, with good courage! yet, I know,*
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.] *Let us then away with courage*; yet I ſo well *know* the faintneſs of *our party*, that I think *it may eaſily happen that they ſhall encounter enemies who have more ſpirit than themſelves.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Dauphin's *Camp, at St.* Edmondſbury [7].

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Saliſbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Soldiers.*

Lewis. MY Lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to theſe Lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, peruſing o'er theſe notes,
May know wherefore we took the Sacrament;
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we ſwear
A voluntary zeal and un urg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a Sore of time
Should ſeek a plaiſter by contemn'd revolt;
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh, it grieves my ſoul,
That I muſt draw this metal from my ſide
To be be a widow-maker: oh, and there,
Where honourable reſcue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of *Saliſbury*.
But ſuch is the infection of the time,

[7] — *at St.* Edmondſbury.] I have ventur'd to fix the Place of the Scene here, which is ſpecified by none of the Editors, on the following Authorities. In the preceding Act, where *Saliſbury* has fixed to go over to the *Dauphin*, he ſays;

Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmondſbury.

And Count *Melun*, in this laſt Act, ſays;

——— *and many more with me, Upon the Altar at St.* Edmondſbury;
Even on that Altar, where we ſwore to you
Dear Amity, and everlaſting Love.

And it appears likewiſe from the *Troubleſome Reign* of King *John*, in two parts (the firſt rough Model of this play) that the Interchange of Vows betwixt the *Dauphin* and the *Engliſh* Barons was at St. *Edmondſbury*. THEOBALD.

That,

That, for the health and phyſick of our Right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice, and confuſed wrong.
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That we, the ſons and children of this Iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger March
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? I muſt withdraw and weep
Upon the Spot of this enforced cauſe
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted Colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldſt remove!
That *Neptune's* arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyſelf,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan ſhore!
Where theſe two chriſtian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this;
And great affection, wreſtling in thy boſom,
Doth make an earthquake of Nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat haſt thou fought,
Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect[s]!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation:
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhow'r, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
Startles mines eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heav'n

[s] *Between* compulſion, *and a brave reſpect!*] This *compulſion* was the neceſſity of a reformation in the ſtate; which, according to *Saliſbury's* opinion, (who, in his ſpeech preceding, calls it an *enforced cauſe*) could only be procured by foreign arms: And the *brave reſpect* was the love of his country. Yet the *Oxford* Editor, for *compulſion*, reads *compaſſion*. WARBURTON.

Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorm.
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes,
That never ſaw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune, other than at feaſts,
Full-warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſipping.
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deep
Into the purſe of rich proſperity,
As *Lewis* himſelf; ſo, Nobles, ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinews to the ſtrength of mine.

SCENE III.

Enter Pandulpho.

And even there, methinks, an angel ſpake [9]!
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
And on our actions ſet the name of Right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France!*
The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to *Rome*; his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and See of *Rome*.
Therefore thy threatning Colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wild war;
That, like a Lion foſter'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace:
And be no further harmful than in ſhew.

[9] ——— *an angel ſpake!*] Sir *T. Hanmer*, and after him Dr, *Warburton* read here, *an angel* ſpeeds. I think unneceſſarily. The *Dauphin* does not yet hear the legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him, but ſeeing him advance and concluding that he comes to animate and authoriſe him with the power of the church, he cries out, *at the ſight of this holy man, I am encouraged as* by the voice of an angel.

Lewis.

Lewis. Your Grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a ſecondary at controul;
Or uſeful ſerving man, and inſtrument,
To any ſovereign State throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coal of war,
Between this chaſtis'd Kingdom and myſelf;
And brought in matter, that ſhould feed this fire.
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,
With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of Right,
Acquainted me with int'reſt to this Land;
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart:
And come ye now, to tell me *John* hath made
His peace with *Rome?* what is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young *Arthur*, claim this Land for mine:
And now it is half-conquer'd, muſt I back,
Becauſe that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome?*
Am I *Rome's* ſlave? what penny hath *Rome* borne,
What men provided, what munition ſent,
To under-prop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my Claim are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſs, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard theſe iſlanders ſhout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the beſt cards for the game,
To win this eaſy match, play'd for a Crown?
And ſhall I now give o'er the yielded Set?
No, on my ſoul, it never ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You look but on the outſide of this work.

Lewis, Outſide or inſide, I will not return,
Till my attempt ſo much be glorify'd,
As to my ample hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of war;
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world,
To outlook Conqueſt, and to win Renown

Ev'n

Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death.
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
What luſty trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

SCENE IV.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. According to the fair Play of the world,
Let me have audience. I am ſent to ſpeak,
My holy lord of *Milain*, from the King:
I come to learn how you have dealt for him:
And as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
Pand. The *Dauphin* is too wilful-oppoſite.
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly ſays, he'll not lay down his arms.
Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The Youth ſays well. Now hear our *Engliſh* King;
For thus his Royalty doth ſpeak in me:
He is prepar'd; and reaſon too he ſhould.
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd maſk, and unadviſed revel,
[1] This unhair'd ſaucineſs and boyiſh troops,
The King doth ſmile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, ev'n at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;

[1] *This* unheard *Sawcineſs and boyiſh Troops,*] Thus the printed Copies in general; but *unheard* is an Epithet of very little Force, or Meaning here; beſides, let us obſerve how 'tis coupled. *Faulconbridge* is ſneering at the *Dauphin's* Invaſion, as an unadviſ'd Enterprize, ſavouring of Youth and Indiſcretion, the Reſult of Childiſhneſs and unthinking Raſhneſs: and he ſeems altogether to dwell on this Character of it, by calling his Preparation *boyiſh Troops, dwarfiſh War, pigmy Arms*, &c. which, according to my Emendation, ſort very well with *unhair'd*, i. e. *unbeard* Sawcineſs.
THEOBALD.

To

To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your ſtable planks,
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks;
To herd with ſwine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out,
In vaults and priſons; and to thrill, and ſhake,
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's Crow,
Thinking his voice an armed *Engliſh* man;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No; know, the gallant Monarch is in arms,
And like an Eagle o'er his Aiery tow'rs,
To ſouſe annoiance that comes near his neſt.
And you degen'rate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother *England*, bluſh for ſhame.
For your own ladies, and pale-viſag'd maids,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums;
Their Thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle Hearts
To fierce and bloody Inclination.

Lewis. There end thy Brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canſt out-ſcold us; fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Faulc. No, I will ſpeak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'reſt, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten; do but ſtart
An Echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,

And

And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not truſting to this halting Legate here;
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport, than need)
Is warlike *John*; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd death: whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the *French*.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faulc. And thou ſhalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a Field of Battle.

Alarms. Enter King John *and* Hubert.

K. *John.* HOW goes the day with us? oh, tell me, *Hubert.*

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majeſty?

K. *John.* This fever, that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lies heavy on me. Oh, my heart is ſick!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, your valiant kinſman, *Faulconbridge*,
Deſires your Majeſty to leave the field;
And ſend him word by me which way you go.

K. *John.* Tell him, tow'rd *Swinſtead*, to the Abbey there.

Meſ. Be of good Comfort: for the great Supply,
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* ſands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now.
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themſelves.

K. *John.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd *Swinſtead*; to my Litter ſtrait;
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Changes to the French *Camp.*

Enter Saliſbury, Pembroke, *and* Bigot.

Sal. I Did not think the King ſo ſtor'd with friends.
Pemb. Up once again; put ſpirit in the *French:*
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.
Sal. That miſ-begotten devil, *Faulconbridge*,
In ſpight of ſpight, alone upholds the day.
Pemb. They ſay, King *John*, ſore ſick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun, *wounded*,

Melun. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pemb. It is the Count *Melun.*
Sal. Wounded to death.
Melun. Fly noble *Engliſh*, you are bought and ſold;
[2] Unthread the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home again diſcarded faith.
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet:
For if the *French* be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompenſe the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads; thus hath he ſworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,

[2] Unthread *the rude* Eye *of Rebellion.*] Tho' all the Copies concur in this Reading, how poor is the Metaphor of *unthreading* the *Eye* of a *Needle?* And, beſides, as there is no Mention made of a Needle, how remote and obſcure is the Alluſion without it? The Text, as I have reſtor'd it, is eaſy and natural; and it is the Mode of Expreſſion, which our Author is every where fond of, to *tread* and *untread*, the *Way*, *Path*, *Steps*, &c. THEOBALD.

The metaphor is certainly harſh, but I do not think the paſſage corrupted.

Upon

Upon the altar at St. *Edmondſbury*;
Ev'n on that altar, where we ſwore to you
Dear amity and everlaſting love.
Sal. May this be poſſible! may this be true!
Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view?
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Reſolveth from its figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true.
That I muſt die here, and live hence by truth?
I ſay again, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forſworn, if e'er thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the eaſt,
But ev'n this night, whoſe black contagious breath
Already ſmoaks about the burning creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied ſun,
Ev'n this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire;
Paying the fine of [3] rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If *Lewis* by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The love of him, and this reſpect beſides
(For that my grandſire was an *Engliſhman*),
Awakes my conſcience to confeſs all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace; and part this body and my ſoul,
With contemplation and devout deſires.
Sal. We do believe thee, and beſhrew my ſoul,
But I do love the favour and the form

[3] *Rated treachery,*] It were eaſy to change *rated* to *hated* for an eaſier meaning, but *rated* ſuits better with *fine*. The *Dauphin* has *rated* you treachery, and ſet upon it a *fine* which your lives muſt pay.

Of

his moſt fair occaſion, by the which
will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
, like a bated and retired flood,
ing our rankneſs and irregular courſe,
p low within thoſe bounds, we have o'er-look'd;
calmly run on in obedience
i to our ocean, to our great King *John*.
arm ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence,
I do ſee the cruel pangs of death
it in thine eye. Away, my friends; new flight;
happy newneſs, that intends old right?
[*Exeunt, leading off* Melun.

SCENE VII.

Changes to a different part of the French *Camp.*

Enter Lewis, *and his Train.*

is. THE ſun of heav'n, methought, was loth to ſet,
ſtaid, and made the weſtern welkin bluſh,
en th' *Engliſh* meaſur'd backward their own ground
aint retire: oh, bravely came we off,
ien with a volley of our needleſs ſhot,
er ſuch bloody toil, we bid good night;
l wound our [a] tatter'd colours clearly up,
t in the field, and almoſt lords of it!——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my prince, the *Dauphin?*
Lewis. Here. What news?
Meſ. The count *Melun* is ſlain; the *Engliſh* lords
his perſuaſion are again fall'n off;
d your ſupply, which you have wiſh'd ſo long,

—*happy newneſs*, &c.] Happy innovation, that purpoſed the reſtoration of the ancient rightful government.

[a] For *tatter'd*, the folio reads *tottering*.

Are caſt away, and ſunk on *Godwin* ſands.
Lewis. Ah foul, ſhrewd, news! Beſhrew thy very heart,
I did not think to be ſo ſad to night.
As this hath made me. Who was he, that ſaid,
King *John* did fly, an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powers?
Meſ. Who ever ſpoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to night;
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinſtead *Abbey.*

Enter Faulconbridge, *and* Hubert *ſeverally.*

Hub. WHO's there? ſpeak, ho! ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.
Faulc. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of *England.*
Faulc. And whither doſt thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?
Faulc. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought.
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well.
Who art thou?
Faulc. Who thou wilt; and, if thou pleaſe,
Thou may'ſt be-friend me ſo much, as to think,
I come one way of the *Plantagenets.*
Hub. Unkind remembrance! [3] thou and eyeleſs night

[3] ——*thou and* endleſs *night*] We ſhould read, *eyeleſs*. So *Pindar* calls the Moon, the *eye of night*. WARBURTON.

Have

Have done me ſhame. Brave ſoldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'ſcape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Faulc. Come, come; *Sans compliment*, what news abroad?
Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Faulc. Brief then: and what's the news?
Hub. O my ſweet Sir, news fitted to the night;
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.
Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I'll not ſwoon at it.
Hub. The King, I fear, is poiſon'd by a Monk.
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
T' acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.
Faulc. How did he take it? Who did taſte to him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out; the King
Yet ſpeaks; and, peradventure, may recover.
Faulc. Who didſt thou leave to tend his Majeſty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their company;
At whoſe requeſt the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majeſty.
Faulc. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee, *Hubert*, half my pow'rs this night,
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide;
Theſe *Lincoln*-waſhes have devoured them;
Myſelf, well mounted, hardly have eſcaped.
Away, before. Conduct me to the King;
I doubt, he will be dead, or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Orchard in Swinſtead *Abbey.*

Enter Prince Henry, Saliſbury *and* Bigot.

Henry. IT is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſoul's frail dwelling-houſe,
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Fortel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His highneſs yet doth ſpeak, and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon, which aſſaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he ſtill rage?

Pemb. He is more patient,
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.

Henry. O vanity of ſickneſs! fierce extreams
In their continuance will not feel themſelves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them inſenſible; his ſiege is now,
Againſt the mind; the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies;
Which [4] in their throng and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange that death ſhould ſing.——
I am the cygnet to this pale, faint ſwain,
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, ſings
His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince, for you are born
To ſet a form upon that indigeſt,
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.

[4] —*in their throng and preſs*—] In their tumult and hurry of reſorting to the laſt tenable part.

King

King John *brought in.*

. *John.* Ay, marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room;
ould not out at windows, nor at doors.
re is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,
t all my bowels crumble up to duſt.
a ſcribled form drawn with a pen
n a parchment, and againſt this fire
I ſhrink up.
lenry. How fares your Majeſty?
. *John.* Poiſon'd. Ill fare! dead, forſook, caſt off;
l none of you will bid the winter come
thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
ough my burn'd boſom: nor intreat the north
make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
l comfort me with cold. I do not aſk you much,
g cold comfort; and you are ſo ſtrait,
l ſo ungrateful, you deny me that.
lenry. Oh, that there were ſome virtue in my tears,
t might relieve you!
. *John.* The ſalt of them is hot.
hin me is a hell; and there the poiſon
as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
unreprievable, condemned blood.

SCENE X.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh! I am ſcalded with my violent motion,
d ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your Majeſty.
. *John.* Oh! couſin, thou art come to ſet mine eye.
e tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt;
d all the ſhrowds, wherewith my life ſhould ſail,

Are

Are turn'd to one thread, one little hair;
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where, heav'n he knows, how we ſhall anſwer him,
For, in a night, the beſt part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the waſhes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe theſe dead news in as dead an ear:
My Liege! my Lord! —— but now a King —— now thus.

Henry. Ev'n ſo muſt I run on, and ev'n ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Faulc. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my ſoul ſhall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy ſervant ſtill.
Now, now, you ſtars, that move in your bright ſpheres,
Where be your pow'rs? ſhew now your mended faiths,
And inſtantly return with me again,
To puſh deſtruction and perpetual ſhame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us ſeek, or ſtrait we ſhall be ſought;
The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.

Sal. It ſeems you know not then ſo much as we:
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at reſt,
Who half an hour ſince came from the *Dauphin*;
And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace,
As we with honour and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leave this war.

Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he ſees
Ourſelves well ſinewed to our defence.

Sal.

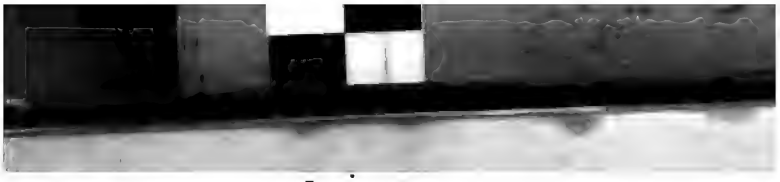
. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
ıany Carriages he hath diſpatch'd
ıe ſea-ſide, and put his Cauſe and Quarrel
ıe diſpoſing of the Cardinal,
whom yourſelf, myſelf, and other lords,
u think meet, this afternoon will poſt
ɔnſummate this buſineſs happily.
ulc. Let it be ſo; and you, my noble Prince,
other Princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
wait upon your father's Funeral.
nry. At *Worceſter* muſt his body be inter'd.
ò he will'd it.
ulc. Thither ſhall it then.
happily may your ſweet ſelf put on
ineal State and Glory of the Land!
'hom, with all Submiſſion on my knee,
ɔequeath my faithful ſervices,
true ſubjection everlaſtingly.
'. And the like tender of our love we make,
:ſt without a Spot for evermore.
nry. I have a kind ſoul, that would give you thanks,
knows not how to do it, but with tears.
ulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
England never did, nor never ſhall,
at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
vhen it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
theſe her Princes are come home again,
ɛ the three corners of the world in arms,
we ſhall ſhock them!—Nought ſhall make us rue,
ngland to itſelf do reſt but true. [*Exeunt omnes.*

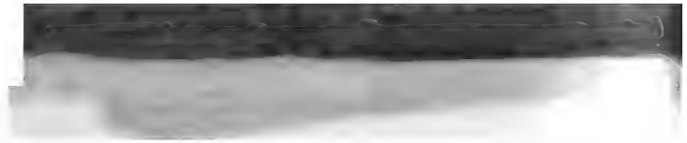
E tragedy of *King John*, ı not written with the ut- ower of *Shakeſpeare*, is va- :th a very pleaſing inter- · of incidents and charac- ters. The Lady's grief is very affecting, and the character of the *Baſtard* contains that mixture of greatneſs and lenity which this authour delighted to exhibit.

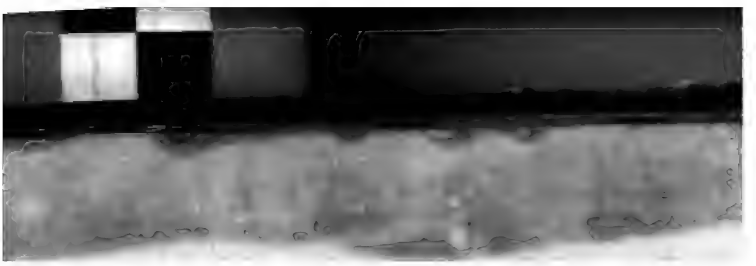
There

There is extant another play of *King John*, published with *Shakſpeare's* name, ſo different from this, and I think from all his other works, that there is reaſon to think his name was prefixed only to recommend it to ſale. No man writes upon the ſame ſubject twice, without concurring in many places with himſelf.

The End of the Third Volume.







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